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THE FORUM
FOR JULY 1910

MARK TWAIN AS AN ORATOR*

CHARLES VALE

TWO dates: November 30th, 1835; April 21st, 1910. Between them, a life that counts—the full life of a virile, brilliant and successful man.

For Mark Twain was eminently successful. He made money, and lost it. He captured the affection of the world, and never lost it. When it was necessary, he made more money, by a sustained and wonderful effort. When it was quite unnecessary, he made more friends, without any effort at all. He had long been rich, in the currency of affection. New friendships represented merely the income from his invested capital.

The secret of his popularity is an open one. It has been shouted from the housetops, and whispered by the press. Mark Twain personified the most valuable and obvious traits of the American character—the ability and the desire for hard work; contempt for the finicking, the insincere, the affected; bitter scorn for the larger shams of the unit and the multitude—graft, greed, hypocrisy, cant. In a land of vast possibilities, but some unpleasant realities, he upheld the banner of commercial integrity and maintained the moral obligation of every man to pay his debts in full—as Nature pays hers. The doctrine was sufficiently antique to be attractive: the modern setting served as an advertisement. The world dearly loves a lover of lucre: it applauds a thief whose peculations are on a magnificent scale. Yet deeper and more enduring than the admiration

* Acknowledgments are especially due to Mr. William Archer and Mr. T. P O'Connor, M.P., for valued assistance.

for the multi-millionaire is the reverence for the single-hearted, honest man. Mark Twain earned this reverence, nobly. It was given to him ungrudgingly, though not fulsomely: and he passed it on to his wife.

During his visit to England in the Summer of 1907, he was the guest of honor at many banquets. At the one presided over by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, his health was proposed by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who referred to the parallel achievements of Dr. Clemens and Sir Walter Scott. Mark Twain's reply commenced with witticisms, as usual, and concluded with a wonderful peroration. But in the period of transition, when the stream of jests had been cut off and the sentiment had not yet begun to flow, he said, simply and naturally:

"'Tay Pay' paid a compliment to me about the time when I was bankrupt and heavily in debt. But I always feel when that is referred to that I should tell the truth about it. My lay-headed commercial friends said that the business would pay thirty cents on the dollar, and I ought to let it pay that and go free. Now, a man can be easily persuaded to step outside the strict moral line, but it is not so with a woman. It was my wife who said: 'No. You shall pay one hundred cents on the dollar, and I am with you all the time.' She kept her word, and it is rather more due to her than to myself."

This is the account of a business transaction, told in plain, uncolored words: but it moved strangely the vast audience which the orator was addressing. For Mark Twain was an orator, and not merely a molder of evanescent epigrams. His grip—the grip of a controller of men—was upon all who watched, and listened, and wondered; and slowly, quietly, he showed them what few, perhaps, had suspected — the large emotions of one who has lived, suffered, worked, thought and remembered. None would accuse him of sentimentality: he never cultivated the tricks of the mere showman, or sought refuge in the facile revelations of the self-pitier. But just as he represented the obvious traits of the typical American character—sincerity in word and deed—so also he represented the unobvious, and sometimes unsuspected, traits—the emotional susceptibility, the questing for the ideal, all the spiritual unrest and human lov-

ableness lying deep, very deep, in the heart of the race which is outwardly brusque and business-like to the point of brutality and offensive rudeness. The reception he had met with; the weeks of spontaneous and astonishing demonstrativeness—a prolonged orgy of unsatiated affection; the comprehension of his aims and the graceful and ungrudging acceptance of the charm of his personality:—all had combined to wear away the outer shell of customary reticence. And so, very human, a little weary, but altogether unafraid of eloquence, he came at last to his peroration.

"Home is dear to us all, and I am now departing for mine on the other side of the ocean. Oxford has conferred upon me the loftiest honor that has ever fallen to my fortune, the one I should have chosen as outranking any and all others within the gift of men or states to bestow upon me. And I have had, in the four weeks that I have been here, another lofty honor, a continuous honor, an honor which has known no interruption in all these twenty-six days, a most moving and pulse-stirring honor: the hearty hand-grip and the cordial welcome which does not descend from the pale gray matter of the brain, but comes up with the red blood out of the heart! It makes me proud, and it makes me humble.

"Many and many a year ago I read an anecdote in Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast.* A frivolous little self-important captain of a coasting-sloop in the dried-apple and kitchen-furniture trade was always hailing every vessel that came in sight, just to hear himself talk and air his small grandeurs. One day a majestic Indiaman came ploughing by, with course on course of canvas towering into the sky, her decks and yards swarming with sailors, with macaws and monkeys and all manner of strange and romantic creatures populating her rigging, and thereto her freightage of precious spices lading the breeze with gracious and mysterious odors of the Orient. Of course, the little coaster-captain hopped into the shrouds and squeaked a hail: 'Ship ahoy! What ship is that, and whence and whither?' In a deep and thunderous bass came the answer back, through a speaking-trumpet: 'The Begum of Bengal, a hundred and twenty-three days out from Canton—homeward bound! What ship is that?' The little captain's vanity was all crushed out of him, and most humbly he squeaked back: 'Only the Mary Ann—

fourteen hours out from Boston, bound for Kittery Point with—with nothing to speak of!' That eloquent word 'only' expressed the deeps of his stricken humbleness.

"And what is my case? During perhaps one hour in the twenty-four—not more than that—I stop and reflect. Then I am humble, then I am properly meek, and for that little time I am 'only the Mary Ann'—fourteen hours out, and cargoed with vegetables and tin-ware: but all the other twenty-three my self-satisfaction rides high, and I am the stately Indiaman, plowing the great seas under a cloud of sail, and laden with a rich freightage of the kindest words that were ever spoken to a wandering alien, I think; my twenty-six crowded and fortunate days multiplied by five; and I am the Begum of Bengal, a hundred and twenty-three days out from Canton—Homeward bound!"

The audience sat spellbound, in almost painful silence, till it could restrain itself no longer; and when in rich, resonant, uplifted voice Mark Twain sang out the words: "I am the Begum of Bengal, a hundred and twenty-three days out from Canton," there burst forth a great cheer from one end of the room to the other. It seemed an inopportune cheer, and for a moment it upset the orator: yet it was felicitous in opportuneness. Slowly, after a long pause, came the last two words—like that curious, detached and high note in which a great piece of music suddenly ends—"Homeward bound." Again there was a cheer: but this time it was lower; it was subdued; it was the fitting echo to the beautiful words—with their double significance—the parting from a hospitable land, the return to the native land—wail and pæan, pæan and wail. Only a great littérateur could have conceived such a passage: only a great orator could have so delivered it.

Very many years before, a huge, strange, Bohemian party had been held in an enormous house in Fitzroy Square. It was the mansion in which Colonel Newcome is said to have lived. The old drawing-room was now used as a studio: it was high, panelled, lit with candles, and divided by folding-doors. Men of world-wide celebrity were present—Wagner, Liszt, Turgenev, Browning, Rosetti, Sir Frederick Leighton, Burne-Jones, William Morris, Bret Harte, and—with the red shirt, revolvers and top-boots of a Nicaraguan filibuster—Joaquin Miller.

There was one other. With a cigar held between his teeth, with a low collar leaving free a well-developed neck, with rather long, bushy hair that suggested bunches of grapes, with a thick mustache that seemed to have been scattered and blown about by a sudden wind, with keen eyes veiled a little by half-closed lids, as if they, too, were peering into a stiff breeze; silent, observant, with the chin thrust resolutely forward, there stood Mark Twain.

It may have been the unaccustomed society that rendered him so silent; it may have been his compatriot's revolvers and red shirt glaring out among the black velvet coats and æsthetic dresses; it may have been merely that it was one of his silent days; it may have been that he simply could not " get the hang " of that assembly: but for hours he stood there in the candle-light and said nothing.

Now, as he played at will on the emotions of a new generation, there was the same face—the keen eyes, the grizzled mustache, the resolute chin. But Time, and many labors, had painted their story in a clear language; and the bushy hair was white as snow. Yet still, even while he spoke, he seemed to be peering into a stiff breeze: the voice rose and fell; but the spirit of the man was claimed by the ocean of strange experiences. Thus he eluded measurement. None could say: here is the end of this personality; thus and thus are set firmly its boundaries and limitations.

As humorist, humanist, moralist, he could be appraised; as an orator, he could be admired; as a dreamer of dreams, he was robed still with aloofness. Mark Twain could not be charted. Even in the moments of intimate confidence one was aware of the reservations. There were depths still unsounded, altitudes unscanned. He revealed himself—as an enigma.

At home, Mark Twain has been a great personality, a public man of the first eminence, esteemed, honored and beloved. But the merits of the author have sometimes been obscured by the very vividness of the man. He has been so much more than a mere author that people are apt to forget how great an author he was. He is a classic. Yet it took some time for the world to see through the trivialities and jocosities with which his name was at first associated, to the essential strength and seriousness of his genius. A good deal of his work, no doubt, was simply journalism; and some of it was marred

by an intolerance of history, an indignation against the past, which seemed strange in a man who sustained ordinarily a wide and clear outlook, who was eminently capable of careful and valid criticism.

In the great mass of his output there are many flat and uninspired passages, and passages of over-elaboration in which a humorous or fantastic idea is strained to its extreme limits. But when he is at his best—and that is in thousands of pages—he is unique and incomparable. He is not only a great humorist, but a potent realist; not only an admirable humanitarian, but an accomplished story-teller, a psychologist and a poet. Above all, he is a great master of the English language. There have been many self-conscious stylists who have produced more elaborate and in some ways more beautiful work than his: but no one in our day has written English with more nervous vitality, or terseness, or color. Probably, like Bunyan and Defoe, he never deliberately considered his style: but, like them, he had an instinctive sense for the right word and the right place for it.

He has written many things of high value: *Life on the Mississippi, Tom Sawyer, Pudd'nhead Wilson, The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, and a score of other tales, sketches and satires, great and small. But *Huckleberry Finn* is his supreme and incontestable masterpiece. There are few books in any literature that so pulsate with vitality, few books of such fertile invention and varied charm. Quaint and very astonishing are the episodes of irresistible humor, such as the adventures of the King and the Duke, and the "funeral orgies" of Peter Wilkes: but even the broadest of the humor is founded always on just and searching observation and knowledge of human nature. Yet its true greatness lies, not merely, or even chiefly, in its humor, but in its masterly reproduction of the scenery and atmosphere of the great rivers, in its wonderfully skilful mingling of tragedy, comedy and farce, and above all, in the character of Huckleberry Finn himself, and his relations with the nigger Jim. A caricaturist represented Mark Twain's fellow-passengers on the Minneapolis as all engaged in studying his various works, and assigned *Huckleberry Finn* to a small boy. That was an egregious mistake. Boys love it, no doubt: but it needs ripe experience to appreciate its irony, its humanity, and the subtler phases of its humor.

And this whole wonderful book is written in the manner and with the vocabulary of a waif—a waif of genius, no doubt, but still a perfectly credible and unmiraculous personage. *Esmond* is regarded as a great achievement in impersonative style: but in *Huckleberry Finn* a more difficult task was accomplished with perhaps more convincing success. Take this example of a storm, seen by Huck and Jim from the shelter of their cave.

"Pretty soon it darkened up, and begun to thunder and lighten; so the birds was right about it. Directly it began to rain, and it rained like all fury, too, and I never see the wind blow so. It was one of these regular summer storms. It would get so dark that it looked all blue-black outside, and lovely; and the rain would thrash along by so thick that the trees off a little ways looked dim and spider-webby; and here would come a blast of wind that would bend the trees down and turn up the pale underside of the leaves; and then a perfect ripper of a gust would follow along and set the branches to tossing their arms as if they was just wild; and next, when it was just about the bluest and blackest—*fst!* it was as bright as glory, and you'd have a little glimpse of tree-tops a-plunging about away off yonder in the storm, hundreds of yards further than you could see before; dark as sin again in a second, and now you'd hear the thunder let go with an awful crash, and then go rumbling, grumbling, tumbling down the sky towards the under side of the world."

The most admirable things in the book are the recurrent passages in which Huck's conscience reproaches him with the enormity of his misconduct in abetting the escape of a runaway nigger. Time after time he makes up his mind to betray the trusting Jim, and time after time his innate goodness (which he takes for a temptation of the Evil One) conquers the conventional morality instilled into him by slave-holding public opinion. But at last, unable to resist the urgent reproaches of "conscience," he actually writes a letter to Jim's legal owner, telling where he may be found. The letter written, he lays it down and looks at it, feeling "good and all washed clean of sin." And then he meditates upon how near he came to "being lost and going to hell."

"And I went on thinking. And got to thinking over our trip down the river; and I see Jim before me all the time: in the day and

in the night-time, sometimes moonlight, sometimes storms, and we a-floating along, talking and singing and laughing. But somehow I couldn't seem to strike no places to harden me against him, but only the other kind. I'd see him standing my watch on top of his'n, 'stead of calling me, so I could go on sleeping; and see him how glad he was when I come back out of the fog . . . and at last I struck the time I saved him by telling the men we had small-pox aboard, and he was so grateful, and said I was the best friend old Jim ever had in the world . . . and then I happened to look around and see that paper. It was a close place. I took it up and held it in my hand. I was a-trembling, because I'd got to decide for ever betwixt two things, and I know'd it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself:

"'All right, then I'll *go* to hell'—and tore it up."

Surely one of the most human—and the most subtly-ironic—passages in all fiction!

A many-sided man, this Mississippi pilot; clear-eyed, and conscious of the jest and zest of life. So, he appeared to his English friends; so, once, with his long white hair flying on the breeze and his grave, grim face set in a stern mold, which could not conceal the creases that yield to the impulse of laughter, he came to the Savoy Hotel, to be the guest of the Pilgrims. Augustine Birrell, of *Obiter Dicta* fame, presided, and the conclusion of his speech deserves appropriate record here.

"Mark Twain is a man whom English and Americans do well to honor. He is the true consolidator of nations. His delightful humor is of the kind which dissipates and destroys national prejudices. His truth and his honor, his love of truth and his love of honor, overflow all boundaries. He has made the world better by his presence. We rejoice to see him here. Long may he live to reap the plentiful harvest of hearty, honest human affection!"

The toast was drunk with loud cheering, and Mark Twain, rising ere the shouts had died away, began his speech. Drawling his words, as usual, and making his phrases piquant with his special intonation, he commenced with a touching allusion to the youthful undergraduates at Oxford, whose buoyant—if somewhat boisterous—greeting had stirred him deeply.

"When a man has grown so old as I am, when he has reached the verge of seventy-two years, there is nothing that carries him back to the dreamland of his life, to his boyhood, like the recognition of those young hearts."

He went on jesting and "chaffing," as he himself described it. He referred to the reputed somnolent effect of his books on Darwin, who read himself to sleep with them. And he continued:

"When I arrived in England—in London—I saw a newsman going round with a great, red, highly-displayed placard bearing two sentences, unpunctuated—sentences which to some minds might have conveyed a wrong impression. They were: 'Mark Twain arrives Ascot Cup stolen.' It was rather unkind, and my character has suffered from it.

"I have never stolen anything—in England—except a hat some years ago. But that did not amount to anything. However, it was a good hat—a clergyman's hat. It occurred at a party at which Archdeacon Wilberforce was present. He was then a canon serving in the Westminister battery. Afterwards the Archdeacon wrote and said that when he was going home in that hat—the other hat—*my* hat—all his gravities, his solemnities, his deep thoughts, his eloquent remarks, were snatched up by the people he met and mistaken for brilliant witticisms. A man who can exaggerate in that graceful way ought to be a bishop.

"Well, I was passing down a certain street when I realized that my hat—the hat I had appropriated—needed ironing. I went to a big shop and gave them the contract. They were even courtly to me, and after a little while they brought back the hat. 'How much?' I asked. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'We don't charge the clergy.' I have long cherished the delight of that moment. Yet the other day I had my hat ironed at the same shop, and when I inquired the consequences I was told quite coldly: 'Ninepence'."

Thus he rambled on, laughing and joking. Suddenly, without warning, he became serious, and with shaking voice and the impression of tears, while the room was hushed and still, he brought his speech to a conclusion.

"My history includes an incident which will always connect me with England in a pathetic way, for when I arrived here seven years

ago with my wife and my daughter we had gone around the globe lecturing to raise money to clear off a debt. My wife and one of my daughters started across the ocean, to bring to England our eldest daughter. She was twenty-four years of age, and in the bloom of young womanhood, and we were unsuspecting, when a cablegram—one of those heart-breaking cablegrams which we all, in our days, have to experience—was put into my hand. It stated that my daughter had gone to her long sleep.

"And so, as I say, I cannot always be cheerful, and I cannot always be chaffing. I must sometimes lay the cap and bells aside. I have received since I have been here, in this one week, hundreds of letters from all conditions of people in England—men, women, and children—and there is compliment, praise, and, above all and better than all, there is in them a note of affection.

"Praise is well, compliment is well, but affection—that is the last and final and most precious reward that any man can win, whether by character or achievement; and I am very grateful to have that reward. All these letters make me feel that here in England, as in America, when I stand under the English flag, I am not a stranger, I am not an alien, but at home."

Yet not often was this master of the joke moved so deeply by the sense of the enduring pressure of the yoke of destiny. Very rarely he struck the note of personal sorrow: he chose the cap and bells as a mark of honor, and gave the world the boon of a little laughter—such laughter as rippled through the vast room at the Hotel Cecil at one annual celebration of Independence Day.

The American Ambassador proposed "The Day We Celebrate." Mark Twain supported the toast in a humorous speech, beginning with a reference to the stolen Ascot Cup. He said he had tried to convince people that he did not take the cup, but had failed: so he might as well confess that he did take it, and be done with it. Nor did he think it fair, when England had been attempting to take a cup of theirs for forty years, to make so much trouble when he tried to go into the business. Continuing, he said:

"Our Ambassador has spoken of the Fourth of July, and the noise it makes. We have a double Fourth of July in America. We honor it all through the daylight hours, and when the night comes

we dishonor it. Just at this hour the pandemonium would be about to begin. More than the noise, there would be people crippled and killed, all through the permission which we give to irresponsible boys to play with fire-arms and fire-crackers. Really we destroy more property on the night of the Fourth of July than the whole of the United States was worth a hundred and twenty-five years ago, and to thousands it is turned into a day of mourning.

"I have suffered in that way myself. I had an uncle in Chicago —as good an uncle as ever I had, and I have had a lot of them. He opened his mouth to express his patriotism, and a rocket went down his throat. And before that man could ask for a drink of water to quench the thing it had scattered him all over the forty-five states. Really this is true. Twenty-four hours after that it was a sort of raining buttons on the Atlantic seaboard. A man cannot have a disease like that and be entirely cheerful during the rest of his life. These things grieve me, but don't let them make you sad."

One of the special charms of his wit was its spontaneity.

"All that report about my proposal to buy Windsor Castle is false rumor," he informed a newspaper correspondent. "I started it myself."

After the ceremony of conferring his degree of D.Litt., at Oxford, while he was strolling about in his doctor's robes, with the orthodox mortar-board on his head, a man approached him, saying: "I believe I have the honor of addressing Mark Twain?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, will you allow me to say how proud I am to have the privilege of meeting you? I am the porter of this college."

"I greatly appreciate the high compliment you have paid me," was the reply. And there was neither condescension nor satire in this suave, polite utterance. Mark Twain was not a snob.

Nor was he a coward. After he had reached the three-score years and ten of man's allotted life, he could confront destiny steadfastly and with comprehension, though with a smile and a jest as fitting illustrations to the writing on the wall. His visit to England would seem perhaps the culmination and crowning triumph of his career. After many endeavors, many inventions, many labors, he was shown unmistakably that it was not necessary for him to die in order to

attain his niche in the gallery of the world's celebrities—honored, esteemed and loved. But he was both a poet and a realist; and he had communed, fancifully sometimes, earnestly often, with death, in whose shadow poetry and realism are most superbly blended.

He had arrived at St. Pancras, and the long ordeal was before him—the ordeal of acknowledging adequately his superb welcome. He was met by a throng of Pressmen. One of them asked if he was engaged on any new work.

"No," he replied. "I don't write anything now. I merely dictate my autobiography. I give it an hour and a half each day, from 10 o'clock in the morning till 11:30. The arrangement has this advantage: one need not be out of bed to dictate. However, I'm always up for lunch: but it is not long before I am again resting.

"For a man of my age rest is essential. I believe in giving way to the body as soon as it feels tired, just as I always obey my eyes when they suggest sleep. For dinner in the evening I invariably dress, but 11 o'clock generally sees me in bed, where I read and smoke till, perhaps, 1 o'clock in the morning.

"When will the biography be finished? Just when they send for the undertaker, and not any sooner. You hope that will be very far off? Well, I don't know. Palmists, clairvoyants, seers and other kinds of fortune-tellers, all assure me that I am going to die, and I have the utmost admiration for their prediction. Perhaps they would convince me a little more if they told me the date." He laughed.

And still, for a little while longer, he laughed from time to time as he tossed a jest or an aphorism to the world; and with him, throughout the two hemispheres, laughed the myriads of his friends. But they saw in him the ideal, not the idle, humorist: the Pilot who could be trusted in troubled waters. And so it was that a wonderful degree of affection and esteem was given to the Laughing Philosopher of the New World, the shrewd, witty, lovable Wise Man of the West.

"Pilot of many Pilgrims since the shout
'Mark Twain!'—that serves you for a deathless sign—
On Mississippi's waterway rang out
Over the plummet's line—

" Still where the countless ripples laugh above
The blue of halcyon seas long may you keep
Your course unbroken, buoyed upon a love
Ten thousand fathoms deep!"

So wrote Owen Seaman, the editor of *Punch*. But the course is broken now: the date that the palmists and seers withheld has been filled in at last. The tired eyes are closed in a long sleep. The autobiography is finished.

THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC OFFICIAL

JULIUS CHAMBERS

In all governments of men, ruled over by men or gods, the public official has existed as an executive to administer parliamentary ordinances or imperial decrees formulated by other men. He is a necessary wheel in the mechanism of government, municipal, state or national. To dispense with him would inaugurate anarchy.

But he has always been open to suspicion and has needed regulation ever since semi-organized society began. He probably existed in the days of the troglodytes. He is mentioned in the earliest records of history. The Old and New Testaments are gorged with mention of public officials who betrayed their trusts. Virgil, portraying a visit to hell, makes Æneas thus describe a recreant public official:

> "Laws for a bribe he passed but passed in vain,
> For the same laws a bribe repealed again." *

In modern times, the same statute that creates his office includes directions for the correct performance of his duties and prescribes punishments for mal-administration. Generally, he is further obligated by an oath. Therefore, the way is accurately blazed for him and only wilful intent or incompetence can explain, but not excuse, departure from the trail. Corrupt legislation is always allied to a corrupt public official. If he has not formulated the text of the bill, he is prompt to discover intentional defects that nullify the act or bend it to his purposes. Like Talleyrand, an arch-corruptionist, he believes "language was contrived to conceal thought."

The legal responsibility of the public official in the United States, when not specifically fixed by statute, is difficult to gauge. The Constitution provides for the trial and punishment of the President; but it is silent regarding the chastisement of venal members of the two Houses of Congress. They are safeguarded from arrest and the protecting mantle of the government enshrouds them. Except in rare instances, no tangible property is committed to their hands; but the very essence of holding office is that of trusteeship or bailee-

* "Fixit leges pretio alqui refixit," etc. *Æneid*, Book VI, 620.

ship. Agency is vague, because the responsibility of the public official is to an employer of many diverse purposes and wills, unorganized and unrelated by ties commercial or social. This employer is called His Constituency, if he hold an elective office. He is supposed to do for its members what they cannot do for themselves: he is to defend local interests and, if in Congress, at all times to have a watchful eye upon national progresses. On the contrary, he is generally at Washington in his own interest.

Until very recently the typical "representative" thought his duty performed if he safeguarded the special trade or corporate interests of the locality from which he hailed! The example of do-nothing Presidents during the past forty years may explain, though not excuse, the development of such an erroneous interpretation of Congressional duty. His oath to uphold the Constitution would imply obligations outside his Congressional district. The Constitution was made for the whole country.

We have seen what the public official has been in all ages. With exceptions, the very nature of his job inclines to the development of selfishness. To that, naturally succeeds undue attention to special interests, for which service compensation of some sort is expected and accepted. Often, such emolument is nothing more than a contribution toward election expenses,—said funds to be used irregularly for the corruption of the much exalted franchise! On other occasions, special service for the individual or corporation at the expense of the masses is recognized by the payment of an inordinate fee for a legal opinion. There was a time within the memory of most of us when the lawyer-Congressman enjoyed decided advantages in this respect. Personally, I have seen Senators appear before the United States Supreme Court, unrebuked for their audacity by that august bench and uncensured by their associates in the Upper House, as hired attorneys for railroad and steamship corporations that, at that very hour, were asking legislation from Congress! Each House is judge and jury as to the eligibility and conduct of its own members; but the history of Congress fails to disclose an occasion on which any member rose in his place and denounced an irregular act on the part of a contemporary in the same body. Such incidents have occurred before special committees, as in those that investigated the

Crédit Mobilier, Pacific Mail, and Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad [Mulligan letter] charges. Even in such cases, although publicity given to the disclosures may have destroyed the guilty official, his colleagues always condoned his offense and gave to his character an ample coating of whitewash.

The Constitution does not contain, textually, any inhibition against such obviously irregular conduct as the acceptance of stock in or legal retainers from corporations asking legislation; but a vigorous press has made prohibitive acts of that sort.

Our written Constitution does not sufficiently safeguard the people from the unscrupulous public official! Admirable as is that great state paper, necessity for a higher sense of national honor than formerly existed has been made apparent since the regeneration of the American people. There is a *noblesse oblige* in greatness! We have progressed since the days in which national lawmakers systematically ignored that clause in the Constitution which says, "For any speech or debate in either House, they [Senators or Representatives] shall not be questioned in any place," and sent or accepted challenges among themselves. Duels were of frequent occurrence when the Constitution was young.

An unwritten Constitution has been created chiefly by the energizing press! Under this new law, three United States Senators have recently suffered disgrace. Very notable is the case of Mitchell of Oregon. Exposure of such a man by the press ought not to have been necessary: the Senate should have purged itself. In the Legislature of New York, a recent instance of bribe giving and receiving resulted in the elimination of the two equally guilty men. But they were not expelled; they were permitted to resign! Nobody believes the Senate of the Empire State would have been rid of those two misrepresentatives except for the persistent "meddling" of cleanly, independent newspapers. Party organs, allied to confessed corruptionists by ties unknown, appeared not to be aware that the honor of the Legislature had been assailed! That "investigation," like nearly all others in legislative bodies, lacked sincerity and was paralytic as to energy. In Congress, committees appointed to "investigate" are hampered by a deep sense of "Senatorial courtesy" and "the Congressional rule." These phrases have become almost

masonic. Congressmen have adopted other slang that ought to have been restricted to a cracksman's vocabulary.

The newspapers gave to such language its true meaning, thus rendering it odious!

Wherever found, the public official has formulated his own conception of his duty. That it should have been necessary for the late President Cleveland to lay down the precept, "a public office is a public trust," is corroborative evidence that the opinion was not current. The attention his words attracted also supplied additional proof that his views were not generally accepted. Patriotism affected the public official less than party. Call to duty generally meant the command of his leader—the man who "made him" and expected to "use him." Such phrasing sounds as if it belonged to the slavery period of our history, but, as a matter of fact, it has developed since the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation. The public official comprehends its meaning. The press has interpreted it for the people at large. Not a reader of this article will need to have it explained.

Mention has been made of the pernicious growth of so-called "courtesy" between members of the House or Senate. The idea is repugnant, because it implies irregular favors, for which similar acts are expected in return. The member who votes to-day for a wasteful appropriation, to oblige a fellow member, will demand a similar "courtesy" ere long. The national treasury has been looted in this manner! The word "improvement" is always liberally used in such bills; but it is synonymous with "patronage." The latter has for fellow "a shorter and uglier word," *graft!*

For a generation, hundreds of millions were voted by every Congress literally into the pockets of contractors, who did or did not "share the spoils" with the men who represented *them* and misrepresented their constituents and others, who supplied the money wasted. This is not platitude but cold fact: although much has been said on the subject of late, it is not less true. As long as the newspapers, by their silence, coöperated in this vaunted "courtesy," jobbery continued. It was exceedingly discourteous, we were told at the time, for the New York *Sun* to print proofs that certain men, whom it named, were securing enormous appropriations for the im-

provement of small streams hardly deep enough for geese to paddle about in! Mr. Dana was quite uncivil when he sent a reporter to describe Cheesequakes creek. It is a miserable streamlet, entering the Lower Bay of New York harbor near Atlantic Highlands, which for many years stood large upon the River and Harbor appropriation bills. After several hundred thousand dollars had been expended in "jettying and deepening" it, the useless task was abandoned. It can be seen by any traveler by rail between Red Bank and South Amboy.

Such were conditions when the press began to "meddle" with the "rights" and "privileges" of the public official.

Who else to speak? One sincere, resolute man in a Board of Aldermen or in each house of the State and National Legislature could have made the continuous robbery of the people infamous. Such a task required a man with a perceptive brain to comprehend what was going on and adequate force of character to make himself heard.

A few honest men with moral courage to withstand "the pressure" could have prevented "Billion Dollar Congresses!"

Such personalities have not appeared until recently. They are dubbed "Insurgents,"—just as western farmers who objected to surrendering all profits on their crops to greedy railroads that carried them to market were described as "Populists" and later, "Pops!"

What would be the status of the "Insurgent" at this hour did he not have the independent press behind him?

True, the "atmosphere" had been created by a strong personality at the White House,—a man who for the first three years of his seven years as a public official was complacent, even "mushy," but thereafter became an embodiment of vigor never equalled since Andrew Jackson's time. He brought to a sudden close the long dynasty of Merovingians that had occupied the White House since the days of Abraham Lincoln! And it was time. The press did not at once rally to his aid. There were Merovingian editors as well as Presidents! Many newspapers were dominated by members of the very corporations against which Theodore Roosevelt declared war. Exactly as Mr. Armour insisted upon saving the uttermost parts of the hog, "even to his squeal," these monopolists converted

the editors they owned into literary porcupines and ordered quills thrown into " the revolutionists ! "

When the newspapers failed to sustain Roosevelt, he found support in the magazines. Seizing their opportunity, they mustered in the cause of national reform. Radicalism meant nothing less than a declaration of open hostility by the previously undefended many against the intrenched few. With courage only equalled by Governor Tilden when he unmasked the Erie Canal frauds in the Empire State, Roosevelt unmasked corruption that existed in the Post-office and Interior Departments. Imfamous and contemptible robbery of the Government by weighing sugar on trick scales was properly characterized, after its long-while existence had been proven to a lethargic Secretary of the Treasury. A grand rally of the newspapers to the aid of this Chief Executive might have been expected; but it did not occur. The press was recreant, owing to the control exercised thereover by " malefactors of great wealth." One of the magazines that had displayed vigor as an expositor of the general political and commercial corruption was purchased, out of hand, and reduced to subserviency.

The extreme caution of the American press was a crime!

Now that we have examined the public official under the glass of experience, merely stopping to add that negligence or subserviency is as blamable as barter and sale, we may discuss with equal candor the press and its responsibilities.

The authority which the press exercises to speak is that of the citizen, as represented by its editor. Like the public official, it has a constituency. It takes no oath to execute faithfully a sacred trust committed to it by the suffrages of its fellow citizens. It stands or falls upon its inherent merits,—exactly as should the public official! The editor lives in a house of glass, at which the scurviest of critics may throw stones, from the cover of anonymity. Under the law of libel, as properly framed in nearly all states of this Union, the editor is personally held to a criminal and his corporation to a civil responsibility for what he says in the columns he directs.

This, in the opinion of every champion of the press, is exactly as it should be. An editor, like every other citizen, must not make charges against people that affect their social or commercial status

unless he acts solely for the public good. There must be a demonstrable absence of malice. His statements must be true.

The upright, non-tricky public official has the same legal protection as the commonest citizen. But many things are properly printable concerning the public official that are utterly unwarranted to lay before the neighbors of a civilian, even though they be true. Inaccurate as the assumption often is, the public official is expected to stand forth as a representative man. If a private citizen by a long record of uprightness has lived down a criminal act of his youth, it is venal on the part of an editor to blazon forth the facts; but if that same man be a candidate for county treasurer or for a place of distinction that will invest him with pardoning power, whereby punishment of criminals may be lightened and the chastening effect of conviction nullified, it is the duty of the press to state the record of that man, dispassionately. Voters have a right to know. The right is as inherent as that of liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The legal maxim "*falsus in unum, falsus in omnibus*" is not less susceptible of application than the maxim "dishonest once, dishonest again!" When a man asks his fellow citizens to elect him to office he should "come with clean hands!" Too often, in municipal and state elections, where candidates are named by a "boss" or by a "machine" (nothing but a state cabal of local bosses), men known to be unworthy of public confidence are placed in nomination without the consent of the voters. Under such circumstances the press stands in the position of the citizenship its editor represents. No editor, unless swollen in the head, assumes he has been especially appointed by divine selection to set his neighbors right! His is the sacred privilege of presentation and argument,—persuasion, if the word be preferable,—but authority to advise does not come to him from heaven. Elijah's mantle has not fallen upon his shoulders! There has not been any laying on of hands, as in the case of a worker in the vineyard of the Lord. He may think he is called of God to serve the public quite as much as is the official who seeks the support of his neighbors. Perhaps he is, and not a whit more!

The work of the "editor" has undergone change since the days in which he was "an announcer" in the arena, but the generic meaning of the word that describes him has not changed. He may

still "announce" his opinions; he may argue in defense of them, but he must keep within the pale of the libel law, as any other citizen must conform his spoken language to the statute regarding slander. As before mentioned, the law is much more restrictive in his case than in that of the citizen who does not print what he has to say. Any of us may express our views to a business associate, regarding the character of a man with whom we have trade relations, but if we write them upon a postal card or print the same language in a circular for distribution, the law interferes. In both instances, motives are plain. In the first, we wish to shield associates from the danger of financial trickery, but in the second, we obviously desire to do the accused an injury among strangers.

The public official, or candidate for office of public trust, stands in a very different class. An editor who will advocate his election, knowing or believing him to be corrupt or corruptible, is as venal as one who attacks a candidate against whom not a blemish exists, merely because he belongs to another political party. So-called "political organs," a species of carrion birds almost extinct, are to blame for a former acceptance of the right of general assault upon character. Editors of such sheets do not and never will represent the American press. They belong to the lowest stratum of politics and not to journalism.

Whatever "power" the press possesses can only be exercised for good. A consensus of the best experience is that wanton attacks, without basis of fact, never injured any man in public life. An apparent "power of the press" did develop because, theretofore, three public officials out of every five had on some occasion strained the law or violated their solemn oaths, to connive at this or that recognized system of plunder. Inordinate grants of money in condemnation proceedings have been one way of securing "graft." It seemed to be different from raising vouchers, the Tweed method, but the result to the taxpayers was the same. Within a few weeks, gross frauds of this sort have come to light in one of New York's Boroughs. Without exception, the press has demanded punishment for the guilty parties, but an official move in that direction is not yet apparent. If the press ceases its "clamoring,"—its "meddling," as a certain public official recently described the criticism of the newspapers,—

the admitted charge of raising $5 vouchers to $50 vouchers will be overlooked and "graft" will be reëstablished in some other form. The press of the metropolis is obligated not to permit that crime to go unpunished.

"Government by newspaper" is an inexact bit of phrasing; it describes an impossible thing. News, in the abstract, does not possess any administrative privileges and exercises no authority. If truthful, it means to the editor nothing more than publicity, without comment or coloring. Readers are asked to decide the justice or the injustice of the case disclosed and the deductions he [the reader] makes therefrom. If facts are unfavorable to the public official, the press is not to blame. If abuses have arisen outside his sphere of official influence or authority, the more publicity he obtains the surer his vindication.

Public officials who lean upon the press for anything beyond publicity are seeking support of a broken reed. Assumed "power of the press" vanished after the Greeley campaign of 1872. Mr. Greeley had behind him four out of every five influential newspapers of this country and he was the worst defeated man of his generation. With him died the theory and the belief.

The mission of the editor is a high one,—quite as lofty as that of the lawyer, doctor or minister of religion. The less he invests himself with infallibility, the nearer he gets to his fellow mortals. His opportunities for kind acts are so many and are so often availed of that people in other walks of life stand aside and allow him to suggest their philanthropy to them. The average man is wholly lacking in initiative; the editor must possess it, or he will fail. The editor must "do things," not because of his calling but because of his opportunities. If, for example, a pathetic incident told in our school readers were to recur,—the tale wherein the village smithy rescues children from a rabid dog, is badly bitten, strangles the animal and then, with a chain, fastens himself to his anvil, in order that he may die without injury to others,—the duty of the modern editor would only begin when he received first intelligence of such a hero's fate. He would charter a special train, if necessary, bring that blacksmith to the Pasteur Institute and employ every resource of science to save the man's life!

A thousand such acts of the noblest character have been performed by the press of New York during the forty years in which I have been intimately associated therewith. People in other trades and professions, whose hearts beat generously for their fellow-man, have grown accustomed to this initiative on the part of the press. Now, they shrug their shoulders and say:—"Let the press do it!"

The public official who does his duty need fear nothing. Though he be pure as snow, he cannot escape criticism. All worthy newspapers are like a free parliament; their columns are open to explanation and correction of errors of misinformation. I have always wondered why mayors, comptrollers and presidents of boards of aldermen do not make use of this forum for their own good. It is idle to say the public has no right to have reasons for acts of a public official. Any honest, sincere man, so situated, could disarm censure, even for a mistaken act, by a frank statement of the intent or of facts that impelled him to do as he did. No better instance could be cited than a recent complication in which New York's Chief Executive became involved on account of a "hold-over" warrant. A card to all the city newspapers, on the day the voucher was paid, might have prevented an intolerable situation. Seriously, the Mayor of every large city would do well to organize a news bureau of his own. He would learn that nothing but truth will explain. If he attempt to mislead the press, every act of his will be open to suspicion; but if he be frank and accurate, mistakes will be condoned, and he will find the newspapers at his back instead of having them for antagonists.

A system similar to this has had two years' trial in the city of Des Moines, Ia. Its city government is practically non-partisan, and the press is accepted as a coadjutor, not an outside mentor. It shares in the direction of municipal affairs, wholly without remuneration, and must therefore divide the responsibility. It becomes, thereby, a tower of strength to the people at large as well as to the public official. The experiment is so highly interesting and has proved so successful that I may be pardoned for a brief explanation:—

The city is governed under a new charter by a mayor and four commissioners (called councilmen), nominated by primaries and chosen without regard to politics. The commissioners are assigned by the mayor to the control of the various branches of administration. The

police and fire are under one; a second has entire charge of the finances; a third administers the parks and all public property; a fourth superintends the streets and all improvements, whether of municipal or private character. Mayor and commissioners rely upon the local press to keep every department active and clean. Every branch of city administration is an open book to the reporters and they are encouraged to investigate constantly. The press and citizens lean on each other: mutually, they assist the mayor and his council. Warfare does not exist between the press and the public official! They work together: I am assured by a student of the Des Moines experiment that not a sinecurist exists in the entire municipal machinery! If an incompetent has been inherited from past history, the mayor thanks the press for pointing out the dereliction.

Perhaps the Des Moines idea may serve to modify, if not remove, the strained relations that generally exist between the press and the public official. They ought to be of mutual worth to each other. However well the average mayor of our American cities may strive to serve the great body of his constituents, he grinds a knife for critical editors. Instead of trying to convince the press, and through it the masses, that he is sincere, the public official too often calls names and thereby reduces popular esteem to its lowest terms.

During the last mayoralty campaign in New York, one of the candidates pledged himself to convene at regular intervals a sort of town meeting, to which a hundred of the most representative citizens would be summoned without regard to party, to hear suggestions and to answer complaints regarding his administration. It was a gleam of the successful Des Moines idea! How it would work, nobody can predict. But the era of star chamber administrations has closed!

The typical public official is more antagonistic to the editor than is the typical editor to him. The editor of old Roman days, who called the gladiators to battle with the wild beasts, is dead; equally so is his successor, of the Bennett-Webb-Greeley period, who undertook to fight the tiger himself!

The public official who has taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States must never forget that the press, under the inspiration of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay and James Madi-

son, caused the adoption of the very state paper they obligate themselves to uphold and defend. Washington statesmen who are grieved at the interest taken in national affairs by the newspapers would profitably familiarize themselves with the over-powering part these three men, serving as journalists, had in his work.

Yates and Lansing, delegates to the Constitutional Convention from New York, contemptuously denounced the form and matter of the document, claiming that it would destroy the "sovereign power of the states." These believers in "states' rights" began printing pamphlets and furnishing letters to the newspapers, signed "Brutus" and "Cato," protesting against the adoption of "the dangerous Constitution." The impression they were creating was profound, when three young men invoked the aid of the press and supplied the immortal series of articles bearing the signature "Publius." Their vehicle was the New York *Independent Journal,* issued by J. McLean, at 41 Hanover Square. Twice a week, these brilliant arguments in favor of a union of the states, one and inseparable, were flung broadcast. They were republished, even by editors who did not agree with the articles or who believed they could answer them. This joint work of Hamilton, Jay and Madison was sufficiently lasting to have saved the Southern states from rebellion, had copies of the collected letters of "Publius," under the title of *The Federalist,* been in the possession of every household below Mason and Dixon's line.

A solemn duty of the public official is to serve all citizens of his municipality. The press, represented by its editor, possesses citizenship. The right of the press to advise, to admonish the public official, is that of the citizen who directs it, as a citizen and in no other capacity. It is a high, not a low, ideal. It is truly American!

In London, the once infallible "Thunderer" is wheezing like a broken-winded hurdy-gurdy; but the press of this city and nation is better, higher in aim, than ever before. This may be the opinion of only one man, the writer; but where, amid our ninety millions of population and outside the office-holding class, can the person be found to commit himself to a similar statement regarding the typical public official?

NIGHT OF MUSIC

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

One night was ours of all the nights of dream,
One Summer night of music, when you played . . .

The midnight dark came suddenly, to bind
Our setting moon's last rays, and paused to hear
Your first note; and the light stood still to hear,
Stopping its flight—they two among the pines
Lay hid all night, and listened, side by side,
And stirred not. Even the birch forgot to tremble,
Listening. The little grasses lay asleep
And listened in their sleep. The nested birds
Listened, and knew not if they woke or slept.
The winds up-gathered under wings of sleep
Lay still as thought, and held their very breath
To listen. And the wall that shut all in
Stood seeming not to hear—yet listening—
And kept stern guard.

Wave upon wave of sound,
Waves upon waves that through their very fall
Rose ever again, again—wave upon wave
Over and over, under and through, inwrought
With melody of waters murmuring,
Till we were lost in whelming deeps of sound
Unplummeted, drowned in the drench of seas
Abysmal, ever surging, weltering on—
—This first you played . . .

and then the greater songs,
Heroes and Gods—

the potion and the love,
The quenching of the torch, the night of love,
Love that was night and day and death and life,

The trumpets of the cruel day, the death
In love, and love in death . . .

the fatal gold
Guarded by daughters of the Rhine, desired
By dwarfs and demons, heroes, demi-Gods,
That doomed the Gods themselves when fate grew full
In destined time . . .
the Goddess of the choice
Crossing the God's will—and the fire-charm—
And the wild ride that thrilled the dead still night—
And one that dared! . . .
the envy and the hate
And death of heroes, triumphing in death . . .
—Death upon death, till even the Gods must die,
Swept down, swept down, forever falling, whirled
Through vasts of dark—unknowing, impotent—
Where deep cries out to deep, worlds clash on worlds
In cosmic conflagration, flash apart,
Hurled flaming back into the utter void
Of darkness, down, down, swirling, hurtling down . . .
While over the last reverberant swell of sound,
A song rose clear—

Clear, clear, O hear!
The Soul of the utmost sphere
Speaks to the listening ear
Near, near.

Bright, bright, O night,
In the dying God's despite
See on the Eastward height
Light, light.

High, high, O sky,
Beacon the sight on high
Of a God made man to die—
On high, yet nigh.

Shine, shine, O sign
Of the human soul divine,
Proving the wondrous Trine
Mine, mine . . .

Held long and high and pure
The notes rang out and echoed down through time,
Pleading and passioning on—of love divine
And pain and death, of death and pain and love,
Of human passion, human love divine,
With human voices crying through the chords,
Sobbing the discords . . . ever of love and death:
Of love—and yet not love but bitter pain,
Torture of passion, torture of loss—yet love;
Of death—yet death was love; and love was death,
Supreme surrender, yielding up of self
To utter loss—all love, all love, all love,
All human love divine, love that is pain.

And here you paused . . .
the wonder of woven sound
Ceaselessly intertwining warp and woof
To one design of changing dream, broke off.
Silence lay heavy. Night was almost spent.
You touched the keys, with pauses—waiting—waiting
Till one should come, who comes not . . .
Drops of sound,
Blood-drops, fell plash against the heart, and wept—
And wept—and wept . . . the one, the one, comes not,
The only one that lived—
lived! . . . heart of the world
Weep, weep, break, burst in weeping, heart of the world!
He lived! He comes no more, for he is dead.
The ghosts swept by outside the wall . . . the notes
Trembled in shivering dread . . . the intervals
Rang false, or strange, we knew not. Still you played.

Ghosts of dead loves! Ghosts of the living! Ghosts
Of our dead selves, and of our living selves—
All these swept by, in that mad ride of the ghosts
While night stood still—
and the stern wall kept guard
Darker than night; and none could come within
The wall, nor speak—for still you played, you played,
Seeking the dominant—
till that demon ride
Was conquered by the strong on-coming tread
Of trampling horses and of armored men
And trumpet calls to action.
Life came back . . .
You struck the chords' full strength for the rights of life,
You flung the strong tones forth in the glory of song—
You roused the numbed low notes till they shouted loud,
They sang of death and life in major keys:

Comrades, whate'er betide
Be life our own!
Armored in strength, abide
The challenge thrown
By Death in his mocking tone.

Comrades, we *will* survive
Life's tragedy!
Courage to live and strive
Without a cry
Is greater than courage to die.

Life is for song and deed,
Night for the soul;
Give day and life their meed—
Then yield the whole
Back to the night's control.

The waiting flags of light behind the hills
Unfurled, marched forth . . .
and echoing again
Fanfares of distant trumpets rose and flared
On the horizon, dying into dawn.
With that last note the world awoke and breathed . . .
—And hand in hand we went to meet the day.

THE IRONY OF CHANCE

FRANK HARRIS

Mortimer was always rather peculiar. He and I were at Winchester together and about the same age; we took our removes regularly and saw a good deal of each other. He was unlike other boys—strangely proud and sensitive. I remember the occasion when his curious temperament first came to notice and gave his life a bias. He was very quick at mathematics and things generally; but he had a poor memory for words and wrote shocking verses. One day—we had just got into the Lower Fifth, I remember, and were doing some hexameters—the Form master spoke to him contemptuously. Mortimer flushed and frowned, and, as the master ceased, closed his book sharply and never opened it again. He would not be schooled any longer, he said, by an ill-bred bully, and from that day on he did no more Form work.

As he never went in much for games, the time soon hung heavy on his hands, and, to my surprise, he began to take up chemistry and was always in and out of the laboratory. Our science master at Winchester was a red-headed Irishman, called Moriarty, lusty and strong to all appearance; but of the most nervous and timid disposition. Inordinately proud of having secured a willing student, he humored Mortimer a good deal, and the two became inseparable. As I soon passed into the Upper Fifth and then into the Sixth, I only met Mortimer at intervals. But our friendship continued; for, with all his pride, he was gentle and affectionate, and I always liked him greatly: I hardly know why. He was nice-looking in his own way: a clean, mouse-colored English boy, with appealing gray eyes.

In October, 1882, I went to Balliol, and Mortimer came up to Oxford in the following May. My two terms' seniority, the demands of the river on my leisure, and the fact that I was reading for Honor Mods. and afterward for Greats and a Fellowship, while he stuck to his chemistry, prevented me from seeing much of him. Later, too, he kept a good deal to himself and went in for abstruse,

visionary studies: interesting, if you like; but vague and unprofitable. Yet I envied him the money which made it possible for him to follow his bent and read what he liked: liberty is always seductive to the young. But, though we fell apart, whenever we did meet, the old liking showed itself as strong as ever. Sometimes he would look me up and have a talk. Now and again he spoke of his ambitions, or rather, of his hopes: when you come to deal with the mysteries, hopes are as much as you can have. One day he fairly startled me. I had been talking to him of my work, and had mentioned, casually, a Greek manuscript, recently discovered, of part of the Bacchae, a palimpsest, when I noticed that Mortimer was gazing into space as if he were not listening. I shut up rather huffed; but he turned to me at once, in his charming, eager way, and begged me not to be offended.

"Your mention of a palimpsest," he said, "led me to think of what the scientific equivalent of a palimpsest would be, and I came on rather an interesting idea. Suppose strong sunshine beating on a rock. Every shadow of man or beast cast on the rock modifies the sun's influence, and so leaves an imprint, however faint, on the stone. Fancy if, in time to come, we were able to read such a palimpsest, and print off for you photographs of Plato and Sophocles from some rock on Colonus. Wait a little, my friend, science will yet decipher palimpsests a great deal more interesting than your sheepskin puzzles."

The idea was curious, and Mortimer was in earnest, I saw; but, of course, the thing was impossible.

In due time, I took my First, and afterward was lucky enough to get a Fellowship at All Souls. Then I came to London, and was called to the Bar. I lost sight of Mortimer completely, and for years scarcely heard of him. I knew, however, in a vague way, that he had gone down to his people in Wales, and had been a great disappointment to them. He would not enter any of the professions, nor marry, nor take on himself any of the accepted and usual burdens of life. He grew more and more solitary, and at last went and built a cottage and laboratory on the coast of Cardigan Bay, with money left to him by his mother, and there spent some of the best years of his life, more like a hermit than a reasonable human being.

Years passed: I had just taken silk, indeed, when I heard of Mortimer again. He was lecturing in London and the provinces, and scraps of his talk came to me from time to time, filtered through the daily papers. One or two phrases that had escaped the mangling of the reporters interested me:

"Laws of nature and ideas in the mind are correlatives, and suppose each other as eyes suppose light."

Again:

"Spiritual forces are only mechanical forces raised to a higher power, and will yet be found more efficient—even in industries."

These, and other such cryptic utterances, rather attracted me.

People thought him a little mad; he pretended to be able to work miracles, they said, and told wild stories about him that I had neither the time nor the inclination to investigate. Mortimer was the last person in the world, I thought, to play thaumaturge or to try to impose on anyone. I was dumbfounded when the news came of the scandal at Birmingham. Mortimer accused of cheating and swindling! Impossible! In my indignation I tore up the paper that held the news, and pitched it out of the brougham window. I was on my way down to chambers when I read the account. That very afternoon Mortimer came into my office.

He had changed greatly. The light-brown hair was gray; the slight figure had lost its spring; the hands twined nervously; the patient, appealing eyes even seemed to have lost their candor.

"Can I have a talk with you?" he asked, as our hands met.

"Surely," I replied. "I am glad you came to me."

He threw himself into my armchair with a sigh, and ran his hands through his hair; then suddenly jumped up in the old abrupt way.

"Pack them all off," he said, speaking quickly, "your clerk and everybody, and let us have a talk. I want your judgment of me and no one else's."

He was nervous and excited and I humored him. I gave my clerk three or four messages for solicitors and sent him away, and then went outside and sported my oak. I was surprised at myself. In spite of all I had to do, and a dozen engagements, I was as eager as a girl to hear Mortimer's story. When I came back to him, I

filled my pipe, drew up another chair, crossed my legs on it, and said:

"Fire away! the court is with you."

He seemed to find it hard to begin. He took out his handkerchief and drew it backward and forward through his nervous fingers, a gesture I remembered from the old days at Winchester. At length, with a troubled sort of face:

"I must go back to the beginning," he said, half defiantly, half apologetically. I nodded encouragement, and he went on:

"You know I worked at science at Winchester. I did a good deal there with Moriarty; he was a painstaking teacher, and I got a fair idea of inorganic chemistry from him. At Oxford I did a lot of gas analysis and some physics; and then I went to Heidelberg and spent four or five years with Bunsen in his laboratory."

"Did you really?" I broke in, wondering how he had found the time. "It must have been interesting."

"More than interesting," he rejoined. "Bunsen, you know, was the man who discovered the spectroscope. Curious, wasn't it? About 1850, Comte declared that there were two things which would never be found out as long as the world lasted; two secrets of which the keys would never be entrusted to man: one was the origin of life, and the other, the chemical composition of the stars. Within ten years of the day he made the prediction, Bunsen used the spectroscope and showed the chemical composition of the stars. I was two years with Bunsen as an assistant: he paid me for the last year and a half; so I suppose I was of some use to him. I could not persuade him, the last of the great analysts, that the day of synthetic chemistry had come; but I was assured of it myself, and, when I went down to Wales and started a chemical laboratory, it was in order to practise synthetic chemistry, and not analytic. My family was bothering me to settle down, as they called it; but I had other things to do: more important things, I thought. That problem of the origin of life was always in my head: a sort of tantalizing mirage, and I had ideas that seemed to lead to it—fascinating glimpses of light. Plato talks about the unity and universality of life; but Plato had no idea that plants are as much alive as men and women. Long before I had read any botany, I knew that there

must be plants which lived by eating: plants which could nourish themselves on meat and insects; plants which could move from place to place; plants in which the sap pulsed like blood: one life, one law, one plan, throughout creation. And, just as there is no gap between vegetable and animal life, so there is no gap between organic and inorganic existence; the being of stones and gases and metals must be subject to the same law, swayed by the same force, moving to the same end; a thought in the mind of man is a law in the furthest star."

He paused for a while, and when he began again it was with a half-humorous smile:

"Curious, isn't it, Jack? Knowledge used to bring skepticism; to-day it brings belief. Modern scientists have found that 'vibrations pass through space which cannot be propagated by matter.' They have therefore had to invent ether; the materialists themselves compelled to give matter a companion soul—extraordinary discovery, eh? But, long before this undefined 'ether' was invented, I had made matter and spirit my starting points. . . .

"How much I did, I don't know, I don't intend to talk about it; I want to come to the heart of the matter. I made some curious discoveries: I found very soon that one can fuse and mix bodies without regard for their different atomic weights. You understand, don't you?"

"No," I answered, shaking my head; "I have no scientific knowledge at all."

"Well," he said, "let me make it as simple as possible: oxygen has a certain atomic weight and hydrogen also, and, in order to mix them, you must put two volumes of hydrogen with one volume of oxygen. You see, the greater and the meaner do not unite easily in gases any more than in human beings."

I looked at him in amazement, but he went on quite seriously, with his head propped on his hand:

"And if the gases refuse to mix, you heat them, or pass an electric spark through them, and they unite at once—an electric spark," he repeated, as if he saw something symbolic in the words.

After a pause, he began again, almost as if he were lecturing, I thought:

"So-called inanimate bodies will unite for all sorts of reason, or, if you like the scientific jargon better, they will unite under various conditions: for instance, put gold and lead together at a certain temperature—say, 18 degrees Celsius—and you will find that the gold will slowly interpenetrate the lead, and in time make one with it. This simply means that the atoms of both metals are in a constant state of motion or vibration: there is no such thing in nature as stillness or death."

He broke off and turned to me abruptly:

"You remember a story in the Bible how a woman touched the hem of Jesus' garment and he turned round to see who it was, for he felt that virtue had gone out of him. I always knew that that was true, literally true. Well, just as electricity helps us to mix gases, so I found that electricity helped me to fuse metals and mix them, and, when I had no electricity, I could mix them by personal magnetism, if virtue sufficient were in me. Again you shrug your shoulders and don't believe me: I suppose you are right not to: but it is true, nevertheless.

"At length, I resolved to do something that would convince you skeptics, and I set to work with a sort of moral idea before me. If I can prove this unity and universality of life, I said to myself, surely men will grow more pitiful and more kindly to all forms of being; more gentle, too, in humility of kinship. Even now we are careful of horses and dogs, birds and flowers that subserve our pleasures; but very cruel to animals and snakes and insects that can hurt us, and utterly heedless of stones and metals which seem to us without sensation. I hoped to make a larger sympathy potent and effectual."

"But you don't really believe," I interrupted, "that stones and metals can feel? You might almost as well say that they can think."

"Have you ever considered," Mortimer replied, "why it is that you can pass quickly over thin ice which would break if you stood still upon it? No: eh? Well, it is simply because ice wishes to remain ice: tries to resist strain. You show disbelief in your face," he cried; "but will you believe Haeckel, of Jena, perhaps the first scientific authority in the world? Here are his words: 'Matter and ether are not dead, and moved only by extrinsic force; they are

endowed with sensation and will; they experience an inclination for condensation, a dislike for strain.' Now are you satisfied? The life of stones and metals may be simpler than your life: they may have fewer sensations than you, but they also live, if motion and feeling and will are proofs of life. It was this truth that I divined and resolved to establish. I sought a proof simple and sufficient beyond denial or doubt.

"I determined to fuse metals together in such a way that they would do my bidding: that the mass would come when I asked it to come, go when I told it to go, stand still when I bade it stand still, and so prove that the spirit of man is that of God, and rules throughout creation."

He looked up suddenly; but I was listening enthralled: his enthusiasm had infected me. He continued:

"I went to work to fuse my metals, and first of all I fused three metals, I don't know why; mere superstition, I'm afraid; though I have found that some superstitions are fragments of forgotten knowledge; and then I fused nine metals, because, as you know, the figure nine shows curious properties in multiplication and division. Still I failed absolutely. At length, I fused seven metals, probably because seven was a sacred number to men in the past, and lo! I succeeded at once beyond all hope. Listen! I made a large mold of the best fire-clay to resist heat, the mold of a perfect sphere, forty-nine inches in diameter—seven times seven, you know—and then I prepared my seven metals and poured them in one stream into the mold. The next morning, when the metal had had time to cool, I went back, and there was the mold—cracked and broken: I was hideously disappointed.

"I must tell you I had made the mold hollow in order to get a skin of metal an inch thick, for, otherwise, the mass would have been unwieldy. Well, as I say, I found the mold cracked and gaping, and when I broke it all away, out rolled a ball, wobbling and imperfect, instead of my perfect sphere. At first I was in despair, and then—puzzled. The color of the thing was superb: it had the play and light on it of steel, and the glow of gold, and was beautiful exceedingly. But it was not round. While I looked at it, Jack," and, as Mortimer spoke, he put his hand on mine, "the

truth came to me in a flash: of a sudden I saw that it was the shape of the earth, the sphere flattened at both Poles, and bulged at the Equator, a perfect model of our earth. Jack," and he sprang to his feet, "the laws that made the world had made my sphere, and, in my exultation, I knew I had succeeded," and he began to pace up and down the office, "for I called the ball, and it rolled and wobbled toward me, and I sent it away, and it rolled away, and I told it to stop, and it stood still: I was as God.

"All this," he said, as he came back to the chair again after a long pause, "may have little interest for you, but it drove me nearly mad: for the curious part of the matter is that, though I went to sleep that night with the magic ball by my bedside, exultant and content, and awoke refreshed and happy; yet, in the morning I had lost my power. It was heartbreaking: I spoke to the ball, and it did not respond; and after the one gorgeous moment of power and accomplishment, I had weeks of dull disappointment and failure and doubt—yes, doubt; for, in time, I even came to doubt whether my success had not been a hallucination, a deception of fevered senses. At length, I put the ball out of mind, and took up some other work; and suddenly, one day, I perceived that I had regained my power over the ball, and could make it do whatever I wanted, and as proof to myself, I called it up the stairs after me, and then out upon the beach—I could have knelt and kissed the mark it left on the powdery sand.

"Months passed, and years, and I got no further. Sometimes for days I had control of the ball, and then of a sudden the power would leave me, and I was plunged into hell. It seemed to me often as if the fault were not in me, but in the ball itself. That makes you start," he cried; "but think: how did the ball hear without ears, and move without force? Surely, it must have had mind and will; at any rate, that's my belief. But whether the fault was in me or in the ball, the result was the same. For weeks despair would lie on me, crushing me; and then a change would come, and I was master again, and king. One thing upheld me: it seemed to me that, gradually, I was getting more and more control over my strange companion; the periods in which the ball disobeyed me grew shorter and shorter, and my mastery over it became more and more complete.

"But the imperfect tortured me, and the alternations of hope and fear broke down my health. I got nervous and fanciful; and, in my loneliness, weaker and weaker. I found out then, Jack, that, just as there is no limit between what is possible and what is impossible, so there is no line between sanity and insanity. Curious, isn't it? As soon as we think of our bodies, we are unwell; and as soon as we think of our minds we are on the verge of madness. I grew afraid of myself, and determined to change my mode of life. Besides, I had become very weak, and did not dare to wait any longer, lest my secret should perish with me. True, my discoveries were not so important as I had once hoped they would be; but it was better, I reflected, to tell a little than to let all be lost: for there were myriads of generations coming after me who would do that which I failed to do, and bring to fulfilment that which I had only begun. With this thought in my head, I came up to London and began to lecture. The change did my health good, and I got to love the work: though, of course, it was elementary. I delighted to show by a hundred analogies that the laws of physics were laws of thought; that there is a positive and negative in the electric current corresponding to the sex-division in man and woman; that our notion of expediency is the law of least resistance; and that the passion of love is the law of gravitation, and moves stars and suns as easily as boys and girls.

"And when I told them from the platform that I would give them a proof of all this, and described to them how I had fused and mixed the seven metals, and how the ball had taken the shape of the earth, in spite of my mold, and how it would hear and obey me, come to me when I told it to come, go away when I told it to go away, and stand still at my command, people believed me who would not otherwise have believed my teaching, nor even have cared to listen to it. Like children, they were pleased with the puzzle, and nothing more. The secret of life which I had discovered did not interest them, and the mysterious kinship of man, not only with the other animals, but with that world of inorganic elements which seems to our dull senses motionless and dead, left them utterly indifferent. It was the miracle, Jack, which they had come out to see.

"One night, I was tired, and the ball responded badly, scarcely

moved at all, in fact, and the people laughed and hooted, and some wanted their money returned. They sickened me with disappointment, and afterwards that impression grew upon me, and, the more I thought of it, the more frightened I became. You can understand, can't you? The whole of my teaching endangered, because the visible proof was not always with me. The dull generation that wanted a sign was not easily satisfied."

As he spoke, he rose, and paced up and down the office. When he began again, he spoke slowly and with long pauses, as if he were tired:

"And so, Jack, temptation came to me. It was a story of Edgar Allan Poe that gave me the idea. I cut an opening in the ball, and got a little boy who could enter it and move it as he liked from the inside. It took me only a week or so to construct the mechanism. You disapprove, I see," he said, turning to me. "But think; after all, it was only making certain what was usual and ordinary.

"Besides, I hardly ever employed the boy—my word of honor—he was not necessary. His mere presence gave me confidence, and I went on for weeks successfully. I lectured here in London and then in Leeds and Liverpool and all through Scotland, without using the boy at all.

"It was at Manchester, on my return South, that I first noticed a man in the audience: a man with an evil face. He sat there sneering disbelief at me while I talked. I could see envy and hatred in his eyes, and I grew afraid of him. His influence was evil, and my second night at Manchester I put Walter in the ball: I had lost confidence. . . . Evil affects us even when we resist it; sometimes I think it affects us more when we resist it than when we yield to it. . . . From that day on, I used the boy occasionally; for the evil face followed me all over the country, the same face in every audience, till I came to loathe it.

"I was lecturing at Birmingham, on the Monday night, I remember, and, as soon as I began to speak, I noticed that man before me in the fifth row as usual, and I grew cold with fear. But I soon pulled myself together, and went on with my lecture. The people were very enthusiastic, and enthusiasm is catching; and, somehow or other, I was filled with the sense of victory. And when

at the end I told the ball to come to me, and it came, and to go away from me, and it went, I was quite confident and happy; and I put my hand on the ball and said: 'I think if I told it to spin round, it would spin with the motion of the earth on its axis,' and, as I spoke, the ball began to spin; and, when I looked out over the audience in triumph, I noticed the man with the evil face had got up in his place to watch the ball. In half a minute, he sat down again with a grin, as if he had solved the riddle: the poor fool.

"The next afternoon, my boy—he was a nice little fellow—came to me, and asked me for the evening off; his mother, it appeared, lived at Edgbaston, and he wanted to go and see her. But I said:

"'No, Walter; I am not quite well, and I should be nervous without you.'

"He looked at me a little sullenly, I thought, as he replied:

"'You don't need me, Professor; you know the ball goes just as well without me: it always starts before I even put my weight on the bar.'

"But I cried:

"'No, no, Walter; the excitement of last night has tired me. I cannot let you go. Without you I should be afraid.'

"So I opened my second lecture at Birmingham with the boy in the sphere. The hall was crowded, and the people more enthusiastic than ever; but when, at the end of my lecture, I called the ball to me, it would scarcely move, and when I sent it away it responded very feebly, and I trembled, fearing that Walter was disobedient. In the audience there were murmurs of discontent. Suddenly, the man with the evil face rose and said:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, I've followed these lectures for weeks. That man on the platform is an impostor. I can prove it; his trick is a swindle and a cheat.' And the next moment he had come up and was beside me on the stage. He declared that there must be a young boy or girl in the ball to move it, and he dared me to let him examine the ball and show what he called the fact. I looked at him and said:

"'What does the fact prove? Doesn't the lesson remain whether the ball stands still or moves?'

"He laughed in my face.

"'Who cares for your lesson?' he cried; 'the one thing we want to know is whether you can make dead metal move; you can take your teaching where you like; is there anyone inside that ball or not? That's what we want to know.'

"A good idea came to me in my extremity, and I said: 'You are absurd. How could a person inside the ball make it spin?'

"And he replied: 'I don't know, but I'll soon find out when I see the mechanism. If there is anyone inside the ball, you are a cheat!'

"And I answered: 'I am not a cheat: what do I cheat you of, if there were someone inside the ball?' but, as I spoke, all the others shouted, and he cried:

"'Let me test the ball,' and I said:

"'You shall not,' and he said:

"'I will.'

"Even as I withstood him, I noticed that all were on his side and against me, and then hatred of them overcame me and contempt, and I said:

"'What if there is a boy in the ball? What will you do then?' and he shouted in triumph, turning to them:

"'I knew it was a boy: he has confessed.'

"I can't tell all they said and did in their rage"—Mortimer was now speaking feebly as if exhausted—"but, at last, they gave me a pen and ink and told me to write the admission that there was a boy inside the ball and that I had cheated them, or else they would break open the ball and see for themselves.

"I was tired to death, and my soul was filled with contempt of them and loathing; and, at last, I signed the paper, admitting that I was a cheat, and they jeered at me and spat upon the ground, and crowed that Birmingham was too wise to be taken in by my tricks, and demanded their money back, and went away sneering and triumphant.

"I sat on the platform deserted and alone, shamed to the soul: my life in ruins about me. . . .

"Suddenly a door at the right of the stage opened and little Walter came in. When he saw me, he hesitated:

"'I am sorry, Professor,' he said, hanging his head; 'very sorry.

I did so want to see my mother and I went to Edgbaston; but the ball moved, didn't it, just the same?'

"I started to my feet:

"'You were not in the ball then, Walter?' I cried; and he answered, looking at me in astonishment:

"'No, Professor, I was not in the ball. I have only just come back.'"

KING GEORGE'S PROBLEM

GEORGE BOURNE

With the accession of King George V., the great drama in English politics becomes seriously complicated again, so that all the on-lookers are at fault, unable even to guess what the dénouement will be.

For the situation had so worked out that in all England there appeared to be but one authority, namely that of the King, capable of unraveling it; and all England was satisfied that King Edward would play his part faultlessly. It is impossible to express the depth of confidence in him which was felt throughout the country. The confidence was well deserved, too. For nine years he had filled his great position without one slip, holding himself so aloof from party politics that nobody ever suspected him of taking sides. He was, so to speak, the consummate umpire, the wise and impartial Chairman or President of the British Empire, under whom many a difficulty had been smoothed out; and that, not by heroics, but by personal influence quietly exerted behind the scenes, where there was no praise to be won. Brilliant, or dazzling, nobody thought him, or wished him to be. It was not in that way that King Edward was great. His qualities were those, rather, of the shrewd and prudent man of business, experienced and unerring at his own trade. He had raised common-sense to the level of greatness.

And common-sense was, above all things, what the political situation was demanding just at the time of his death. Consider the position in which public affairs stood—the exasperating deadlock which had been reached. With any amount of legislation waiting to be attended to, the two Houses of Parliament, instead of legislating, had come face to face in the bitterest quarrel recorded in their history. Unlike most political quarrels too, it was one which touched the people home. Other such excitements, in other years, may have been more acute while they lasted; but whereas in most previous cases the cause of excitement looked the more trumpery the more it was coolly examined, in this case it was exactly otherwise. Only the ignorant and thoughtless—the neglected agricultural popu-

lation of the southern counties, for instance, or the sporting and pleasure-seeking classes of the great towns and the London suburbs —failed to see that the issue between the two Houses was momentous. All others discerned, with increasing anxiety, that the future well-being of England for many generations might depend on the result of this struggle for supremacy between the two branches of the legislature. To find parallels to the state of affairs, students looked back to the period of strife between Parliament and the Stuart Kings; for since then there had been nothing to compare to the present situation for importance, save once only, at the passage of the Reform Bill. On that occasion, in the teeth of opposition from the Lords, the Commons won the vote for the middle classes and changed the balance of power in the Kingdom. On that occasion, too, it had been necessary to call in the King—William IV.—because then, too, a deadlock had arisen which no other authority could ease. It is a well-known history, how William, reluctantly threatening to swamp the opposition of the Lords by creating new peers especially for that purpose, brought the Upper House to its knees and gave victory to the Commons. But that was seventy years ago and more. Since then, until now, there has been no further occasion for the intervention of the Crown. Things have gone on, somehow. Parliament has muddled through without interference from above; and the monarch has, so to speak, sat quietly at the back of the stage, and never been called to step forward into the action of the piece. But now once more it appears that he will have to move. And now, just at the moment when everybody was expecting at least a well-tried and experienced player for the all but unprecedented part, the staggering news comes that after all it must be taken by one who is entirely new to the stage. Naturally all onlookers are wondering what line King George will pursue.

For it is not as though the part were already written down for him, and he had merely to go through with it as a piece of routine. Something, and nobody knows quite how much, is left to his initiative. The drama is being composed as it proceeds, by the several performers in it; and this is why the personality of the new King is a matter of such interested speculation. If, and when, he begins to act, his rôle will be to some extent that of the god from the machine.

He is to do what exceeds the power of ordinary mortals. With the influence peculiar to himself he is to part the combatants, assuage their strife, and set them working peaceably together again. It is therefore with no unnecessary concern that the English contemplate the change of monarchs. When one invokes the *deus ex machina*, one likes to know what *deus* is coming; but in this case he is practically a stranger; and what he may, and what he can, and what he will do, are questions which time and time alone can answer.

The prophets of the daily press, it is true, are already at work, with their accustomed ingenuity, to announce what must happen; but as usual they do not agree. Amidst the confusion of their contradictory forecasts there is, however, one point upon which they are fairly unanimous. The crisis which would have culminated about the middle of June if King Edward had lived cannot, in the altered circumstances, very well be reached before October at the earliest. After that all sorts of things may happen; but until then, what with the formal business of establishing the new King, arranging for a Regency, and providing for urgent financial needs, there will be enough routine work to disengage the attention of Parliament from the vital question upon which the two Houses are at such deadly grips with one another. Such is the immediate prospect. The great issue is not avoided; it is only postponed. Death has stepped in to drag the combatant Houses asunder for a few months; but presently, the interval over, they will be at one another's throats again, with an anger certainly not subdued by the presence of a new umpire, and possibly embittered by delay. But in the interim, the spectators may take breath, and review the situation.

It is, indeed, well worthy of review. There are not many dramas concocted by art, in which the momentum of the piece gathers impetus so impressively as it has done in this real episode of contemporary history. The election of 1906 was the opening of it; when the Liberals came into office after an almost unbroken absence of twenty years. During those twenty years, although nominally there were two Houses of Parliament, for all practical purposes England had been governed by a single chamber. For the Conservative House of Commons had been content to leave well alone. What little social legislation was attempted was conceived in the best interests of the

Lords and their friends, and such reforms as were talked of to pacify the poor were easily deferred, on the plea that the country had no money to finance them. Thus there was no occasion for the Lords to interfere. Nor were they moved when at last, owing to the South African War, reckless finance, and the approach of a great trade depression, it became necessary to look for new sources of revenue. The "Tariff Reform" scheme, well calculated to benefit the land-owning classes at least, was entirely to the mind of the great land-owners in the Upper Chamber. Hence, up to the close of the Conservative administration, the Conservative House of Commons was in reality the only active figure on the political stage, the Lords remaining tranquilly in the background, as if asleep. Was not the other House their friend, their champion? In that security they let their champion go to the polls.

To their horror, he returned an entirely changed being. The new House of Commons in an enormous majority was of the hated Liberal complexion; and besides an old grudge against the Lords, it had a number of missions to perform on behalf of people who were not lords at all. Hence it had hardly stepped into the place of government, before the hitherto somnolent Upper House began to stir uneasily, and all attentive on-lookers could see that instead of one active figure on the stage, namely the House of Commons, there would henceforward be two, namely the Commons and the Lords; and further, that the two would eventually come into collision. But nobody at that time anticipated such a deadly struggle as that which has since arisen.

It began in sulky fashion. Amongst other things, the Liberal House of Commons was pledged to remedy those abuses in educational administration, which compelled nonconformists to support schools controlled by the Church of England. The measure promoted for that end brought the Lords to the front at once, led by the Bishops. They would permit no such tampering with established privileges; they rejected the bill with indignation, and thus the first blow was struck. The Commons took it, too, replying merely with a protest asserting their own supremacy. In fact, however, their supremacy was endangered from that hour. The other House had felt its own power: it stood now, in a defensive attitude, it is true, yet not un-

willing to strike again, but as it were daring the other House to come on. And by and by the Commons came on. Their attack, this time, was directed against the abuses of the Liquor Trade, which, under cover of the Licensing Laws, had become a monopoly and was not much better than a "Trust." But this was to touch the House of Lords in a sensitive part indeed. Many of its members were large shareholders in the monopoly, and almost all of them recognized a powerful friend in the threatened "Trade." Accordingly, urged on this time by the fury not of Bishops but of Brewers, the House of Lords struck a second time. Insolently, too. It was not as a result of formal public debate that the peers rejected the Licensing Bill; the agreement to throw it out was come to at an informal meeting at the private residence of Lord Lansdowne, as though that were a suitable place from which to carry on the government of England; and the formal debate at Westminster merely ratified the decision arrived at in his lordship's mansion.

Thus once more the Lords had shattered to the ground the product of months of arduous labor by the Commons. And now the meaning of the situation was clear. It amounted in effect to this: that the Lords challenged the right of the Commons to propose any legislation disagreeable to the Conservative Party. There might be a Liberal House of Commons, and a Liberal Cabinet, but there were to be no Liberal measures passed. So well was this recognized that it was openly admitted by Mr. Balfour, the Conservative leader. Whether his party were in office or out of office, he explained, they would still govern. So great a confidence had he in the House of Lords.

It must be owned that they had earned it all. Mark the change well. Beginning with a sulky resistance to the supremacy of the Commons, the Lords were now claiming supremacy for their own House. They, and not the elected representatives of the English people, were to rule; they, who might never be removed, but were established in power by hereditary right, like a committee of irresponsible sovereigns. They were out, it appeared, for the conquest of England. They intended to capture the Government and make it their tool.

The fight went more swiftly after this. Having got their hands

in, the Lords struck out recklessly. True, they allowed the Old Age Pensions Act to pass; but they yielded with a very bad grace, and were but the more eager to put their veto on every other Liberal measure of importance. They resorted to other modes of embarrassment too. Against the six or seven millions of additional revenue required for pensioning the aged poor they had protested in the name of economy; but they did their utmost to force the Government into a far greater expenditure than that upon new battleships, in utter disregard of economy. So, week after week, the contest went on, the Lords asserting themselves with increasing arrogance, while there seemed nothing for the Commons to do but to submit.

There remained finance, however. For two hundred and fifty years it had been accepted as the root principle of the Constitution that the control of finance rested with the Commons alone. A King had died on the scaffold for refusing to accept that doctrine; all subsequent authorities had preached it; not three years earlier the Conservative leader himself had affirmed it again with unmistakable clearness; and it had become a common-place, taught to the little children in English schools. In money matters not the Lords, not the King himself, had any right to interfere, but the proposals sent up to them from the Commons must be ratified by them without alteration. For two and a half centuries this privilege of the House of Commons had not been challenged. It was the famous "power of the purse," which, in part, had made the House of Commons, and through it the English People, supreme even over King and Lords. And this hitherto irresistible weapon the Commons still held. It was, indeed, all but their last resource against the encroachments of the Upper House.

And so there came the "Budget" of 1909. The amazing events that followed its introduction are too recent, and have attracted too much attention, to need recapitulating here. Old Age Pensions and the increase in the navy together necessitated a vast increase in the revenue; and everyone knows how, to meet the increase, the Budget proposed amongst other expedients to raise the existing taxes on the Liquor Trade, and to impose new taxes on land values. Nor is anyone likely to forget the shriek of fear and indignation which went up all over England from those who saw their privileges thus

menaced by this terrible House of Commons with its terrible weapon. The owners of half England threatened their aged dependants with dismissal if the Budget should become law; Dukes made themselves ridiculous by withdrawing their guinea subscriptions from cricket clubs and hospitals; Brewers raised the price of beer by five times the amount of the proposed increase in the tax, and shouted that they were being ruined. The issue was further confused, and the excitement of the country ten-fold heightened, by the ravings of the tariff Reformers, whose panacea for increasing the revenue would evidently become unnecessary if these other proposals should come into force. To the accompaniment of never-ending clamor the drama proceeded to its climax. The Lords, hardly condescending to debate the subject, so arrogant had they grown, dared what none had dared before. They struck the all-powerful weapon from the hands of the Commons; they laid claim to a right of veto over the finance of England; they rejected the Budget.

Then, of course, the fat was in the fire. As the Lords had taken their amazing step under the pretense of "referring the Budget to the people," it was almost impossible for the representatives of the people to decline the challenge and continue in office. Accordingly Parliament was dissolved, and once more the country was plunged into the embroilment of a general election. Coming, as it did, just when trade was beginning to revive again and the unemployed to find work, the disturbance was regrettable enough; yet that was nothing compared to the gravity of the remoter consequences involved in the seeming success of the Lords. They had, in fact, nearly overthrown the British Constitution. For after all, who were they to decide when there should be an appeal to the People — a general election? To assume the right to do that was to usurp perhaps the most essential part of the prerogative of the Crown; for as it carries with it the power of destroying the government of the day, so whoever possesses the right becomes master of the government. And such was the position into which the Lords were rapidly hoisting themselves. Should they secure it permanently, the King would become a nonentity, no government would be able to stand against them, the Commons would degenerate into a mere advisory committee, and the Lords would have England at their feet.

Of course they protested that nothing of the sort was intended; that their act would never be repeated, save in great emergency. But none could guarantee that that would be so. What they had done once they might do again; it was open to them to find an emergency whenever they disliked the House of Commons, or disapproved of a proposed tax. Besides, though it was expedient for them to play the innocent during the elections at least, many of them were too indiscreet, or too arrogant, or both, to veil their pretensions. The "great proconsuls of the empire," as they were flatteringly styled, the men, that is to say, who had ruled over the subject-races of India and Egypt and South Africa and forgotten what liberty meant, were especially conspicuous in this direction. While the more prudent leaders, like Mr. Balfour, merely repudiated or explained away their former admissions that the Commons should be supreme, these others boldly maintained the absolute right of the Lords to exercise the decisive function whenever and wherever they might choose. They were not to stop at the mere veto, even of finance measures; they might alter, or initiate, if they pleased. In short, the taxes and the laws of England were to be imposed on the English People not by the People themselves but by an irresponsible oligarchy of hereditary nobles.

It would have been supposed that at the General Election the People would make short work of all these pretensions, returning a House of Commons overwhelmingly strong to deal with the Lords. That they failed to do so is, indeed, the most ominous circumstance in the whole affair. The result of the elections was, however, disconcerting to both parties. The Lords had counted on annihilating the majority against them; the others, on preserving it unimpaired; and neither side was right. When the total returns were obtained they certainly showed a substantial majority against the Lords, but it was nothing to that in the previous House; and, moreover, it was a composite one, made up principally of the Labor Party and the Irish Home Rulers. Ireland, of course, was opposed to the Lords. In the larger island, Scotland, Wales, and most of the industrial sections of England had voted solidly against them, but on the other hand the agricultural and "respectable" classes in England, with the brewers and the friends of sport, had voted in their favor.

It must be said that these results, too encouraging to the Lords and their Conservative retinue, had been obtained in a remarkable way. In many constituencies the Budget which had been "referred to the people" was the last thing that the Conservative candidates cared to discuss. They revived the scare about the weakness of the navy, and yet at the same time complained of Liberal extravagance. They made it a grievance that the Old Age Pensions, which they had really done their best to curtail, were not granted more extensively. They promised cheaper bread to the poor and higher prices of wheat to the farmers; for the Tariff Reformers had figures ready to support either case. And they went to the illiterate unemployed with promises of higher wages and more work. By these and more insidious means they won a number of seats which, had the election been fought on the true issue, would almost certainly have been filled by opponents of the Lords; but the fact remains that the seats were won. The People, appealed to, had given their answer, and it was a half-hearted or hesitating one. At any rate, the Government—the same Liberal Government as before—felt it to be so; and for a few weeks they hesitated too.

And to this hesitation may be traced some of the extreme nicety of the present position of affairs. It is true that the House of Commons has recovered most of the ground lost in those few weeks, and this in two ways. For one thing, they have at last secured the passing of the Budget. For the Lords, with all their swollen pretensions, could not again reject that measure after the people to whom they "referred" it had decided in its favor. That recognition of the People as the final authority is in itself worth much. Then for another thing, the Commons have reasserted some of their power over finance by voting supplies for only six weeks ahead. This makes it imperative on Lords and King to deal with the Representative House cautiously, since the whole administration of the country must come to a standstill if another dissolution should occur before supplies are renewed. Obviously in these circumstances it will not do to play tricks with the Commons. Nevertheless, a subtle weakness, like the after-effects of a disease which has passed, remains over from that period of hesitation, and may have serious results by and by. For it seemed as though the Government half admitted

the plea which their opponents so eagerly urged that the People's voice was uncertain. It gave plausibility to the idea that yet another election should be held to settle the question; and so it suggested that there was real room for doubt as to what the settlement ought to be. For the moment all this is forgotten; but it will be remembered by and by if it should prove that King George has been infected with that doubt.

For an appeal to the King appears inevitable when we regard the situation as it stands at present. Before adjourning for the Whitsuntide recess, the Commons sent up to the Lords a set of resolutions, and a bill embodying them was issued, which, if passed into law, will deprive the Lords for ever of all power to touch finance, and will restrict their veto over other legislation. And this ultimatum has been strengthened by the determination of the Liberals and their allies neither to continue in office themselves nor to permit their opponents to hold office on any other terms than these. In other words, they will hold up the administration of the country until the Lords yield.

Unfortunately for the Liberals, this gallant resolve does not make them absolutely secure. They can indeed make good their threat so long as the present Parliament continues, because they have a majority there; but in the event of another election giving a majority to the other side, all will be utterly lost. And for this chance the Lords will no doubt work. They have yet to consider the "Resolutions," but it is almost a foregone conclusion that they will reject them; and then ——

Then the time will have come for appealing to the King. The procedure is as follows: The Prime Minister, unable any longer to carry on the government, will advise the King to do one of two things; but the choice between the alternatives will rest entirely with the King. Either he may coerce the Lords, as King William threatened to do seventy years ago, by creating enough new lords to overwhelm the opposition, or he may decide to take the vote of the People again in another General Election. The enormous difficulty of the former course will be realized when it is remembered that out of over six hundred peers all but some seventy are recalcitrant. On the other hand, as the people have so lately been appealed to on the

question, and have given what is after all no uncertain answer, the propriety of appealing to them is more than doubtful, especially when it is remembered that a reversal of their former decision would give so much power to the Lords as to weaken the King's own prerogative. These alternatives, however, seem to exhaust the possibilities. And it must be observed that, let the King take which course he will, he is bound to give bitter offense: in the one case to the Conservatives and the Lords, in the other case to the Liberals, the Labor Party, and the Irish.

It is, therefore, a most invidious part which King George will be called upon to play. His father, strong in the confidence of the people, could have incurred a temporary odium without much real loss. But King George is on his trial, and tremendous consequences, both to the Crown and to the Nation, are involved in the sagacity, or the imprudence, with which he may act.

Because, this exciting political drama is only the topmost commotion of a stiller but more impressive movement in the deep waters of English life. If anyone doubts it, let him explain, for instance, such an extraordinary attitude as that of the Conservative members of the House of Commons during this struggle. They have been the foremost in the attack upon the House to which they belong. They have exhausted their ingenuity to weaken it; they have delighted in every assault upon it; they have begun to belittle the representative principle which has given the House its ascendancy and to which they owe their own position in it. And, again, let it be explained why this attempted betrayal of the House by its own members has been applauded in the country by thousands and thousands of men who owe their liberty to the championship of that House in the past, and will lose their voice in the government of the country if the betrayal should succeed. When Englishmen, who have boasted so long about the freedom of their institutions, begin to go back upon representative government and to gloat upon the prospects of oligarchy, it is time to look beneath the surface and see what all these things may portend. For they are to be accounted for by no ordinary explanation.

To get to the inner meaning of it all, one should go not to the political experts and party leaders and people of importance, but in

and out amongst the obscure middle and working classes. Observing them, and then recalling what they were, say, a score of years ago, it becomes plainer every day that England is no longer asleep. The unknown People are astir with new ideas, new aspirations. That was the meaning of the 1906 election, whose results spread such consternation amongst the Lords and other privileged people. Suddenly they were aware of something happening, when they had forgotten that anything could possibly happen; and their alarm was proportionate to their ignorance and their love of ease. "There will be a revolution!" they cried; "we shall see the guillotine set up in Trafalgar Square!" And still their uneasiness continues, venting itself in foolish talk about "class war" and the horrors of "Socialism."

In one sense their fears are justified, and as yet in one only. It is quite true that the awakening of the English people involves the downfall of class privileges and a vast curtailment of the rights of private property. For all kinds of things inseparable from the existing order are becoming offensive to the national conscience. There is unemployment, for instance. Comfortable people are growing ashamed of their comfort in the presence of thousands of men idle or forced to emigrate, while so large a portion of England is given over to game-preserves. Then there are the abominations of overcrowding in cities and bad housing in rural places; and the scandal of starving school-children; and in short the general squalor, disease, and poverty of the country, contrasting everywhere with such abounding evidences of wealth, extravagance, and luxury. When Mr. Lloyd-George, defending the Budget, drew attention to these contrasts, the wealthy found no abuse too violent to be launched at him; nevertheless, to innumerable men and women in the country it seemed that the schemes he advocated were but the necessary means of cleansing the kingdom from national disgrace. The more thoughtful of these saw, too, just as the alarmed upper classes saw, that the Budget was only a beginning, and that much more must follow. To that extent, therefore, the apprehensions of the Lords and their supporters were justified.

But there was no justification for the talk of revolution and class war in the sinister sense in which those words were used. The horrible outrages and violence of revolutions hitherto have been the

product of despairing discontent and suppressed liberty; but in rushing to the conclusion that the English movement proceeds from these causes the rich do but exhibit the disquiet of their own conscience. Let them be their own judges of what they merit. Oppression there is, no doubt; but it cannot be felt acutely if they leave the House of Commons supreme. And as for discontent—that, too, there is; but instead of being despairing it is hopeful. Up and down the streets of England, and in the factories and the tradesmen's shops, you will meet with very little vindictiveness, very little impatience even. The pride and ill-manners of the upper classes provoke amusement rather than anger; and those projects of reform which the privileged suppose to be born of envy and spite proceed in fact from the growth of new ideals of national well-being. Not ill-will, but good-will, inspires them. The distinction is enormous. There is no revolution in this, but a renaissance. Almost everywhere, too, it is hoped to proceed tolerantly and decorously, not resorting to violence, but using Parliament as the instrument of reform.

At the same time, however, it is to be remembered that those who are moved by this spirit—quite half the People, to judge by their representation in the House of Commons—have set their heart on reform, and will not, cannot, give it up. It follows, therefore, that the instrument of reform, namely, the House of Commons with its "power of the purse," is above all things precious to them. With very jealous eyes they will watch the behavior of the King when he comes to act.

Yet who shall say that his discretion or indiscretion matters to them so much as to the other side—and to him? Should he throw in his weight in favor of the privileged against the people; should it happen after all that the House of Lords triumphs and representative government in England is overthrown; then the renaissance will not stop, but the factors of despair and oppression added to it will give it just that revolutionary turn which the Lords dread, so unreasonably as yet. The class readjustment will change into real class war. The spirit of vindictiveness will come in.

Nor will the loyalty of the nation toward the King himself remain unshaken. If the people of importance did but know it, curious things are already being said down in the streets where they do not

go. "Perhaps"—(so the word begins to run) "perhaps it will be just as well not to have so good a king as Edward was. We shall have to rely upon ourselves the more; and may be we shall move all the faster."

But what a pretty dish it all makes to set before an inexperienced monarch!

IN A GARDEN OF LESBOS

BLISS CARMAN

I

Under the boughs of the orchard,
Where all day the gold sunlight
Patterns the white shell path,
Peace has her dwelling.

Only the plash of the fountain,
Borne by the breeze as he wanders,
Cools the hot glare of the garden
Drowsy with slumber.

II

Destiny, hide not thy features
In the dark cloak of misfortune,
Wayfaring in bitter sorrow
Here with cold autumn.

Ah, through perpetual summer
Let the sea's infinite music
Wander in this quiet garden
For lovely Gorgo!

III

Who will now give heart to the disheartened,
And make glad the so world-weary spirit?
O thou kindly deity of Lesbos,
Gracious and deep-bosomed great Demeter,
Hear thy heart-bowed suppliant now, and gravely
Those all-comprehending eyes turn meward,—

Sad and wise and full of the earth's sorrow
Learned through years of unimpatient longing!
Stay me in the footpath of endurance,
And uphold me on the steeps of courage!

Let me dwell with fortitude, awaiting
That glad hour when through the seas of being
The great tide of joy, now ebbed and silent,
Shall come panting back to flood the hollows
Of this vacant heart once more with rapture.
Hark, far down the shore the purple sea-caves
Fill and murmur to the mighty coming
Of the deep! And on a thousand voices
Immemorial meanings are borne inland.

MENDELISM AND WOMANHOOD

C. W. SALEEBY, M.D.

We are accustomed to think of Mendelism as simply a theory of heredity, by which term we should properly understand the relation between living generations. Now Mendelism is certainly this, but I believe that it is vastly more. Already the claim has been made, though not, perhaps, in adequate measure, by the Mendelians, and I am convinced that their title to it will be upheld. Mendelism has already effected a really epoch-making advance in our knowledge of heredity—the relations between parents and offspring: but we shall learn ere long that it has yet more to teach us regarding the very constitution of living beings. As modern chemistry can analyze a highly complex molecule into its constituent elementary atoms, so the Mendelians promise ere long to enable us to effect an *organic analysis* of living creatures. For many decades past, theory has perceived that in the germ cells whence we and the higher animals and plants are developed, there must exist units, somewhere intermediate between the chemical molecule and the vital unit, the cell itself—which Herbert Spencer, the first and greatest of their students, called physiological or constitutional units. Since his day they have been rediscovered—or rather renamed—by a host of students, including Haeckel, Weismann and many of scarcely less distinction. The Mendelian "factors," as I maintain must be clear to any student of the idea, are Spencer's physiological units. Of course neither Spencer, nor anyone else until the re-discovery of Mendel's work, had any notion at all of the remarkable fashion in which these units are treated in the process whereby germ-cells are prepared for their great destiny. The rule, as we now know, is that one germ-cell contains any given unit, while another does not. The process of cell-division whereby the germ-cells or gametes* are made is called gameto-genesis. Somewhere in its course there occurs the capital fact discovered by Mendel and called by him segregation. A cell divides into two—which are the final gametes. One of these will definitely contain the Mendelian factor, and the other will be

* *i.e.*, marrying cells.

as definitely without it. Definite consequences follow in the constitution of the offspring: and such is the Mendelian contribution to heredity. But we must see that these enquiries cannot be far pursued without telling us vastly more than we ever knew before of not only the relation between individuals of successive generations, but the very structure of the individuals themselves. It is by the study of heredity that we shall learn to understand the individual. For instance, experimental breeding of the fowl reveals the existence of the brooding instinct as a definite unit, which enters, or does not enter, into the composition of the individual, and which is quite distinct from the capacity to produce eggs. Here is a definite distinction suggested, for the case of the fowl, between two really distinct things which, for several years past, I have called respectively physical and psychical motherhood. The analysis will doubtless go far further: but already the facts of experiment help us to realize the composition of the individual mother—for instance, the number of possible variants, and the non-necessity of a connexion between the capacity to produce children and the parental instinct upon which the care of them depends and without which entire and perfect motherhood cannot be.

The Mendelians are teaching us, too, that their "factors," the units of which we are made, are often intertangled or mutually repellent. If such-and-such goes into the germ-cell, so must something else: or if the one, then never the other. There may thus be naturally determined conditions of entire womanhood; just as one may be externally a woman, yet lack certain of the fractional constituents which are necessary for the perfect being. Complete womanhood, like genius—rarer though not more valuable—depends upon the co-existence of *many* factors, some of which may be coupled and segregated together in gameto-genesis, while others may be quite independent, only chance determining the throw of them. And the question of incompatibility or mutual repulsion of factors is of the gravest concern: as, for instance, if it were the case—and the illustration is perhaps none too far-fetched—that the factor for the brooding instinct and the factor for intellect can scarcely be allotted together to a single cell.

The question of compatibilities is illustrated very strikingly by

the case of the worker-bee. There is as yet no purely Mendelian interpretation of this case, Mendel's own laborious work upon heredity in bees having been entirely lost, and practically nothing having been done since. Yet, as will be evident, the main argument of Geddes and Thomson leads us to a similar interpretation of this case in terms of compatibility.

The worker-bee is an individual of a most remarkable and admirable kind, from whom mankind have yet a thousand truths to learn. She is distinguished primarily by the rare and high development of her nervous apparatus. In terms of brain and mind, using these words in a general sense, the worker-bee is almost the paragon of animals. The ancients supposed that the queen bee was indeed the queen and ruler of the hive. Here, they thought, was the organizing genius, the foresight, the exquisite skill in little things and great, upon which the welfare of the hive and the future of the race depend. But, in point of fact, the queen-bee is a fool. Her brain and mind are of the humblest order. She never organizes anything and does not rule even herself, but does what she is told. She is entirely specialized for motherhood; but the thinking, and the determination of the conditions of her motherhood are in the hands of other females, also highly specialized, and certainly the least selfish of living things—*yet themselves sterile, incapable of motherhood.*

Observe, further, that these wonderful workers, so highly endowed in terms of brain, are amongst the children of the queen, herself a fool: and that it was the conditions of nourishment, the conditions of environment or education, which determined whether the young creatures should develop into queens or workers, fertile fools or sterile wits. We have here an absolute demonstration that the environment or nurture can determine the production of these two antithetic and radically opposed types of femaleness.

Now, amongst the bees, this high degree of specialization works very well. How old bee-societies are we cannot say. We do know, at any rate, that bees are invertebrate animals, and therefore of immeasurable antiquity compared with man. No one can for a moment question the eminent success of the bee-hive; and that success depends upon the extreme specialization of the female, so as in effect to create a third sex. Further, we know that nurture alone

accounts for this remarkable splitting of one sex into two contrasted varieties.

I have little doubt that a process which is, at the very least, analogous, is possible amongst ourselves: nay more, that such a process is already afoot. In Japan they have actually been talking of a deliberate differentiation between workers and breeders: such differentiation, though indeliberate, is to be seen to-day in all highly civilized communities. Is it likely to be as good for us as for the bee-hive? And, granted its value as a social structure, is it, even then, to be worth while?

No one can answer these questions, though I venture to believe that it is something to ask them. So far as the last is concerned, we must not admit the smallest infringement of the supreme principles that every human being is an end in himself or herself, and that the worth of a society is to be found in the worth and happiness of the individuals who compose it.

Can we, as human beings, regard a human society as admirable because it is successful, stable, numerous? The question is a fundamental one, for it matters at what we aim. As it becomes increasingly possible for a man to realize his ideals, it becomes increasingly important that they shall be right ones; and there is a risk to-day that the growth of knowledge shall be too rapid for wisdom to keep pace with. We are reaching toward, and will soon attain in very large and effective measure, nothing less than *a control of life*, present and to come. It may well be that a remodelling of human society upon the lines of the bee-hive is feasible. It was his study of bees that made a Socialist of Professor Forel, certainly one of the greatest of living thinkers: and his assumption is that in the bee-hive we have an example largely worthy of imitation. But he would be the first to admit that, as the ordinary Socialist has yet to learn, the nature of the society is ultimately determined by the nature of the individuals composing it. It follows that the Bee-society can be completely or at all substantially imitated only by remodelling human nature on the lines of the individual bee. This is very far from impossible: there is a plethora of human drones already, and we see the emergence of the sterile female worker. But is such a change—or any change at all of that kind—to be desired?

It surely cannot be denied that there may be a grave antagonism between the interests of society and those of the individual. It is a question of the terms of specialization or differentiation. In the study of the individual organism and its history we discern specialization of the cell as a capital fact. Organic evolution has largely depended upon what Milne-Edwards called the "physiological division of labor." In so far as organic evolution has been progressive, it has entirely coincided with this process of cell-differentiation. That is the clear lesson which the student of progress learns from the study of living Nature. Let him hold hard by this truth, and by it let him judge that other specialization which human society presents.

For this primary and physiological division of labor has its analogue in a much later thing, the division of labor in human society—upon which, indeed, the possibility of what we call human society depends. And it is plain that the time has come when we must determine the price that may rightly be paid for this specialization. Assuredly it is not to be had for nothing. Dr. Minot considers that death, as a biological fact, is the price paid for cell-differentiation. Now surely the death of individuality is the price paid for such specialization as that of the workman who spends his life supervising the machine which effects a single process in the making of a pin, and has never even seen any other but that stage in the process of making that one among all the "number of things" of which the world is full. Here, as in a thousand other cases, it has cost a man to make an expert.

How far we are entitled to go we shall determine only when we know what it is that we want to attain.

If we desire an efficient, durable, numerous society, there are probably no limits whatever that we need observe in the process of specialization. Pins are cheaper for the sacrifice of the individual in their making. In general, the professional must do better than the amateur. Specialization we must have for progress or even for the maintenance of what the past has achieved for us: but we shall pay the right price only by remembering the principle that all progress in the world of life has depended on cell-differentiation. If we prejudice that we are prejudicing progress.

Now nothing can be more evident than that, in some of our specializations of the individual for the sake of society, we are *opposing* that specialization within the individual which, it has been laid down, we must never sacrifice. And so we reach the basal principle to which the preceding argument has been guiding us. It is that the specialization of the individual for the sake of society may rightly proceed to a point short of reversing or absorbing the process of differentiation within himself. Every individual is an end in himself: there are no other ends for society; and that society is the best which best provides for the most complete development and self-expression of the individuals composing it.

But how, then, is the division of labor necessary for society to be effected, the reader may ask? The answer is that the human species, like all others, displays what biologists call variation—men and women naturally differ within limits so wide that, when we consider the case of genius, we must call them incalculable, illimitable. The difference of our faces or our voices is a mere symbol of difference no less universal but vastly more important. It is these differences, in reality, that are the cause of the development of human society and of that division of labor upon which it depends. In providing for the best development of all these various individuals we at the same time provide for the division of labor that we need: nor can we in any other fashion provide so well. Thus we shall attain a society which, if less certainly stable than that of the bees, is what that is not — progressive, and not merely static: and a society which is worth while, justified by the lives and minds of the individuals composing it.

We are not, then, to make a factitious differentiation, of set purpose, in the interests of society and to the detriment of individuals. We are not to take a being in whom Nature has differentiated a thousand parts, and, in effect, reduce him, in the interests of others, to one or two constituents and powers, thus nullifying the evolutionary course. But we shall frame a society such as the past never witnessed, and we shall achieve a rate of progress equally without parallel, by consistently regarding society as existing for the individual, and not the individual for society, and by thus realizing to the full his characteristic powers, *for himself and for society.*

In so far as all this is true, it is true of woman. It has long been asserted that woman is less variable than man: but the certainty of that statement has lately lost its edge. It is probably untrue. There is no real reason to suppose that woman is less complex or less variable than man. She has the same title as he has to those conditions in which her particular characters, whatever they be, shall find their most complete and fruitful development. There is no more a single ideal type of woman than there is a single type of man. It takes all sorts even to make a sex. It has been in the past, and always must be, a piece of gross presumption on man's part to say to woman, "Thus shalt thou be, and no other." Whom Nature has made different, man has no business to make or even to desire similar. The world wants all the powers of all the individuals of either sex. On the other hand, no good can come of the attempt to distort the development of those powers or to seek conformity to any type. Much of the evil of the past has arisen from the limitation of women to practically one profession. Even should it be incomparably the best, in general, it is by no means necessarily the best, or even good at all, for every individual. Men are to be heard saying, "A woman ought to be a wife and mother." For most women, this is the sphere in which their characteristic potencies will find best and most useful expression, both for self and others: but that is very different from saying that every woman ought to be a mother; or that no woman ought to be a surgeon. We may prefer the maternal to the surgical type; and there may be good reason for our preference: but the surgeon may be very useful, and useful or not, the question is not one of ought. Thoughtful people should know better than to make this constant confusion between what ought to be and what is. Let us hold to our ideals, let us by all means have our scale of values: but the first question in such a case as this is as to what IS. In point of fact all women are not of the same type; and our expression of what ought to be is none other than the passing of a censure upon Nature for her deeds. We may know better than she, or, as has happened, we may know worse.

AMERICA IN CHINA

THOMAS F. MILLARD

ALL great international crises have an issue which serves to formulate and focus the greater propositions involved. Recent events and present conditions indicate that the forthcoming crisis in the Far East will pivot upon the question of railway development in China.

Careful consideration of the beginnings and progress of railway development in China demonstrates that political rather than fiscal foreign interests predominated in drafting the terms by which they were built; indeed, this was so apparent that it soon provoked diplomatic action to check certain tendencies. The first important move of an international character *à propos* of these questions was the understanding arrived at among the principal foreign powers known as the Hay Agreement, which was promoted by the United States. Although this agreement is general in terms, and explicitly applies to the open door and integrity of China, the occasion of its being advanced was the tendency of railway agreements between China and foreign governments, the specific instance being some aspects of the German concession in Shantung. By this move the United States secured the assent of the greater powers to the principle that none would exploit railways in China for the advantage of itself and its nationals, and would not assert any exclusive or preferential privileges based on such concessions. Since the Hay Agreement was made public, in 1899, no foreign power has ventured openly to flout it until within the last few months, although it was surreptitiously evaded in many ways.

Prior and subsequent to acceptance by the powers of the principles of the Hay Agreement, numerous diplomatic communications passed between foreign nations and China, and between foreign nations concerning their mutual attitude toward questions involved therein. Some of these communications were secret, but the more important ones have been made public from time to time. Meanwhile came the Russo-Japanese war, which created a new balance of interest and provided eastern affairs with a new diplomatic basis. In the Portsmouth treaty are the following clauses: "*The Imperial*

Government of Russia declare that they have not in Manchuria any territorial advantages or preferential or exclusive concessions in impairment of China's sovereignty or inconsistent with the principle of equal opportunity;" and "*Japan and Russia reciprocally engage not to obstruct any general measures common to all countries which China may take for the development of the commerce and industry of Manchuria.*" The Anglo-Japanese alliance, and every international agreement which has been *made public* by governments since the Russo-Japanese war relating to China, has re-affirmed these principles.

I will not now review the commercial campaign of Japan in Manchuria and Korea immediately after the conclusion of peace, which made a mockery of the open door, but will confine discussion to the issue of railways. Soon after the war, China prepared to begin development of her Manchurian provinces, which long have been backward because of inaccessibility. Railways promise to change this, and to open the comparatively unsettled and fertile regions of the north to be populated and cultivated by Chinese emigrants from densely and over-populated provinces. What this means to China may be instantly perceived. Furthermore, it may be conceded that China probably has political considerations also in mind in these arrangements—it would be strange after her experience of recent years if she had not—and wishes by this means to drive a wedge between Japan and Russia, and open a way to preserve the neutrality of Chinese territory.

From China's standpoint these purposes are legitimate, and logically cannot be assumed to threaten any valid foreign right or interest. An extension of the Imperial Railways of North China northward to the Amur had been projected for years, and tentatively is marked on modern maps of the Empire. In 1897 China made a contract with a British firm (Pauling & Company) to build an extension of this railway from Hsinmintun to Fakumen. Objection was made by Japan on the ground that this extension would parallel part of the South Manchurian Railway, which Japan secured by the Portsmouth treaty, and she produced in support of her position an alleged *secret* clause of the Yuan-Komura agreement made between Japan and China, concerning Manchuria, in 1905. China denied

that she had accepted this secret agreement; but Japan induced England to refuse support to the British firm, and China was compelled to abandon the project. This incident is significant in several ways, and especially because it is the first definite evidence of England's policy to support her ally in the north even at detriment to British commercial interests.

There is no doubt that China, in projecting extensions of her railways in Manchuria, designed to create there a wider international balance of interest, and to this end she desired them to be financed by British and Americans. In the summer of 1908 (August 11), Tang Shao-yi made an agreement with Willard Straight, then American Consul-General at Mukden, that American capital would be employed in constructing the section of the proposed line from Tsitsihar to Aigun, the idea then being that the southern section would be constructed by British interests. The deaths of the Emperor and Empress Dowager, the dismissal of Yuan Shih-k'ai and other events followed, and these projects were temporarily held in abeyance. Meanwhile, Mr. Straight had notified his government of the signing of the memorandum concerning the financing of the northern section of this railway, and soon afterward was himself transferred to the State Department, which he left in 1909 to become agent in China for the American Banking Group which, with the approval of the Government, was organized to finance American participation.

The Tsitsihar-Aigun section really provided the basis for organizing the American Banking Group, for it was a definite piece of business in sight; but even for a time obscured this project by arousing international comment about a similar matter. This is the attempt by China to finance various sections of railways designed to complete the Canton-Hankow and Hankow-Chengtu lines, and which are grouped under the name of the Hukuang loans. This loan had been projected for several years, and in 1909 an agreement was formulated whereby it was to be financed and constructed, under the usual foreign loan stipulations with some modifications, with British, German and French capital. At this juncture the American Government reminded China that the Chinese Government specifically had promised that if when it was ready to build these roads it required foreign capital, American interests would have an opportunity to participate.

When other foreign interests got wind of threatened American intervention, they tried to rush the matter to a conclusion, which brought about some rather sensational moves, including President Taft's personal telegram to the Regent asking that the agreement should not be concluded without American interests being given a chance to participate. As there was no legitimate ground for excluding Americans, the other foreign interests were impelled to assent to their participation, although there was some irritation over the matter. It was agreed to admit Americans, and then followed a period of negotiation about terms which lasted several months. Discussion turned upon how construction work of various sections is to be apportioned among the four foreign interests, and in this matter England took an attitude which has resulted in practically blocking progress. It was thought that a compromise had been reached, and a meeting of representatives of all interests was appointed at Peking for September 23, 1909, when the agreement was to be signed. At this meeting Mr. Hillier, the British representative, informed the other participants that he had been instructed by his principal, the Hong-kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, acting under instruction from the British Foreign Office, that he must not sign. The reasons nominally advanced by British interests for not signing the agreement as prepared are too complex to be elucidated here, but they involve no important principle and amount to a dispute about small details and profits; which indicates beyond reasonable doubt that political considerations actuated the British Government in its action.

While negotiations concerning the Hukuang loan thus were being tied up by England, the representative of the American Banking Group had been busy about the matter of Manchurian railway extensions. Upon consultation with the Chinese Government, Mr. Straight found that it wished if possible to keep its agreement with British interests about the Fakumen section, although logically it had been abrogated when the project fell through because England would not support it. A result was that the British interest which had been thrown over by its own government in that matter came to an agreement with the American Banking Group by which a consolidation was effected jointly to promote a railway from Chinchou

to Aigun, penetrating the same territory which would have been opened by the Fakumen section, but keeping far enough away from the South Manchurian Railway to avoid Japanese objections. Americans are to finance and British to construct the road. China is very anxious to build this railway as soon as possible, as it has been delayed for years by war and other causes. Semi-official attempts privately were made by British diplomatic representatives in Peking to prevent a consolidation of British and American interests in this project, and to induce the British contracting firm to join with Japanese interests in the matter; but the British firm objected to this affiliation on business grounds, and it also knew that China would rather not build the road than have it financed by Japan; moreover, it was a foregone conclusion that Russia would be alarmed—and justly too—by such an arrangement. It was thought by China and by the American Group that its participation would not cause alarm. On October 2, 1909, a preliminary agreement for construction and financing of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway was signed at Mukden by Viceroy Hsi-Liang for China, Willard Straight for the American Banking Group and Lord ffrench for Pauling & Company. These negotiations were conducted with celerity and secrecy, for already diplomatic influence was being exerted to obstruct them. Japan, ever alert, had made inquiries of the Chinese Government, claiming that if anything was contemplated she ought to participate. Notwithstanding diplomatic pressure to prevent it, an Imperial edict ratifying the preliminary agreement was issued January 21, 1910. The British Foreign Office refused to join the State Department in requesting that the agreement be confirmed; but on the contrary notified the Wai Wu-pu that Japan should be consulted.

It now is necessary to go back to when the proposal internationally to neutralize all railways in Manchuria was made to the interested powers by Secretary Knox. This was presented simultaneously to Russia and Japan on December 18, 1909. Prior to this it had been laid before China, who was glad to assent, since its acceptance and promulgation would have relieved her of foreign interference in her northern provinces and clarified the whole eastern situation. The proposal was given publicity by Japan and Russia after they mutually had agreed to reject it. While those governments were making

a pretense of taking time to consider the proposal (there is evidence that they agreed to reject it within a week after it was received), they began to exert pressure at Peking to prevent issuance of the edict ratifying the Chinchou-Aigun agreement. This is significant, for the Chinchou-Aigun Railway agreement was a factor in the matter, because it gave Americans and English a vested interest in Manchuria; and in proposing that a reversion of existing railways to China be financed by an international syndicate American interests had something to put into the pot. When it was known that an edict would be issued, effort to forestall it by previously announcing the rejection of the neutralization proposal was made, but the rejection came one day too late, on January 22. Perhaps before proceeding it should be stated that the legal basis of the neutralization proposal is the vested right of China, by treaties with Japan and Russia, to purchase the Manchurian railways at a fair valuation at the end of a fixed period, now about 24 years distant; and this will be the eventual disposal of them unless Japan and Russia break the treaties; so Mr. Knox merely suggested that this recovery be anticipated.

I will discuss the reasons given by Japan and Russia for rejecting Mr. Knox's proposal only to discover their *bona fides*. There was an inspired outburst from the press of both countries characterized by a palpable effort to veil the facts with a cloud of false issues. Even statesmen joined in the chorus of misrepresentation. Count Hayashi talked about "confiscation"; which was rather an inadvertence, for Japan should be chary of referring to confiscation in connection with Manchuria. It hardly is necessary to say that the proposal contemplated that Japan and Russia would be paid for their interests. The official replies were evasive and give no specific reasons for declining. From Japan's reply one might glean that she fears that if she gives over her part of the railways to China, her business interests in Manchuria will suffer. It is not clear how, unless Japanese commerce and industry in Manchuria now enjoy special advantages from Japan's administration of the South Manchurian Railway; which Japan vociferously denies. Count Komura in an interview suggested that it would be unwise to "burden" China with the debt necessary to finance such a purchase. This is really funny. The South Manchurian Railway is now paying very well, I

believe, and one hardly sees how China would suffer by possessing it providing she bought it at a fair price; moreover, Japan herself equipped it with borrowed capital, which she now owes. Russia made her official reply very vague, contenting herself with references to "interests" which would be detrimentally affected. Russia might, with some reason, have protested that it would be a pity to load China with her part of the railways, which are now losing about $2,500,000 a year owing to maladministration and peculations of officials and employees. It can be demonstrated, I think, that naturalization of Manchurian railways on the line of Mr. Knox's suggestion will benefit Russian interests both commercially and strategically, and she may soon awake to discover that she was Japan's cat's-paw in this matter. But I suppose no intelligent persons anywhere took the Japanese and Russian reasons for rejecting the proposal as seriously representing the real objections of those governments.

With the rejection of the Knox plan, which would have included the Chinchou-Aigun Railway, the diplomacy which is actively trying to keep American interests out of China was concentrated on it, and developments came rapidly. The issue raised in these negotiations contains the possible genesis of a great war which may involve the United States, and so at risk of being thought prolix I will elucidate their more important and significant phases. One cannot doubt, when the diplomatic representations are considered in sequence in the light of the existing international alignment in the East, that in this matter Russia, Japan, England and France acted by mutual agreement under a private understanding between those nations. While fully to comprehend their import requires some explanation, the various representations made in the course of putting the screws upon China and the handcuffs on American diplomacy in the Orient are extremely illuminating and significant, and I will quote the more important ones in full in the order of their presentation. In all quoted communications the italics are inserted by me for emphasis.

The Japanese Minister to the Wai Wu-pu.
January 31, 1910.

Your Excellency:

I formerly had a verbal interview with President Liang Tun-yen on the subject of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway and stated clearly to him the expectation of my Government. I also telegraphed my Government for instructions and have now a reply to the effect that this matter must be considered with extreme caution. My Government is now considering it and cannot hastily formulate its *demands;* but, as I formerly stated in my verbal interview, this is a matter which vitally affects Japan's interests. Before the Chinese Government determines anything, *the consent of my Government must first be obtained.* If the position of my country is ignored and a decision is made *without referring the matter to my Government,* it will be hard to estimate the *seriousness of the trouble* that may be caused in the relations of the two countries. I am therefore instructed to warn the Chinese Government that it must realize the necessity of caution.

With compliments, etc.

IJUIN

The Russian Minister to the Wai Wu-pu.
February 2, 1910.

Your Excellency:

Your Excellency formerly inquired of us verbally as to the view which my Government would take of assisting in the construction of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway. I referred the matter to my Government and now have the following reply:

The Russian Government regards this matter as one of extreme importance and until it has been carefully considered no reply can be made to China.

The Russian Minister is ordered to state clearly what he has already stated to the Wai Wu-pu, viz: that the Russian Government expects that China will not settle any such matter *without*

first consulting Russia. Otherwise there will be trouble in the relationship between the two countries.

A necessary despatch, etc.

KOROSTOVETZ

The Russian Minister to the Wai Wu-pu.
February 4, 1910.

Your Excellency:

I have received a note from St. Petersburg regarding the concession to *America* to build the Chinchou-Aigun Railway.

The Russian Minister in America has already received instructions to give Russia's reply concerning the railway *to the American Government* as follows:

Since America has invited Russia to participate in the construction of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway and has consented to Russia's desire to take time for careful consideration of the matter before making a reply, the opinion of Russia is that in not notifying Russia and in not considering that in case Russia did not take a share she would oppose the undertaking America is conscious of having made a mistake and has therefore stopped the loan negotiations. Russia expects that nothing will be settled without first obtaining the consent of Russia.

I now transmit to your excellency the general sense of the above communication and notify your excellency that this matter *must not* be recklessly settled without first having obtained the consent of Russia.

A necessary despatch, etc.

KOROSTOVETZ

In this communication M. Korostovetz begins by stating that he transmits to the Wai Wu-pu a communication which had been communicated to the State Department by the Russian Minister at Washington. From the language of the second sentence one would think that note is quoted exactly. The brutal phraseology used in the above Japanese and Russian communications to China may be tolerable coming from powerful nations to one not now able to resent

insult; but it is difficult to believe that the language stated by M. Korostovetz was addressed by Russia to the United States, or that any nation would so assert paramount authority in any matter under negotiation between the United States and any third nation. In the last sentence of this note the language of M. Korostovetz seems to imply that he merely desires to convey the "general sense" of Russia's communication to the State Department. The Russian Government may deny that it did so address the United States in this matter, but it is a fact that the Russian Minister in Peking did send this note to the Wai Wu-pu, thereby causing China to think that Russia used arbitrary and dictatorial language in addressing America about relations between the United States and China. Moreover, M. Korostovetz's note contains several apparent mis-statements. He takes it upon himself, presuming to quote Russia's note to the State Department, to assert that America realized her mistake in not recognizing that she must consult Russia about engaging in enterprises in China, and had quit the negotiations. This caused the Chinese Government to make inquiries, and Henry P. Fletcher, the American Chargé d'Affaires, assured the Wai Wu-pu that so far as he knew the American Government had not so informed Russia.

In this connection it should be remembered that the Chinchou-Aigun Railway project is not the child of an American group of financiers, but is a long-cherished design of China; moreover, Americans have all along been willing to admit other nationalities to share in the enterprise if China is willing. These points should be kept clearly in mind.

The Russian Minister to the Prince of Ch'ing.
February 8, 1910.

Your Imperial Highness:

I formerly had a verbal interview and also sent notes to the Ministers of Your Highness's Board on the subject of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway. I have now received my Government's instructions in regard to the reply to the American proposition for the neutralization of the Manchurian Railways and the construction of the Chin-

chou-Aigun Railway in the form of a memorandum, which I forward herewith.

Enclosure. A necessary despatch, etc.

KOROSTOVETZ

Memorandum in Regard to the Chinchou-Aigun Railway. Transmitted to the Prince of Ch'ing by the Russian Minister, February 8, 1910.

In respect to the expressed intention of the American Government to build a railway from Chinchou to Aigun, the Russian Government must declare clearly that this road would seriously affect the interests of Russia. This railway when completed would not only connect from the south with the Northern Manchurian Railway, but at Aigun would *reach the actual territories of Russia.* Thus it would affect both *military and political* arrangements and would materially change the relations of the Manchurian Railways *to eastern Mongolia and northern Manchuria.* Therefore this must be inquired into and an acceptable method of procedure must be decided upon, and *it cannot be permitted unless the Russian Government first knows the particulars of the proposed arrangements.* The Russian Government wishes to go into this matter very carefully, and *expects that the plans will first be communicated to it.* After carefully considering the plans the Russian Government will reply as to the construction of the railway, and *will issue a definite pronunciamento as to the conditions on which this railway may be built.*

In regard to all future railways in Manchuria which China may propose to build with borrowed capital, *the Russian Government must be first consulted* and must first consider if the plans have any consequences to *the military and political interests of Russia,* or to the Northern Manchurian Railways, *thereafter determining what must be done* to balance the influence of the arrangements made for the said railways.

Well, here we have it. All pretense that Russia's objection is based on possible commercial injury to the Chinese Eastern Railway—in fact, the construction of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway would have

an opposite result—is dropped, and it clearly is stated that the chief objections are political and strategical. Which is to say that Russia formally asserts the right to regulate and control railway development within portions of China in the light of Russia's political and strategical interests, and to exclude American participation on these grounds. If language and all the logic of circumstances can make anything clear, it has done so in this instance. The fact that this memorandum was sent to Prince Ch'ing instead of to the Wai Wu-pu shows that all possible influences were being brought to bear to bully the latter, for it is well known that Prince Ch'ing takes slight interest in foreign affairs and does not keep posted about details. This move evidently was designed to frighten the Court, and bring indirect pressure to bear upon the ministers in the Wai Wu-pu.

At this point some of the reserves went into action. On February 9th, the day after the above memorandum was presented by the Russian Minister, Max Muller, the British Chargé d'Affaires, went to the Wai Wu-pu and discussed the matter with H. E. Liang Tun-yen. England was too foxy to put herself on record in writing; but Mr. Muller informed H. E. Liang Tun-yen that England feared China was going to be led into serious difficulty by America in this matter, and suggested caution, which was a diplomatic way of giving American interests a backset. He further stated definitely that his Government feels that China should *consult Japan and Russia* about railway development in Manchuria. About this time, also, the French Government came to the assistance of its ally in frightening China, and made representations.

The French Minister to the Wai Wu-pu.
February 10, 1910.

Your Excellency:

The French Government with a view to China's welfare intends requesting the Chinese Government not to make any agreement with any other nation regarding the Chinchou-Aigun Railway previous to consulting Russia and Japan regarding the same. Thus international friction in Manchuria will be obviated and the welfare of all nations promoted in Asia.

DE MARGERIE

The French Minister to the Wai Wu-pu.
February 18, 1910.

Your Excellency:

The Government of the French Republic, with the idea that it is in the interest of China to avoid everything which may occasion complications or difficulties in the extreme Orient, and to maintain harmonious relations among the powers *now having interests in Asia,* desires to recommend to the Imperial Chinese Government not to conclude an arrangement on the subject of the railway line between Chinchou and Aigun *without previously having come to an agreement with the Russian Government and the Japanese Government.*

DE MARGERIE

The Japanese Minister to the Wai Wu-pu.
February 14, 1910.

Your Excellency:

The Imperial Government of Japan looks upon the construction of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway as a matter of great importance in its effect upon the prosperity of the South Manchurian Railway. Yet the Chinese Government has for its aim in constructing this railway the development of Manchuria and Mongolia. The Japanese Government takes this into consideration and makes the following propositions with a view to assisting in the construction of the road.

1. Japan will participate in the construction of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway by sharing in the loan, furnishing engineers and railway materials, and participating in the construction work. The rules under which such participation shall take place will be amicably arranged with the powers concerned.

2. In order to connect the Chinchou-Aigun Railway with the South Manchurian Railway, *China will construct a branch line from some station on the Chinchou-Aigun Railway toward the southeast to some station on the South Manchurian Railway.* The location of said line and the point at which it shall connect with the South Manchurian Railway *must* be settled by amicable discussion with the Japanese Government.

It will be observed that the Japanese Government overlooks the

important consequences to the South Manchurian Railway which will be caused by the construction of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway, but certainly the reason for assisting in the construction of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway is because the projected line of the railway, starting from Chinchou and passing through Taonan-fu, is at a great distance from the South Manchurian Railway. If the proposed location of the railway is to be materially changed, the Japanese Government will have a concern in this and *will expect to be consulted.*

IJUIN

Japan thus does not officially oppose the construction of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway, however taking care to assert her right to be consulted as to its location; but she insists upon participation, and upon terms which are impossible for China to accept without stultifying herself—which is equivalent to obstruction. This proposal by Japan to assist in financing the new line and in providing materials illuminates her *bona fides* in advancing the suggestion; for the Japanese Government is letting its railways in Japan run down for lack of money, has borrowed abroad, partly in America, the funds to rebuild and equip her South Manchurian Railway, is soon going to try to float another foreign loan for further improvements; and no railway materials of consequence are made in Japan. Nothing is more certain than if Japan should get the right to participate in financing this road she would have to borrow her share to lend it in turn to China, and that her share of supplying railway materials would be merely to act as agent for the purpose of exacting a commission.

Next followed the Russian counter-proposal.

The Russian Minister to the Wai Wu-pu.

March 4, 1910.

Your Excellency:

The Wai Wu-pu formerly asked the Russian Minister verbally for the views of the Russian Government on the project of China to construct a railway from Chinchou to Aigun. The Russian Minister notified the Russian Foreign Office so that it might take it into consideration. A telegram has been received directing the Russian

Minister to state that the Russian Government, having carefully considered the proposal of China to build a railway from Chinchou to Aigun, has concluded that it would result in serious injury both to the *Russian frontier defenses* and to her commercial interests.

In the 25th year of Kuang Hsu (1899) the Chinese Government declared that in constructing all railways northward from Peking capital would be borrowed from no other country than Russia. The Russian Government would not be disposed to insist upon China complying with her former promise in this matter of her borrowing capital for the construction of railways if Russia's *frontier defenses* and profits in respect to the Manchurian Railways were not affected. The Russian railway experts have reported that the Chinchou-Aigun Railway cannot fail to take from the Russian Manchurian Railway profits on transportation to the amount of 5,000,000 rubles annually, and will ruin the property which *China has a right to regain after a period of 29 years*, or which will revert to China free of cost after a period of 73 years.

The Russian Government is of the opinion *that the capitalists concerned in this enterprise* have no other object in making the loan than the obtaining of profit and *that they have no political aims.* If therefore the railway which it is proposed to build from Chinchou to Aigun should be constructed elsewhere, the commercial advantages would be equally great, while Russia would suffer no injury. The foreign capitalists should have no objection to this. In view of the above considerations, the Russian Government now proposes to the Chinese Government that instead of building a railway from Chinchou to Aigun it build a line connecting with the Peking-Mukden Railway from Kalgan to Urga and thence northward to Kiakta on the Russian border. It is understood that China has long had an intention to build this railway, so that China and the foreign nations would be of one mind about this. The difficulty of China which has caused her to hesitate up to the present is that since this railway would not connect with the trans-Siberian Railway it could not be very profitable. The Russian Government would not be averse to establishing such a connection, and would be willing to build a branch road from a station on the railway in the Province of Trans-Baikalia to Kiakta. But in the event of China's building this Kalgan-Kiakta

railway she should allow Russian capitalists to be responsible for building the section *from Urga to Kiakta.*

The Russian Government greatly hopes that the Chinese Government will see clearly in this proposal the mutual advantages which would accrue to both countries.

The Russian Government would gladly accede to the wish of the Chinese Government to build a railway in Manchuria with borrowed capital if it did not affect *Russia's frontier defenses* and the profits of her Manchurian Railways. Therefore Russia now brings forward this proposal and trusts that the Chinese Government will show a friendly spirit in helping to carry it out. The American and other Governments concerned have already been notified of the views of Russia.

A necessary despatch, etc.

KOROSTOVETZ

This memorandum was immediately supported by the French Government.

The French Minister to the Wai Wu-pu.

March 4, 1910.

Your Excellency:

The Government of the French Republic, desiring to get settled the question of the railways in the north of China originally brought up by the proposal of the *Government of the United States* in connection with the construction of a railway between Chinchou and Aigun, by way of Tsitsihar, believes, however, as it has already made known to the Chinese Government, that this project (Chinchou-Aigun) cannot be realized without the risk of raising certain complications, unless by agreement with the *governments principally interested, notably Russia;* now convinced, besides, of the unfavorable consequences to Russia which the projected railway may have *in relation to her northern frontier* and the commercial interests of the Manchurian Railway, the French Government thinks, with the Imperial Government of Russia, that the interests of the financiers *who have proposed to China* with a purely commercial object a loan for the construction of the Chinchou-Aigun line will be fully satisfied

if the Chinese Government should construct, with the aid of the same financiers, the prolongation of the Kalgan Railway toward Urga and Kiakta.

The Government of the French Republic is convinced that this line, the construction of which in an important Chinese region would not give rise to any political question, and, besides, having been fully considered, would likewise offer serious advantages to China.

It [The French Government] would consequently see with particular satisfaction the Imperial Chinese Government accept the propositions which have been submitted in this connection by the Imperial Russian Government.

DE MARGERIE

This concludes written representations made to the Chinese Government up to this writing in regard to this question. The Chinese Government has made so far no replies except to acknowledge their receipt; but H. E. Liang Tun-yen has verbally told ministers of several powers that China cannot concede that she should consult any foreign nation about the development of railways within her boundaries.

It is interesting to note that in the phraseology of the Russian counter-proposal suggesting a Kalgan-Kiakta line there is a reversion to customary diplomatic courtesy, and the dictatorial tone employed in previous communications is not used in this. Russia "trusts that the Chinese Government" will do so and so, and insists that China "should allow" Russian capitalists to construct the section from Urga to Kiakta, about 150 miles, thus holding China off from her border. "Must" and "shall" are not used so freely. Another point can be noticed. In previous representations the Russian Minister had explicitly denominated the American Government as going to build the Chinchou-Aigun Railway. I mention this merely to show that a calculated effort is being made to create an impression here that the Chinchou-Aigun Railway is an American political scheme to encroach upon China. In the communication of the French Minister this insinuation is maintained—"proposal of the Government of the United States" and "financiers who have proposed to China" being expressions used in alluding to the origin of this project. The

French and Russian Governments know perfectly well that the United States Government never has built and does not now own or operate a single mile of railway in the world, even within its own territories, and that it has no thought of engaging in the railway business in foreign countries. It is impossible to think that the phraseology used in these official notes is inadvertent. The Chinchou-Aigun project originated with China, and was talked of for years before American participation was thought of.

But why should France, assuming to decide what is better for American financiers, break into this question? It reasonably may be assumed that one reason is that she does not wish to see the strategical position of her ally, Russia, weakened in the north; or she may have acted solely at the request of Russia. A phrase used in the French note has, however, a somewhat wider significance, and brings out an interesting suggestion. I mean the reference to the relation of Russia's northern frontier to the Chinchou-Aigun railway. This broaches a very important matter for China, and provides a clue to the solidarity of Russia, Japan, France and England in this question. These powers all have territorial possessions bordering upon China and connected with her domain by railways crossing a land frontier. The phraseology of the diplomatic representations in this instance leaves no room for doubt that a concerted effort is being made to establish a precedent that China will not be permitted to build railways toward her land borders except with the permission of foreign nations, which reserve to themselves to decide how and where such railways, if permitted at all, must be laid. It is clear that if this condition is established China never can be able, except at great disadvantage, to defend her territories from invasion.

Although Japan and Russia have in effect acted together in this question of railway development in Manchuria, it is not because of friendship between the two nations, nor yet on account of real community of interest. In fact, Russia and Japan are driven together in this matter because of hostility and fear of each other. An analysis of the strategical situation in eastern Asia clearly demonstrates this. Japan now owns and controls railways entering Manchuria and penetrating toward her point of contact with Russian influence as follows: Through Korea and via the Mukden-Antung

Railway to central Manchuria; from Port Arthur, Dalny and Newchwang via the South Manchurian Railway north as far as Kuangchentze. The engineering difficulties presented in constructing the Mukden-Antung Railway and the character of the country through which it passes indicate that it perhaps never can be operated profitably, intimating that it is built now for purely strategical reasons. Then Japan has secured from China the right to build a road from Kirin eastward to Hunchun, near the mouth of the Tumen river, a short distance from Vladivostok. A road from Gensan, on the east coast of Korea, proceeding northeast to the Yalu, with a connection with the Korean railway at Anju, has been projected and authorized; and a railway connecting the proposed naval base in North Korea with Hunchun has quietly been surveyed. When these railways are finished, which probably will be within three years, Japan can throw troops into Manchuria and to the borders of the Ussuri littoral over several routes. Thus she is firmly entrenching herself in Manchuria and Korea.

Against this Russia has her part of the Chinese Eastern Railway, with the stub to Kuangchentze. It will be several years before the Amur Railway is finished. It should be noted that in Japan's representations stating her attitude toward the Chinchou-Aigun Railway, she only will assent to its construction provided it is connected with the South Manchurian Railway. The reason is that this road would cross the Russian railway near Tsitsihar, which would make it a strategical vantage for Russia, and enable her quickly to move troops southward; while unless Japanese roads connect with it Japan would have no effective means of quickly countering such a movement. On the other hand, if this road is connected with the South Manchurian Railway, it will give Japan one more avenue to reach Russia's flank and rear. Japan so far has not intimated her attitude to Russia's counter-proposal to build a road from Kalgan to Kiakta, but there is hardly any doubt that if such a project takes practical shape (of which there is no present prospect) she would find that her strategical position would thereby be weakened, and object. Commercially, there is ample room for both these proposed railways, and both should be built in China's interest.

Perhaps it is not necessary to say more to demonstrate that re-

jection of the neutralization proposal and objections to the Chinchou-Aigun Railway are entirely lacking in regard for China's interests, and to plain provisions of the Portsmouth treaty; but owing to their having been brought into the discussion some other phases may be mentioned. These chiefly refer to the attitude of England. Replying to questions in parliament, the British Government has explained that its action in insisting that China should consult Russia and Japan about railway development in Manchuria is based upon the almost forgotten Scott-Mouravieff note exchanged by England and Russia in 1899, and when these nations mutually agreed not to attempt railway exploitation north of the Great Wall and in the Yiangtse valley respectively. In this connection it is interesting to recall that only a few months ago Russia made formal request to be admitted to participation in the Hukuang loan, showing that she then regarded the Scott-Mouravieff understanding as a dead letter. England now publicly drags it forward as a binding instrument upon her; but admitting that she may place her own construction upon it, how is it possible to deduce that a mutual understanding between England and Russia can affect China's rights or the rights of other nations? It is very significant indeed how all the old addenda of "sphere of influence" times are being dug up, dusted and adjusted to the present situation. At any rate, we now may learn where England stands. Compared to what Americans thought they might expect from England in the East, her recent conduct savors of duplicity. It now is felt here that England will not permit the Hukuang loan to be consummated if she can prevent it, having decided to revive the "sphere of influence" doctrine, and if possible keep other nations out of the Yiangtse valley. One cannot doubt that British statesmen have resolved to sacrifice British interests in the north rather than see the strategical position of her ally there weakened. And so, weighing advantages and disadvantages as she now sees them in the light of her broader imperial interests, England has sided in this matter with the predatory powers in China. We may be sure that England has not thrown over a large British interest and brought her quota of pressure to bear upon China without a *quid pro quo*, and we logically can surmise this to be that if similar issues arise in the Yiangtse valley—as, for instance, the Hukuang

loan—Russia, Japan and France will advise China that she must not proceed without consulting England. The present impasse could not have been reached without the assent of England. We have been thinking that the interests of England and America in China are sympathetic; but evidently the present British ministry takes an opposite view.

Germany was pressed by some nations to address China in regard to the Chinchou-Aigun Railway in similar terms to those used by Japan, Russia, France and England; but she declined to do so.

To recapitulate, we find that the following issues affecting the sovereignty of China and the open door principle within her territory have been sharply defined:

1. The right of China to decide upon the course of railway development within her territory is denied by certain foreign nations.
2. Certain foreign nations have declared that their strategical and political interests must be considered as paramount in planning a railway system within China's territory.
3. Certain foreign nations have asserted the right to decide who will finance, construct and operate railways within China's territory; and to veto arrangements in regard to these matters which China has made and wishes to carry out.

In respect to the United States, this issue has been raised:

> *Foreign nations have asserted the right to interfere in business transactions between American citizens and the Chinese Government, in express violation of treaties between the United States and China, and of numerous solemn covenants of those governments with China and the United States; a doctrine which is susceptible to world-wide application.*

In the time pending decision of these issues there will be an immense amount of representation designed to obscure what is involved, and one can foresee that much propaganda will attempt to demonstrate to the American people that their interests are not materially affected by questions thus mooted. These arguments can be classed under the following heads: that American trade and com-

mercial opportunity in China are not worth running a risk of war to protect them; and that American commercial and financial interests and opportunities in China are not threatened by conditions which will arise if the present *status quo* becomes established. In China and throughout the world all the influences which can be employed by the international combination which has been effected in this matter will subtly and openly be used to attempt to demonstrate that America is seeking to exploit China for selfish and sinister designs, and in the interest of an American plutocracy; that she is unduly interfering where she has no adequate rights; that Americans are bent upon monopolizing the trade and development of the Far East to the exclusion of other foreign interests. Already the foreign press of the East, among which American interests have no representation, is carping in this vein; and one catches even at this distance its echoes in America and Europe. Furthermore, it seems that even the enlightened press in America is still obsessed with the idea that nothing is involved in this question except trade interests in Manchuria.

I would contradict this idea with all the force I can command. Our trade interests in Manchuria are considerable, have already been injured by conditions due to Russian and Japanese occupation, and may be further impaired by a continuation of it. Our trade with China is large, and certain to grow if not too badly handicapped. The United States is turning the corner from a borrowing to a lending nation, and within fifty years it will have more money to lend than any other two nations if present rates of national progress are maintained. China offers one of the greatest fields for this investment; and to-day China once more tentatively is being carved into "spheres" dominated by foreign powers that are commercial competitors of our nation, and doctrines are being openly asserted which logically will, if conceded or anyhow established, apply to all parts of the Empire, and to all forms of commerce and finance. Notwithstanding this, it might be argued that our interests and prospects here are not worth going to war about, if it should come to that. But the principle that any nation or nations can from consideration of their selfish interests be permitted directly to interpose between the United States and another friendly nation, and assume to decide

what their relations shall be, cannot be granted nor yielded, except to force. I unhesitatingly declare my opinion that the issue raised in the matter of the Chinchou-Aigun Railway, broadly viewed, is one which any self-respecting nation, if forced by antagonistic diplomacy into a position where it is squarely put, ought to go to war about.

Americans will do well to take this question seriously. The Far Eastern situation already has modified our relations with Japan, and it appears from recent events that it will affect our attitude toward other nations, including England; perhaps may estrange us from her. If this occurs, we shall be compelled to consider whether the possession by England of her present naval superiority over us is compatible with our legitimate national aspirations and growth. We now safely may conclude that international assurances concerning the integrity of China and the open door are, in the case of several powers, purely perfuctory expressions; indeed, mention of the Portsmouth treaty in this connection causes diplomats in Peking and Tokyo to smile and make allusions to "amateur diplomacy." In respect to the railway negotiations a deadlock has been reached, with the next move up to the United States. The wall which Japanese diplomacy began to build around the Taft policy in China eighteen months ago—of which the Manchurian agreements, the Ito-Kokovsoff meeting, the Crane incident and the recall and resignation of Consul Cloud were passing evidences—has been completed, and must be breached before our Government can proceed. China is helpless. She has had ample experience of what Russia and Japan will do to enforce their policies in Asia, and she is very uncertain about how far the United States will go to promote hers. War can be averted; but for this we must put dependence in a counter-play of opposing selfish interests rather than in just principles and moral suasion. This is an ugly fact, but it should be squarely recognized.

It often is said that there can be no peace without justice. There can be no secure peace in the Far East without justice to China.

THE SAVIOR OF THE WORKING-MAN

TEMPLE SCOTT

A CITIZEN of Europe visiting the United States in the second half of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, would have witnessed a new nation's homage to its most distinguished and most successful worker in the cause of republican principles—Benjamin Franklin.

A citizen of the United States visiting Europe, a hundred years later, might have happened to find himself in the Kensal Green Cemetery, in London, in time to witness a few devoted men and women paying their last reverent farewell to their leader, as they placed in its grave the dead body of Karl Marx, the Socialist.

These two men—Benjamin Franklin and Karl Marx—are typical of their principles. The one, a respectable tradesman, gifted with a shrewd common-sense that instinctively tacked with every contrary wind to a safe harbor, was a servant in heart as well as in deed. The other, a scholar of an antique succession, with a magnificent and even royal indifference to his own welfare, and with a spirit chivalrous and self-centered as any knight of old, was an aristocrat and master in every fiber of his being. The one was of a smug, smiling, complacent nature, a man who had learned from adversity the lessons of economy, prudence and discretion. The other was of an open, fearless, loving nature, a man whose enthusiasm for humanity sent him adventuring, reckless of personal consequences. The intellect of the one could rise in delight to the portentous platitudes of *Poor Richard's Almanack*—mediocrity's *Vade-Mecum*. The genius of the other elaborated, after almost a lifetime of devoted thought, the book *Das Kapital*, the most searching analysis ever accomplished of the basic principles which govern social evolution. And yet, to-day, hundreds of thousands of men, women and children to whom the name of Benjamin Franklin is a household word, have never even heard of Karl Marx.

It would seem as if this were one of the ironies of fate; but it is not. On the contrary, it is of the nature of things. Immediate success catches the superficial, who gladly accept a present achievement as an excuse for inaction and indolent content. The respectable

and reputable mediocrity of a Benjamin Franklin is the mediocrity of the average man to whom respectability is a badge of honor. He understands it. Teach him how to use it by means of a genuflexing discretion, and you have the typical republican citizen. What matters if this conduct of life brings in its wake the diseases of hypocrisy, bribery, graft and social treachery? These evils are provided against by law; and if people will be foolish and will be indiscreet, the law must punish them. Whatever you do, be careful not to be found out—that is the golden rule of service which a century's experience of government by democracy has precipitated. It is the Golden Rule of Slavery.

But the adventuring, thought-arousing enthusiasm of a Karl Marx is, to say the least of it, uncomfortable and disquieting. It does not leave you alone; it compels you to be up and doing—up and doing not for yourself only, but for yourself and everybody else; for yourself because for everybody else. It demands devotion to an ideal, and that is not easy for people who worship Mammon for one hundred and sixty-six and Jesus Christ for two out of the hundred and sixty-eight hours of each week. Of course, it is a proper thing to have an ideal, as it is a proper thing to have a silk hat—it is necessary for certain occasions. It is necessary when we desire to convert a false value into a seeming real value. Oh, yes, we believe in an ideal; but our democracy cunningly manages to prostitute it as it does every aspiration of the soul—to sell it in the market-place, having first made of it a Golden Calf. That is why we find Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography* in every home; and that is why Marx's *Das Kapital* is buried in the dust of public libraries.

Some day a brilliant genius will re-melt the gold of Marx's book and use it to decorate a new institution that must arise in the course of events. Then, it may be, even children will lisp reverently the name of the Savior of the Working-man. For Marx's book and Marx's life are the struggles of a Titan with the ignorance of classes and masses.

Those of us who are nobly touched by the spirit of unrest and discontent, and who find inspiration in seeing a great man fight his fight, will be grateful to Mr. John Spargo for a thirteen years' devotion to his hero's life-story. This book of his—*Karl Marx: His*

Life and Work (New York: B. W. Huebsch)—is a notable achievement. It reveals, and most sympathetically and convincingly reveals, a personality and a character so splendid and so appealing in its human qualities, that it is impossible for any reader to lay down the book without a profound reverence for the man who devoted himself to the work of redeeming his fellow working-men. It will surely serve to keep green the memory of Karl Marx's noble spirit until such certain time to come when that spirit shall have made itself manifest by the power of its embodied thought. I am more than grateful to Mr. Spargo. His biography compels me to a confession of having misunderstood Karl Marx. I am hoping that his book will be read by many who, like myself, have hitherto known of Karl Marx only through the pictures presented of him by professorial expositors and academic critics. If they do, they will meet a splendid fellow, a man who, in spite of a wayward temper, a satirical tongue, and a domineering spirit, was a delightful lover and father, an abiding friend, and possessed of a heart ever tender to suffering and sorrow. They will also meet a born leader of men—a practical politician and statesman of rare insight.

These two sides of Karl Marx's character—the thinker and the worker—have rarely been exemplified in one personality with his distinguished excellence, and with such extraordinary power. In the midst of a period of general upheaval, such as the year 1848 saw, when Marx's association with socialistic societies reached to almost every capital of Europe, he found time not only to keep in touch with their movements, but he, at the same time, elaborated and placed on record the famous *Communist Manifesto*—that resounding bugle-blast of modern Socialism. In 1864 he organized the International Working-Men's Association and for twelve years was its guiding head. In spite of the enormous labor this position entailed he was all the time writing his great work on political economy. In the many years of his life in London, when he was struggling against poverty and even want, he yet found time to write the Socialist propaganda addresses and despatch written opinions and advice to the various organizations scattered throughout Europe.

He could join hands with Heinrich Heine, Friedrich Engels and Ferdinand Lassalle and labor with them for the cause to which he

had devoted himself. But he could also take up arms against Michael Bakunin, the aggressive revolutionary, who lived to ruin Marx's labor of years. And such was the quality of his genius that friend and enemy alike confessed to its supreme power.

For we must never forget, in measuring this man's worth, that the times in which he lived were fraught with mighty potentialities for the future; that he not only realized those potentialities, but placed himself on their side, openly and fearlessly. He had thought out the process of historical evolution in social life and had outlined its line of direction through the struggle of class against class. He denied a moral purpose to this struggle, even though that moral purpose was the battle-cry of the enthusiasts. He knew better, and he proved it. It was not a propaganda for virtue as against vice that he carried on; it was a propaganda for the education of the masses so that they might realize their own power and use it in opposition to a society that was subjugating them and their labor by appropriating the products of their labor. "*Communism*," he said, and by that word he meant Socialism, "*deprives no man of the power to appropriate the products of Society; all that it does is to deprive him of the power to subjugate the labor of others by means of such appropriation.*"

It may sound like the language of paradox to speak of Karl Marx, the Socialist, as an aristocrat. If it does, it is but the paradox in which all truth appears. Only a noble soul can act and live nobly; and to act and live nobly is to spend one's self in largesses—and to do this in no spirit of condescension, but rather in humility and gladness that we have to give what is worthy of being received. Surely such a giver is of the elect! If I view Karl Marx in this light I am but stating what his life abundantly reveals. It is your democrat, your republican, your radical, who is forever gathering, keeping and hoarding. When he does spend he spends meanly and grudgingly, as one who has not been accustomed to open the flood-gates of his nature. Or he spends with a vainglorious eye to the good things that are to come back to him. And he rarely spends himself—he has no soul to give.

The Socialism of Karl Marx has no place for such publicans and panderers. Be they capitalists or wage-earners, they are slave-

drivers and slaves; and where these exist there can be no nobility. All are alike ignoble.

In saying this I may be looking through Socialism to some thing that is beyond; but I am saying no more than I find in Karl Marx's life and teaching. I can draw no other conclusion from his doctrine of surplus-value, a doctrine that posits the *raison d'être* of the capitalist society in which we live, to be the constant effort to obtain surplus-value. This constant effort, it further states, is at the bottom of all our social and political struggles. If this be so, then following Marx's reasoning, the time must come when the laboring-class, in order to save itself from complete servitude, must expropriate the capitalist class. When that time comes production will no longer be carried on for the surplus-value it yields, but its place will be taken by coöperative endeavor without thought of class-exploitation. This does not mean that all men will be equal, nor even that all men will equally enjoy life; for a doctrine cannot alter the constitution of human nature. But it does mean that the ignoble distinctions between master and servant, between classes and masses, will cease to exist. All men will be masters—masters of their craft. All men will be servants—servants of the social community.

It is ridiculous to speak of the dignity of labor under a system which produces the sweat-shop and the poisoned factory; which sets working-men uniting to deprive other working-men of the opportunity to earn their livelihoods; which looks upon the product of labor not as something that is good, and desirable, and beautiful, but as something that is cheap, and saleable, and ugly. This is the very graveyard of ambition—a bleak Aceldama of Sorrow, in which Art and Beauty are pale wandering ghosts, haunting the ruined cloisters of cathedrals whose altars have been defiled by the worshipers of Dagon and Ashtaroth.

This also I have found in the life of Karl Marx—that a brave spirit will live bravely and think bravely despite affliction, persecution, and misunderstanding. Karl Marx was not only an extraordinary thinker; he was also an extraordinary man. His thought will live after him. That is his legacy, his magnificent legacy to the humanity he loved.

CELT AND SAXON

GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XII

MISS MATTOCK

Mrs. Adister O'Donnell, in common with her family, had an extreme dislike of the task of composing epistles, due to the circumstance that she was unable, unaided, to conceive an idea disconnected with the main theme of her communication, and regarded as an art of conjuring, the use of words independent of ideas. Her native superiority caused her to despise the art, but the necessity for employing it at intervals subjected her to fits of admiration of the conjuror, it being then evident that a serviceable piece of work, beyond her capacity to do, was lightly performed by another. The lady's practical intelligence admitted the service, and at the same time her addiction to the practical provoked disdain of so flimsy a genius, which was identified by her with the genius of the Irish race. If Irishmen had not been notoriously fighters, famous for their chivalry, she would have looked on them as a kind of footmen hired to talk and write, whose volubility might be encouraged and their affectionateness deserved by liberal wages. The promptitude of Irish blood to deliver the war-cry either upon a glove flung down or taken up, raised them to a first place in her esteem: and she was a peaceful woman, abhorring sanguinary contention; but it was in her own blood to love such a disposition against her principles.

She led Patrick to her private room, where they both took seats and he selected a pen. Mr. Patrick supposed that his business would be to listen and put her words to paper, a mechanical occupation permitting the indulgence of personal phantasies; and he was flying high on them until the extraordinary delicacy of the mind seeking to deliver itself forced him to prick up all his apprehensiveness. She wished to convey that she was pleased with the news from Vienna, and desired her gratification to be imparted to her niece Caroline, yet not so as to be opposed to the peculiar feelings of her brother

Edward, which had her fullest sympathy; and yet Caroline must by no means be requested to alter a sentence referring to Adiante, for that would commit her and the writer jointly to an insincerity.

"It must be the whole truth, madam," said Patrick, and he wrote: "My dear Caroline," to get the start. At once a magnificently clear course for the complicated letter was distinguished by him. "Can I write on and read it to you afterward? I have the view," he said.

Mrs. Adister waved to him to write on.

Patrick followed his "My dear Caroline" with greetings very warm, founded on a report of her flourishing good looks. The decision of Government to send reinforcements to Ireland was mentioned as a prelude to the information from Vienna of the birth of a son to the Princess Nikolas: and then, having conjured the two entirely heterogeneous pieces of intelligence, the composer adroitly interfused them by a careless transposition of the prelude and the burden that enabled him to play *ad libitum* on regrets and rejoicings; by which device the lord of Earlsfond might be offered condolences, while the lady could express her strong contentment, inasmuch as he deplored the state of affairs in the sister island, and she was glad of a crisis concluding a term of suspense: thus the foreign born baby was denounced and welcomed, the circumstances lamented and the mother congratulated, in a breath, all under cover of the happiest misunderstanding, as effective as the cabalism of Prospero's wand among the Neapolitan mariners, by the skilful Irish development on a grand scale of the rhetorical figure anastrophe, or a turning about and about.

He read it out to her, enjoying his composition and pleased with his reconcilement of differences. "So you say what you feel yourself, madam, and allow for the feelings on the other side," he remarked. "Shall I fold it?"

There was a smoothness in the letter particularly agreeable to her troubled wits, but with an awful taste. She hesitated to assent: it seemed like a drug that she was offered.

Patrick sketched a series of hooked noses on the blotter. He heard a lady's name announced at the door, and glancing up from his work he beheld a fiery vision.

Mrs. Adister addressed her affectionately: "My dear Jane!" Patrick was introduced to Miss Mattock.

His first impression was that the young lady could wrestle with him and render it doubtful of his keeping his legs. He was next engaged in imagining that she would certainly burn and be a light in the dark. Afterward he discovered her feelings to be delicate, her looks pleasant. Thereupon came one of the most singular sensations he had ever known: he felt that he was unable to see the way to please her. She confirmed it by her remarks and manner of speaking. Apparently she was conducting a business.

"You're right, my dear Mrs. Adister. I'm on my way to the Laundry, and I called to get Captain Con to drive there with me and worry the manageress about the linen they turn out: for gentlemen are complaining of their shirt-fronts, and if we get a bad name with them it will ruin us. Women will listen to a man. I hear he has gone down to the city. I must go and do it alone. Our accounts are flourishing, I'm glad to say, though we cannot yet afford to pay for a secretary, and we want one. John and I verified them last night. We're aiming at steam, you know. In three or four years we may found a steam laundry on our accumulated capital. If only we can establish it on a scale to let us give employment to at least as many women as we have working now! That is what I want to hear of. But if we wait for a great rival steam laundry to start ahead of us, we shall be beaten and have to depend on the charitable sentiments of rich people to support the Institution. And that won't do. So it's a serious question with us to think of taking the initiative: for steam must come. It's a scandal every day that it doesn't while we have coal. I'm for grand measures. At the same time we must not be imprudent: turning off hands, even temporarily, that have to feed infants, would be quite against my policy."

Her age struck Patrick as being about twenty-three.

"Could my nephew Arthur be of any use to you?" said Mrs. Adister.

"Colonel Adister?" Miss Mattock shook her head. "No."

"Arthur can be very energetic, when he takes up a thing."

"Can he? But, Mrs. Adister, you are looking a little troubled. Sometimes you confide in me. You are so good to us with your subscriptions that I always feel in your debt."

Patrick glanced at his hostess for a signal to rise and depart.

She gave none, but at once unfolded her perplexity, and requested Miss Mattock to peruse the composition of Mr. Patrick O'Donnell and deliver an opinion upon it.

The young lady took the letter without noticing its author. She read it through, handed it back, and sat with her opinion evidently formed within.

"What do you think of it?" she was asked.

"Rank jesuitry," she replied.

"I feared so!" sighed Mrs. Adister. "Yet it says everything I wish to have said. It spares my brother and it does not belie me. The effect of a letter is often most important. I cannot but consider this letter very ingenious. But the moment I hear it is jesuitical I forswear it. But then my dilemma remains. I cannot consent to give pain to my brother Edward: nor will I speak an untruth, though it be to save him from a wound. I am indeed troubled. Mr. Patrick, I cannot consent to despatch a jesuitical letter. You are sure of your impression, my dear Jane?"

"Perfectly," said Miss Mattock.

Patrick leaned to her. "But if the idea in the mind of the person supposed to be writing the letter is accurately expressed? Does it matter, if we call it jesuitical, if the emotion at work behind it happens to be a trifle so, according to your definition?"

She rejoined: "I should say, distinctly it matters."

"Then you'd not express the emotions at all?"

He flashed a comical look of astonishment as he spoke. She was not to be diverted; she settled into antagonism.

"I should write what I felt."

"But it might be like discharging a bullet."

"How?"

"If your writing in that way wounded the receiver."

"Of course I should endeavor not to wound!"

"And there the bit of jesuitry begins. And it's innocent while it's no worse than an effort to do a disagreeable thing as delicately as you can."

She shrugged as delicately as she could:

"We cannot possibly please everybody in life."

"No: only we may spare them a shock: mayn't we?"

"Sophistries of any description, I detest."

"But sometimes you smile to please, don't you?"

"Do you detect falseness in that?" she answered, after the demurest of pauses.

"No: but isn't there a *soupçon* of sophistry in it?"

"I should say that it comes under the title of common civility."

"And on occasions a little extra civility is permitted!"

"Perhaps: when we are not seeking a personal advantage."

"On behalf of the Steam Laundry?"

Miss Mattock grew restless: she was too serious in defending her position to submit to laugh, and his good-humored face forbade her taking offense. "Well, perhaps, for that is in the interest of others."

"In the interests of poor and helpless females. And I agree with you with all my heart. But you would not be so considerate for the sore feelings of a father hearing what he hates to hear as to write a roundabout word to soften bad news to him?"

She sought refuge in the reply that nothing excused jesuitry.

"Except the necessities of civilization," said Patrick.

"Politeness is one thing," she remarked pointedly.

"And domestic politeness is quite as needful as popular, you'll admit. And what more have we done in the letter than to be guilty of that? And people declare it's rarer: as if we were to be shut up in families to tread on one another's corns! Dear me! and after a time we should be having rank jesuitry advertised as the specific balsam for an unhappy domesticated population treading with hard heels from desperate habit and not the slightest intention to wound."

"My dear Jane," Mrs. Adister interposed while the young lady sat between mildly staring and blinking, "you have, though still of a tender age, so excellent a head that I could trust to your counsel blindfolded. It is really deep concern for my brother. I am also strongly in sympathy with my niece, the princess, that beautiful Adiante: and my conscience declines to let me say that I am not."

"We might perhaps presume to beg for Miss Mattock's assistance in the composition of a second letter more to her taste," Patrick said slyly.

The effect was prompt: she sprang from her seat.

"Dear Mrs. Adister! I leave it to you. I am certain you and Mr. O'Donnell know best. It's too difficult and delicate for me. I am horribly blunt. Forgive me if I seemed to pretend to casuistry. I am sure I had no such meaning. I said what I thought. I always do. I never meant that it was not a very clever letter; and if it does exactly what you require it should be satisfactory. To-morrow evening John and I dine with you, and I look forward to plenty of controversy and amusement. At present I have only a head for work."

"I wish I had that," said Patrick devoutly.

She dropped her eyes on him, but without letting him perceive that he was a step nearer to the point of pleasing her.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DINNER-PARTY

Miss Mattock ventured on a prediction in her mind: She was sure the letter would go. And there was not much to signify if it did. But the curious fatality that a person of such a native uprightness as Mrs. Adister should have been drawn in among Irishmen, set her thoughts upon the composer of the letter, and upon the contrast of his ingenuous look with the powerful cast of his head. She fancied a certain danger about him; of what kind she could not quite distinguish, for it had no reference to woman's heart, and he was too young to be much of a politician, and he was not in the priesthood. His transparency was of a totally different order from Captain Con's, which proclaimed itself genuine by the inability to conceal a shoal of subterfuges. The younger cousin's features carried something invisible behind them, and she was just perceptive enough to spy it, and it excited her suspicions. Irishmen both she and her brother had to learn to like, owing to their bad repute for stability: they are, moreover, Papists: they are not given to ideas: that one of the working for the future has not struck them. In fine, they are not solid, not law-supporting, not disposed to be (humbly be it said) beneficent, like the good English. These were her views, and as she held it a

weakness to have to confess that Irishmen are socially more fascinating than the good English, she was on her guard against them.

Of course the letter had gone. She heard of it before the commencement of the dinner, after Mrs. Adister had introduced Captain Philip O'Donnell to her, and while she was exchanging a word or two with Colonel Adister, who stood ready to conduct her to the table. If he addressed any remarks to the lady under his charge, Miss Mattock did not hear him; and she listened—who shall say why? His unlike likeness to his brother had struck her. Patrick opposite was flowing in speech. But Captain Philip O'Donnell's taciturnity seemed no uncivil gloom: it wore nothing of that look of being beneath the table, which some of our good English are guilty of at their social festivities, or of towering aloof a Matterhorn above it, in the style of Colonel Adister. Her discourse with the latter amused her passing reflections. They started a subject, and he punctuated her observations, or she his, and so they speedily ran to earth.

"I think," says she, "you were in Egypt this time last winter."

He supplies her with a comma: "Rather later."

Then he carries on the line. "Dull enough, if you don't have the right sort of travelling crew in your boat."

"Naturally," she puts her semicolon, ominous of the full stop.

"I fancy you have never been in Egypt?"

"No."

There it is; for the tone betrays no curiosity about Egypt and her Nile, and he is led to suppose that she has a distaste for foreign places.

Condescending to attempt to please, which he has reason to wish to succeed in doing, the task of pursuing conversational intercourse devolves upon him:

"I missed Parlatti last spring. What opinion have you formed of her?"

"I know her only by name at present."

"Ah, I fancy you are indifferent to Opera."

"Not at all; I enjoy it. I was as busy then as I am now."

"Meetings? Dorcas, so forth."

"Not Dorcas, I assure you. You might join if you would."

"Your most obliged."

A period perfectly rounded. At the same time Miss Mattock exchanged a smile with her hostess, of whose benignant designs in handing her to the entertaining officer she was not conscious. She felt bound to look happy to gratify an excellent lady presiding over the duller half of a table of eighteen. She turned slightly to Captain O'Donnell. He had committed himself to speech at last, without tilting his shoulders to exclude the company by devoting himself to his partner, and as he faced the table Miss Mattock's inclination to listen attracted him. He cast his eyes on her: a quiet look, neither languid nor frigid, seeming to her both open and uninviting. She had the oddest little shiver, due to she knew not what. A scrutiny she could have borne, and she might have read a signification; but the look of those mild, clear eyes which appeared to say nothing save that there was fire behind them, hit on some perplexity, or created it; for she was aware of his unhappy passion for the beautiful Miss Adister; the whole story had been poured into her ears; she had been moved by it. Possibly she had expected the eyes of such a lover to betray melancholy, and his power of containing the expression where the sentiment is imagined to be most transparent may have surprised her, thrilling her as melancholy orbs would not have done.

Captain Con could have thumped his platter with vexation. His wife's diplomacy in giving the heiress to Colonel Adister for the evening had received his cordial support while he manœuvred cleverly to place Philip on the other side of her; and now not a step did the senseless fellow take, though she offered him his chance, dead sick of her man on the right; not a word did he have in ordinary civility; he was a burning disgrace to the chivalry of Erin. She would certainly be snapped up by a man merely yawning to take the bite. And there's another opportunity gone for the old country!—one's family to boot!

Those two were in the middle of the table, and it is beyond mortal, beyond Irish, capacity, from one end of a table of eighteen to whip up the whole body of them into a lively unanimous froth, like a dish of cream fetched out of thickness to the airiest lightness. Politics, in the form of a firebrand or apple of Discord, might knead them together and cut them in batches, only he had pledged his word to his wife to shun politics as the plague, considering Mr. Mattock's pres-

ence. And yet it was tempting: the recent Irish news had stung him; he could say sharp things from the heart, give neat thrusts; and they were fairly divided and well matched. There was himself, a giant; and there was an unrecognized bard of his country, no other than himself too; and there was a profound politician, profoundly hidden at present, like powder in a mine—the same person. And opposite to him was Mr. John Mattock, a worthy antagonist, delightful to rouse, for he carried big guns and took the noise of them for the shattering of the enemy, and this champion could be pricked on to a point of assertion sure to fire the phlegm in Philip; and then young Patrick might be trusted to warm to the work. Three heroes out skirmishing on our side. Then it begins to grow hot, and seeing them at it in earnest, Forbery glows and couches his gun, the heaviest weight of the Irish light brigade. Gallant deeds! and now Mr. Marbury Dyke opens on Forbery's flank to support Mattock hard-pressed, and this artillery of English Rockney resounds, with a similar object: the ladies to look on and award the crown of victory, Saxon though they be, excepting Rockney's wife, a sure deserter to the camp of the brave, should fortune frown on them, for a punishment to Rockney for his carrying off to himself a flower of the Green Island and holding inveterate against her native land in his black ingratitude. Oh! but eloquence upon a good cause will win you the hearts of all women, Saxon or other, never doubt of it. And Jane Mattock there, imbibing forced doses of Arthur Adister, will find her patriotism dissolving in the natural human current; and she and Philip have a pretty wrangle, and like one another none the worse for not agreeing: patriotically speaking, she's really unrooted by that half-thawed colonel, a creature snow-bound up to his chin; and already she's leaping to be transplanted. Jane is one of the first to give her vote for the Irish party, in spite of her love for her brother John: in common justice, she says, and because she hopes for complete union between the two islands. And thereupon we debate upon union. On the whole, yes: union, on the understanding that we have justice, before you think of setting to work to sow the land with affection:—and that's a crop in a clear soil will spring up harvest-thick in a single summer night across St. George's Channel, ladies! . . .

Indeed a goodly vision of strife and peace: but, politics forbidden, it was entirely a dream, seeing that politics alone, and a vast amount of blowing even on the topic of politics, will stir these English to enter the arena and try a fall. You cannot, until you say ten times more than you began by meaning, and have heated yourself to fancy you mean more still, get them into any state of fluency at all. Forbery's anecdote now and then serves its turn, but these English won't take it up as a start for fresh pastures; they lend their ears and laugh a finale to it; you see them dwelling on the relish, chewing the cud by way of mental note for their friends to-morrow, as if they were kettles come here merely for boiling purposes, to make tea elsewhere, and putting a damper on the fire that does the business for them. They laugh, but they laugh extinguishingly, and not a bit to spread a general conflagration and illumination.

The case appeared hopeless to Captain Con, bearing an eye on Philip. He surveyed his inanimate eights right and left, and folded his combative ardor around him, as the soldier's martial cloak when he takes his rest on the field. Mrs. Marbury Dykes, the lady under his wing, honored wife of the chairman of his company, imagined that a sigh escaped him, and said in sympathy: "Is the bad news from India confirmed?"

He feared it was not bright, and called to Philip for the latest.

"Nothing that you have not had already in the newspapers," Philip replied, distinctly from afar, but very bluntly, as through a trumpet.

Miss Mattock was attentive. She had a look as good as handsome when she kindled.

The captain persevered to draw his cousin out.

"Your chief has his orders?"

"There's a rumor to that effect."

"The fellow's training for diplomacy," Con groaned.

Philip spoke to Miss Mattock: he was questioned and he answered, and answered dead as a newspaper telegraphic paragraph, presenting simply the corpse of the fact, and there an end. He was a rival of Arthur Adister for military brevity.

"Your nephew is quite the diplomatist," said Mrs. Dyke, admiring Philip's head.

"Cousin, ma'am. Nephews I might drive to any market to make the most of them. Cousins pretend they're better than pigs, and diverge bounding from the road at the hint of the stick. You can't get them to grunt more than is exactly agreeable to them."

"My belief is that if our cause is just our flag will triumph," Miss Grace Barrow, Jane Mattock's fellow-worker and particular friend, observed to Dr. Forbery.

"You may be enjoying an original blessing that we in Ireland missed in the cradle," said he.

She emphasized: "I speak of the just cause; it must succeed."

"The stainless flag'll be in the ascendant in the long-run," he assented.

"Is it the flag of Great Britain you're speaking of, Forbery?" the captain inquired.

"There's a harp or two in it," he responded pacifically.

Mrs. Dykes was not pleased with the tone. "And never will be out of it!" she thumped her interjection.

"Or where's your music?" said the captain, twinkling for an adversary among the males, too distant or too dull to distinguish a note of challenge. "You'd be having to mount your drum and fife in their places, ma'am."

She saw no fear of the necessity.

"But the fife's a pretty instrument," he suggested, and with a candor that seduced the unwary lady to think dubiously whether she quite liked the fife. Miss Barrow pronounced it cheerful.

"Oh, and martial!" he exclaimed, happy to have caught Rockney's deliberate gaze. "The effect of it, I'm told in the provinces is astonishing for promoting enlistment. Hear it any morning in your London parks, at the head of a marching regiment of your giant foot-Guards. Three bangs of the drum, like the famous mountain, and the fife announces himself to be born, and they follow him, left leg and right leg and bearskin. And what if he's a small one and a trifle squeaky; so's a prince when the attendant dignitaries receive him submissively and hear him informing the nation of his advent. It's the idea that's grand."

"The idea is everything in military affairs," a solemn dupe, a Mr. Rumford, partly bald, of benevolent aspect, and looking more

copious than his flow, observed to the lady beside him. "The flag is only an idea."

She protested against the barbarism of war, and he agreed with her, but thought it must be: it had always been: he deplored the fatality. Nevertheless he esteemed our soldiers; our sailors, too. A city man himself and a man of peace, he cordially esteemed and hailed the victories of a military body whose idea was Duty instead of Ambition.

"One thing," said Mrs. Dykes, evading the ambiguous fife, "patriotic as I am, I hope, one thing I confess; I never have yet brought myself to venerate thoroughly our Royal Standard. I dare say it is because I do not understand it."

A strong fraternal impulse moved Mr. Rumford to lean forward and show her the face of one who had long been harassed by the same incapacity to digest that one thing. He guessed it at once, without a doubt of the accuracy of the shot. Ever since he was a child the difficulty had haunted him; and as no one hitherto had even comprehended his dilemma, he beamed like a man preparing to embrace a recovered sister.

"The Unicorn!" he exclaimed.

"It is the Unicorn!" she sighed. "The Lion is noble."

"The Unicorn, if I may speak by my own feelings, certainly does not inspire attachment, that is to say, the sense of devotion which we should always be led to see in national symbols," Mr. Rumford resumed, and he looked humorously rueful while speaking with some earnestness, to show that he knew the subject to be of the minor sort, though it was not enough to trip and jar a loyal enthusiasm in the strictly meditative.

"The Saxon should carry his White Horse, I suppose," Dr. Forbery said.

"But how do we account for the horn on his forehead?" Mr. Rumford sadly queried.

"Two would have been better for the harmony of the Unicorn's appearance," Captain Con remarked, desirous to play a floundering fish, and tender to the known simple goodness of the ingenuous man. "What do you say, Forbery? The poor brute had a fall on his pate and his horn grew of it, and it's to prove that he has got some-

thing in his head, and is dangerous both fore and aft, which is not the case with other horses, who're usually wicked at the heels alone. That's it, be sure, or near it. And his horn's there to file the subject nation's grievances for the Lion to peruse at his leisure. And his color's prophetic of the Horse to come, that rides over all."

"Lion and Unicorn signify the conquest of the two hemispheres, Matter and Mind," said Dr. Forbery. "The Lion there's no mistake about. The Unicorn sets you thinking. So it's a splendid Standard, and means the more for not being perfectly intelligible at a glance."

"But if the Lion, as they've whispered of late, Forbery, happens to be stuffed with straw or with what's worse, with sawdust, a fellow bearing a pointed horn at close quarters might do him mortal harm; and it must be a situation trying to the patience of them both. The Lion seems to say 'No prancing!' as if he knew his peril; and the Unicorn to threaten a playful dig at his flank, as if he understood where he's ticklish."

Mr. Rumford drank some champagne and murmured with a shrug to the acquiescent lady beside him: "Irishmen!" implying that the race could not be brought to treat serious themes as befitted the seriousness of the sentiments they stir in their bosoms. He was personally a little hurt, having unfolded a shy secret of his feelings, which were keenly patriotic in a phlegmatic frame, and he retired within himself, assuring the lady that he accepted our standard in its integrity; his objection was not really an objection; it was, he explained to her, a ridiculous desire to have a perfect comprehension of the idea in the symbol. But where there was no seriousness everything was made absurd. He could, he said, laugh as well as others on the proper occasion. As for the Lion being stuffed, he warned England's enemies for their own sakes not to be deluded by any such patent calumny. The strong can afford to be magnanimous and forbearing. Only let not that be mistaken for weakness. A wag of his tail would suffice.

The lady agreed. But women are volatile. She was the next moment laughing at something she had heard with the largest part of her ear, and she thought the worthy gentleman too simple, though she knew him for one who had amassed wealth. Captain Con and Dr. Forbery had driven the Unicorn to shelter, and were now baiting

the Lion. The tremendous import of that wag of his tail among the nations was burlesqued by them, and it came into collision with Mr. Rumford's legendary forefinger threat. She excused herself for laughing: "They are so preposterous!"

"Yes, yes, I can laugh," said he, soberly performing the act: and Mr. Rumford covered the wound his delicate sensations had experienced under an apology for Captain Con, that would redound to the credit of his artfulness were it not notorious our sensations are the creatures and born doctors of art in discovering unguents for healing their bruises. "O'Donnell has a shrewd head for business. He is sound at heart. There is not a drop of gout in his wine."

The lady laughed again, as we do when we are fairly swung by the tide, and underneath her convulsion she quietly mused on the preference she would give to the simple English citizen for soundness.

"What can they be discussing down there?" Miss Mattock said to Philip, enviously as poor Londoners in November when they receive letters from the sapphire Riviera.

"I will venture to guess at nonsense," he answered.

"Nothing political, then."

"That scarcely follows; but a host at his own table may be trusted to shelve politics."

"I should not object."

"To controversy?"

"Temperately conducted."

"One would go a long way to see the exhibition."

"But why cannot men be temperate in their political arguments?"

"The questions raised are too close about the roots of us."

"That sounds very pessimist."

"More duels come from politics than from any other source."

"I fear it is true. Then women might set you an example."

"By avoiding it?"

"I think you have been out of England for some time."

"I have been in America."

"We are not exactly on the pattern of the Americans."

Philip hinted a bow. He praised the Republican people.

"Yes, but in our own way we are working out our own problems

over here," said she. "We have infinitely more to contend with: old institutions, monstrous prejudices, and a slower-minded people, I dare say: much slower, I admit. We are not shining to advantage at present. Still, that is not the fault of English *women*."

"Are they so spirited?"

Spirited was hardly the word Miss Mattock would have chosen to designate the spirit in them. She hummed a second or two, deliberating; it flashed through her during the pause that he had been guilty of irony, and she reddened: and remembering a foregoing strange sensation she reddened more. She had been in her girlhood a martyr to this malady of youth; it had tied her to the stake and enveloped her in flames for no accountable reason, causing her to suffer cruelly and feel humiliated. She knew the pangs of it in public, and in private as well. And she had not conquered it yet. She was angered to find herself such a merely physical victim of the rushing blood: which condition of her senses did not immediately restore her natural color.

"They mean nobly," she said, to fill an extending gap in the conversation under a blush; and conscious of an ultra-swollen phrase, she snatched at it nervously to correct it: "They are becoming alive to the necessity for action." But she was talking to a soldier! "I mean, their heads are opening." It sounded ludicrous. "They are educating themselves differently." Were they? "They wish to take their part in the work of the world." That was nearer the proper tone, though it had a ring of claptrap rhetoric hateful to her: she had read it and shrunk from it in reports of otherwise laudable meetings. "Well, spirited, yes. I think they are. I believe they are. One has need to hope so."

Philip offered a polite affirmative, evidently formal. Not a sign had he shown of noticing her state of scarlet. His grave liquid eyes were unalterable. She might have been grateful, but the reflection that she had made a step to unlock the antechamber of her dearest deepest matters to an ordinary military officer, whose notions of women were probably those of his professional brethren, impelled her to transfer his polished decorousness to the burden of his masculine antagonism—plainly visible. She brought the dialogue to a close.

Colonel Adister sidled an eye at a three-quarter view of her face.

"I fancy you're feeling the heat of the room," he said.

Jane acknowledged a sensibility to some degree of warmth.

The colonel was her devoted squire on the instant for any practical service. His appeal to his aunt concerning one of the windows was answered by her appeal to Jane's countenance for a disposition to rise and leave the gentlemen. Captain Con, holding the door for the passage of his wife and her train of ladies, received the injunction: "Ten" from her, and remarked: "Minutes," as he shut it. The shortness of the period of grace proposed dejection to him on the one hand, and on the other a stimulated activity to squeeze it for its juices without any delay. Winding past Dr. Forbery to the vacated seat of the hostess he frowned forbiddingly.

"It's I, is it!" cried the doctor. Was it ever he that endangered the peace and placability of social gatherings!

He sat down prepared rather for a bout with Captain Con than with their common opponents, notwithstanding that he had accurately read the mock thunder of his brows.

(*To be continued*)

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI

H. G. WELLS

[Chapter the First describes the conditions which surrounded Machiavelli himself, and compares the writer of the present narrative—an outcast statesman —with his famous prototype. Incidentally, there is a discussion of modern democracy and the activity of women. The opening sections of Chapter the Second are concerned with the narrator's childhood, and the influence and character of his father. The story of his earlier days is continued till the time of his father's death. Chapter the Third commences with an account of his new experiences at the City Merchants' School, in London. He was now living, with his mother, at Penge, near the Crystal Palace, and was growing up.]

CHAPTER THE THIRD

SCHOLASTIC

I (*Continued*)

Home, after my father's death, had become a very quiet and uneventful place indeed. My mother had either an unimaginative temperament or her mind was greatly occupied with private religious solicitudes, and I remember her talking to me but little and that usually upon topics I was anxious to evade. I had developed my own views about low-church theology long before my father's death, and my meditation upon that event had finished my secret estrangement from my mother's faith. My reason would not permit even a remote chance of his being in hell; he was so manifestly not evil. When I was a little boy my mother had taught me to read and write and pray and had done many things for me, indeed she persisted in washing me and even in making my clothes until I rebelled against these things as indignities. But our minds parted very soon. She never began to understand the mental processes of my play, she never interested herself in my school life and work, she could not understand things I said; and she came, I think, quite insensibly to regard me with something of the same hopeless perplexity she had felt towards my father.

Him she must have wedded under considerable delusions. I do not think he deceived her, indeed, nor do I suspect him of mercenari-

ness in their union; but no doubt he played up to her requirements in the half ingenuous way that was and still is the quality of most wooing, and presented himself as a very brisk and orthodox young man. I wonder why nearly all love-making has to be fraudulent. Afterwards he must have disappointed her cruelly by letting one aspect after another of his careless, skeptical, experimental temperament appear. Her mind was fixed and definite, she embodied all that confidence in church and decorum and the assurances of the pulpit which was characteristic of the large mass of the English people—for after all, the rather low-Church section *was* the largest single mass—in early Victorian times. She had dreams, I suspect, of going to church with him side by side; she in a little poke bonnet and a large flounced crinoline, all mauve and magenta and starched under a little lace-trimmed parasol, and he in a tall silk hat and peg-top trousers and a roll-collar coat and looking rather like the Prince Consort,—white angels almost visibly raining benedictions on their amiable progress. Perhaps too she dreamt gently of much-belaced babies and an interestingly pious (but not too dissenting or fanatical) little girl or boy or so, also angel haunted. And I think too she must have seen herself ruling a seemly "home of tastes," with a vivarium in the conservatory that opened out of the drawing room, or again, making preserves in the kitchen. My father's science-teaching, his diagrams of disemboweled humanity, his picture of prehistoric beasts that contradicted the Flood, his disposition towards soft shirts and loose tweed suits, his inability to use a clothes brush, his spasmodic reading fits and his bulldog pipes, must have jarred cruelly with her rather unintelligent anticipations. His wild moments of violent temper when he would swear and smash things, absurd, almost lovable storms that passed like summer thunder, must have been starkly dreadful to her. She was constitutionally inadaptable and certainly made no attempt to understand or tolerate these outbreaks. She tried them by her standards and by her standards they were wrong. Her standard hid him from her. The blazing things he said rankled in her mind unforgetably.

As I remember them together they chafed constantly. Her attitude to nearly all his moods and all his enterprises was a skeptical disapproval. She treated him as something that belonged to me and

not to her. "*Your* father," she used to call him as though I had got him for her.

She had married late and she had I think become mentally self-subsisting before her marriage. Even in those Herne Hill days, I used to wonder what was going on in her mind, and I find that old speculative curiosity return as I write this. She took a considerable interest in the house-work that our generally servantless condition put upon her—she used to have a charwoman in two or three times a week—but she did not do it with any great skill. She covered most of our furniture with flouncey ill-fitting covers and she cooked plainly and without very much judgment. The Penge house, as it contained nearly all our Bromstead things, was crowded with furniture and is chiefly associated in my mind with the smell of turpentine, a condiment she used very freely upon the veneered mahogany pieces. My mother had an equal dread of "blacks" by day and the "night air," so that our brightly clean windows were rarely open.

She took a morning paper, and she would open it and glance at the headlines, but she did not read it until the afternoon and then I think she was interested only in the more violent crimes, and in railway and mine disasters and in the minutest domesticities of the Royal Family. Most of the books at home were my father's, and I do not think she opened any of them. She had one or two volumes that dated from her own youth, and she tried in vain to interest me in them; there was Miss Strickland's *Queens of England,* a book I remember with particular animosity, and *Queechy* and the *Wide Wide World.* She made these books of hers into a class apart by sewing outer covers upon them of calico and figured muslin. To me in these habiliments they seemed not so much books as confederated old ladies.

My mother was also very punctual with her religious duties, and rejoiced to watch me in the choir.

On winter evenings she occupied an armchair on the other side of the table at which I sat, head on hand reading, and she would be darning stockings or socks or the like. We achieved an effect of rather stuffy comfortableness that was at times soporific, and in a passive way I think she found these among her happy times. On

such occasions she was wont to put her work down on her knees and fall into a sort of thoughtless musing that would last for long intervals and rouse my curiosity. For like most young people I could not imagine mental states without definite forms.

She carried on a correspondence with a number of cousins and friends, writing letters in a slanting Italian hand and dealing mainly with births, marriages and deaths, business starts (in the vaguest terms) and the distresses of bankruptcy.

And yet, you know, she did have a curious intimate life of her own that I suspected nothing of at the time: that only now becomes credible to me. She kept a diary that is now in my possession, a diary of fragmentary entries in a miscellaneous collection of pocket books. She put down the texts of the sermons she heard and queer stiff little comments on casual visitors,—"Miss G. and much noisy shrieking talk about games and such frivolities and croquay. A delighted and *very attentive*." Such little human entries abound. She had an odd way of never writing a name, only an initial; my father is always "A." and I am always "D." It is manifest she followed the domestic events in the life of the Princess of Wales who is now Queen with peculiar interest and sympathy. "Pray G. all may be well," she writes in one such crisis.

But there are things about myself that I still find too poignant to tell easily, certain painful and clumsy circumstances of my birth in very great detail, the distresses of my infantile ailments. Then later I find such things as this: "Heard D. s—" The "s—" is evidently "swear"—"G. bless and keep my boy from evil." And again with the thin handwriting shaken by distress: "D. would not go to church and hardened his heart and said wicked infidel things, much disrespect of the clergy. The anthem is tiresome!!! That men should set up to be wiser than their maker!!!" Then trebly underlined: "*I fear his father's teaching.*" Dreadful little tangle of misapprehensions and false judgments! More comforting for me to read. "D. very kind and good. He grows more thoughtful every day." I suspect myself of forgotten hypocrisies.

At just one point my mother's papers seem to dip deeper. I think the death of my father must have stirred her for the first time for many years to think for herself. Even she could not go on

living in any peace at all, believing that he had indeed been flung headlong into hell. Of this gnawing solicitude she never spoke to me, never, and for her diary also she could find no phrases. But on a loose half sheet of notepaper between its pages I find this passage that follows, written very carefully. I do not know whose lines they are nor how she came upon them. They run:—

"And if there be no meeting past the grave;
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest.
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For God still giveth his beloved sleep.
And if an endless sleep He wills, so best."

That scrap of verse amazed me when I read it. I could even wonder if my mother really grasped the import of what she had copied out. It affected me as if a stone-deaf person had suddenly turned and joined in a whispered conversation. It set me thinking how far a mind in its general effect quite hopelessly limited, might range. After that I went through all her diaries trying to find something more than a conventional term of tenderness for my father. But I found nothing. And yet somehow there grew upon me the realization that there had been love. . . . Her love for me on the other hand was abundantly expressed.

I knew nothing of that secret life of feeling at the time; such expression as it found was all beyond my schoolboy range. I did not know when I pleased her and I did not know when I distressed her. Chiefly I was aware of my mother as rather dull company, as a mind thorny with irrational conclusions and incapable of explication, as one believing quite wilfully and irritatingly in impossible things. So I suppose it had to be; life was coming to me in new forms and with new requirements. It was essential to our situation that we should fail to understand. After this space of years I have come to realizations and attitudes that dissolve my estrangement from her, I can pierce these barriers, I can see her and feel her as a loving and feeling and desiring and muddle-headed person. There are times when I would have her alive again if only that I might be kind to her for a little while and give her some return for the narrow intense affection, the tender desires, she evidently lavished so abundantly on me. But then again I ask how I could make that

return? And I realize the futility of such dreaming. Her demand was rigid and to meet it I should need to act and lie.

So she whose blood fed me, whose body made me, lies in my memory as I saw her last, fixed, still, infinitely intimate, infinitely remote. . . .

My own case with my mother, however, does not awaken the same regret I feel when I think of how she misjudged and irked my father and turned his weaknesses into thorns for her own tormenting. I wish I could look back without that little twinge, to two people who were both in their different quality so good. But goodness that is narrow is a pedestrian and ineffectual goodness. Her attitude to my father seems to me one of the essentially tragic things that have come to me personally, one of those things that nothing can transfigure, that *remain* sorrowful, that I cannot soothe with any explanation, for as I remember him he was indeed the most lovable of weak spasmodic men. But my mother had been trained in a hard and narrow system that made evil out of many things not in the least evil and inculcated neither kindliness nor charity. All their estrangement followed from that.

These cramping cults do indeed take an enormous toll of human love and happiness, and not only that but what we Machiavellians must needs consider, they make frightful breaches in human solidarity. I suppose I am a deeply religious man, as men of my quality go, but I hate more and more as I grow older, the dark shadow of intolerance cast by religious organizations. All my life has been darkened by irrational intolerance, by arbitrary irrational prohibitions and exclusions. Mahometanism, with its fierce proselytism, has I suppose the blackest record of uncharitableness, but most of the Christian sects are tainted, tainted to a degree beyond any of the anterior paganisms, with this same hateful quality. It is their exclusive claim, I suppose, that sends them wrong, the vain ambition that inspires them all to teach a uniform one-sided God and be the one and only gateway to salvation. Deprecation of all outside the household of faith, an organized undervaluation of heretical goodness and lovableness, follows necessarily. Every petty difference is exaggerated to the quality of a saving grace or a damning defect. Elaborate precautions are taken to shield the believer's mind against

broad or amiable suggestions; the faithful are deterred by dark allusions, by sinister warnings, from books, from theaters, from worldly conversation, from all the kindly instruments that mingle human sympathy. For only by isolating its flock can the organization survive.

Every month there came to my mother a little magazine called, if I remember rightly, the *Home Churchman,* with the combined authority of print and clerical commendation. It was the most evil thing that ever came into the house; a thin little pamphlet with one woodcut illustration on the front page of each number, now the uninviting visage of some exponent of the real and only doctrine and attitudes, now some coral strand in act of welcoming the missionaries of God's mysterious preferences, now a new church in the Victorian Gothic. The vile rag it was! A score of vices that shun the policeman have nothing of its subtle wickedness. It was an outrage upon the natural kindliness of men. The contents were all admirably adjusted to keep a spirit in prison. Their force of sustained suggestion was tremendous. There would be dreadful intimations of the swift retribution that fell upon individuals for Sabbath-breaking and upon nations for weakening towards Ritualism or treating Roman Catholics as tolerable human beings, there would be great rejoicings over the conversion of alleged Jews and terrible descriptions of the deathbeds of prominent infidels with boldly invented last words—the most unscrupulous lying; there would be the appallingly edifying careers of "early piety" lusciously described, or stories of condemned criminals who traced their final ruin unerringly to early laxities of the kind that leads people to give up subscribing to the *Home Churchman.*

Every month that evil spirit brought about a slump in our mutual love. My mother used to read the thing and become depressed and anxious for my spiritual welfare, used to be stirred to unintelligent pestering. . . .

II

A few years ago I met the editor of this same *Home Churchman.* It was at one of the weekly dinners of that Fleet Street dining club, the Blackfriars.

I heard the paper's name with a queer little shock and surveyed the man with interest. No doubt he was only a successor of the purveyor of discords who darkened my boyhood. It was amazing to find an influence so terrible embodied in a creature so palpably petty. He was seated some way down a table at right angles to the one at which I sat, a man of mean appearance with a grayish complexion, thin, with a square nose, a heavy wiry mustache and a big Adam's apple sticking out between the wings of his collar. He ate with considerable appetite and unconcealed relish and as his jaw was underhung, he chummed and made the mustache wave like reeds in the swell of a steamer. It gave him a conscientious look. After dinner he a little forced himself upon me. At that time, though the shadow of my scandal was upon me, I still seemed to be shaping for great successes and he was glad to be in conversation with me and anxious to intimate political sympathy and support. I tried to make him talk of the *Home Churchman* and the kindred publications he ran, but he was manifestly a little ashamed of his job so far as I was concerned.

"One wants," he said, pitching himself as he supposed in my key, "to put constructive ideas into our readers, but they are narrow, you know, very narrow. Very." He made his mustache and lips express judicious regret. "One has to consider them carefully, one has to respect their attitudes. One dare not go too far with them. One has to feel one's way."

He chummed and the mustache bristled.

A hireling, beyond question, catering for a demand. I gathered there was a home in Tufnell Park and three boys to be fed and clothed and educated. . . .

I had the curiosity to buy a copy of his magazine afterwards and it seemed much the same sort of thing that had worried my mother in my boyhood. There was the usual Christian hero, this time with mutton-chop whiskers and a long bare upper lip. The Jesuits, it seemed, were still hard at it and Heaven frightfully upset about the Sunday opening of museums and the falling birthrate, and as touchy and vindictive as ever. There were two vigorous paragraphs upon the utter damnableness of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, a contagious damnableness, I gathered—one wasn't safe within a mile

of Holborn Viaduct—and a foul-mouthed attack on poor little Wilkins the novelist, who was being baited by the moralists at that time for making one of his women characters, not being in holy wedlock, desire a baby and say so. . . .

The broadening of human thought is a slow and complex process. We do go on, we do get on. But when one thinks that people are living and dying now, quarreling and sulking, misled and misunderstanding, vaguely fearful, condemning and thwarting one another in the close darkness of these narrow cults—O God! one wants a gale out of Heaven, one wants a great wind from the sea!

III

While I lived at Penge two little things happened to me, trivial in themselves and yet in their quality profoundly significant. They had this in common, that they pierced the texture of the life I was quietly taking for granted and let me see through it into realities—realities I had indeed known about before but never realized. Each of these experiences left me with a sense of shock, with all the values in my life perplexingly altered, attempting readjustment. One of these disturbing and illuminating events was that I was robbed of a new pocket-knife, and the other that I fell in love. It was altogether surprising to me to be robbed. You see, as an only child I had always been fairly well looked after and protected, and the result was an amazing confidence in the practical goodness of the people one met in the world. I knew there were robbers in the world, just as I knew there were tigers; that I was ever likely to meet robber or tiger face to face seemed equally impossible.

The knife as I remember it was a particularly jolly one with all sorts of instruments in it, tweezers and a thing for getting a stone out of the hoof of a horse, and a corkscrew; it had cost me a carefully accumulated half-crown and amounted indeed to a new experience in knives. I had had it for two or three days and then one afternoon I dropped it through a hole in my pocket on a footpath crossing a field between Penge and Anerley. I heard it fall in the way one does without at the time appreciating what had happened, then, later, before I got home, when my hand wandered into my

pocket to embrace the still dear new possession, I found it gone and instantly that memory of something hitting the ground swam up into consciousness. I went back and commenced a search. Almost immediately I was accosted by the leader of a little gang of four or five extremely dirty and ragged boys of assorted sizes and slouching carriage who were coming from the Anerley direction.

"Lost anything, Matey?" said he.

I explained.

"'E's dropped his knife," said my interlocutor and joined in the search. "What sort of 'andle was it, Matey?" said a small white-faced sniffing boy in a big bowler hat. I supplied the information. His sharp little face scrutinized the ground about us.

"*Got* it," he said and pounced.

"Give it 'ere," said the big boy hoarsely and secured it.

I walked towards him serenely confident that he would hand it over to me and that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

"No bloomin' fear!" he said, regarding me obliquely. "Oo said it was your knife?"

Remarkable doubts assailed me. "Of course it's my knife," I said. The other boys gathered round me.

"This ain't your knife," said the big boy and spat casually.

"I dropped it just now."

"Findin's keepin's, *I* believe," said the big boy.

"Nonsense," I said, "give me my knife."

"'Ow many blades it got?"

"Three."

"And what sort of 'andle?"

"Bone."

"Got a corkscrew like?"

"Yes."

"Ah! This ain't your knife no'ow. See?" He made no offer to show it me.

My breath went. "Look here!" I said, "I saw that kid pick it up. It *is* my knife."

"Rot!" said the big boy and slowly, deliberately put my knife into his trouser pocket.

I braced my soul for battle. All civilization was behind me, but I doubt if it kept the color in my face. I buttoned my jacket and clenched my fists and advanced on my antagonist—he had I suppose the advantage of two years of age and three inches of height. "Hand over that knife," I said.

Then one of the smallest of the band assailed me with extraordinary vigor and swiftness from behind, had an arm round my neck and a knee in my back before I had the slightest intimation of attack, and so got me down. "I got 'im, Bill," squeaked this amazing little ruffian. My nose was flattened by a dirty hand and as I struck out and hit something like sacking, someone kicked my elbow. Two or three seemed to be at me at the same time. Then I rolled over and sat up to discover them all making off, a ragged flight, foot-balling my cap, my City Merchants' cap, amongst them. I leaped to my feet in a passion of indignation and pursued them.

But I did not overtake them. We are beings of mixed composition and I doubt if mine was a single-minded pursuit. I knew that honor required me to pursue and I had a vivid impression of having just been down in the dust with a very wiry and active and dirty little antagonist of disagreeable odor and incredible and incalculable unscrupulousness, kneeling on me and gripping my arm and neck. I wanted of course to be even with him, but also I doubted if catching him would necessarily involve that. They kicked my cap into the ditch at the end of the field and made off compactly along a cinder lane while I turned aside to recover my dishonored headdress. As I knocked the dust out of that and out of my jacket and brushed my knees and readjusted my very crumpled collar, I tried to focus this startling occurrence in my mind.

I had vague ideas of going to a policeman or of complaining at a police station, but some boyish instinct against informing prevented that. No doubt I entertained ideas of vindictive pursuit and murderous reprisals. And I was acutely enraged whenever I thought of my knife. The thing indeed rankled in my mind for weeks and weeks and altered all the flavor of my world for me. It was the first time I glimpsed the simple brute violence that lurks and peeps beneath our civilization. A certain kindly complacency of attitude towards the palpably lower classes was qualified for ever.

IV

But the other experience was still more cardinal. It was the first clear intimation of a new motive in life, the sex motive, that was to rise and increase and accumulate power and enrichment and interweave with and at last dominate all my life.

It was when I was nearly fifteen, this happened. It is inseparably connected in my mind with the dusk of warm September evenings. I never met the girl I loved by daylight and I have forgotten her name. It was some insignificant name.

Yet the peculiar quality of the adventure keeps it shining darkly like some deep colored gem in the common setting of my memories. It came as something new and strange, something that did not join on to anything else in my life or connect with any of my thoughts or beliefs or habits; it was a wonder, a mystery, a discovery about myself, a discovery about the whole world. Only in after years did sexual feeling lose that isolation and spread itself out to illuminate and pervade and at last possess the whole broad vision of life.

It was in that phase of an urban youth's development, the phase of the cheap cigarette, that this thing happened. One evening I came by chance on a number of young people promenading by the light of a row of shops towards Beckington and, with all the glory of a glowing cigarette between my lips, I joined their strolling number. These twilight parades of young people, youngsters chiefly of the lower middle-class, are one of the odd social developments of the great suburban growths—unkindly critics, blind to the inner meanings of things, call them I believe, Monkeys' Parades—the shop apprentices, the young work girls, the boy clerks and so forth, stirred by mysterious intimations, spend their first earned money upon collars and ties, chiffon hats, smart lace collars, walking-sticks, sunshades or cigarettes, and come valiantly into the vague transfiguring mingling of gaslight and evening, to walk up and down, to eye meaningly, even to accost and make friends. It is a queer instinctive revolt from the narrow limited friendless homes in which so many find themselves, a going out towards something, romance if you will, beauty, that has suddenly become a need—a need that hitherto has lain dormant and unsuspected. They promenade.

Vulgar!—it is as vulgar as the spirit that calls the moth abroad in the evening and lights the body of the glow-worm in the night. I made my way through the throng, a little contemptuously as became a public schoolboy, my hands in my pockets—none of your cheap canes for me!—and very careful of the lie of the cigarette upon my lips. And two girls passed me, one a little taller than the other, with dim warm-tinted faces under clouds of dark hair and with dark eyes like pools reflecting stars.

I half turned and the shorter one glanced back at me over her shoulder—I could draw you now the pose of her cheek and neck and shoulder—and instantly I was as passionately in love with the girl as I have ever been before or since, as any man ever was with any woman. I turned about and followed them, I flung away my cigarette ostentatiously and lifted my school cap and spoke to them.

The girl answered shyly with her dark eyes on my face. What I said and what she said I cannot remember, but I have little doubt it was something absolutely vapid. It really did not matter; the thing was we had met. I felt as I think a new-hatched moth must feel when suddenly its urgent headlong searchings brings it in tremulous amazement upon its mate.

We met, covered from each other, with all the nets of civilization keeping us apart. We walked side by side.

It led to scarcely more than that. I think we met four or five times altogether and always with her nearly silent elder sister on the other side of her. We walked on the last two occasions arm in arm, furtively caressing each other's hands; we went away from the glare of the shops into the quiet roads of villadom and there we whispered instead of talking and looked closely into one another's warm and shaded face. "Dear," I whispered very daringly, and she answered, "Dear!" We had a vague sense that we wanted more of that quality of intimacy and more. We wanted each other as one wants beautiful music again or to breathe again the scent of flowers.

And that is all there was between us. The events are nothing, the thing that matters is the way in which this experience stabbed through the common stuff of life and left it pierced, with a light, with a huge new interest shining through the rent.

When I think of it I can recall even now the warm mystery of

her face, her lips a little apart, lips that I never kissed, her soft shadowed throat, and I feel again the sensuous stir of her proximity. . . .

These two girls never told me their surname nor let me approach their house. They made me leave them at the corner of a road of small houses near Penge Station. And quite abruptly, without any intimation, they vanished and came to the meeting place no more, they vanished as a moth goes out of a window into the night, and left me possessed by an intolerable want. . . .

The affair pervaded my existence for many weeks. I could not do my work and I could not rest at home. Night after night I promenaded up and down that Monkeys' Parade full of an unappeasable desire, with a thwarted sense of something just begun that ought to have gone on. I went backwards and forwards on the way to the vanishing place and at last explored the forbidden road that had swallowed them up. But I never saw her again, except that later she came to me, my symbol of womanhood, in dreams. How my blood was stirred! I lay awake of nights whispering in the darkness for her. I prayed for her.

Indeed that girl, who probably forgot the last vestiges of me when her first real kiss came to her, ruled and haunted me, gave a Queen to my imagination and a texture to all my desires until I became a man.

I generalized her at last. I suddenly discovered that poetry was about her and that she was the key to all that had hitherto seemed nonsense about love. I took to reading novels, and if the heroine could not possibly be like her, dusky and warm and starlike, I put the book aside. . . .

I hesitate and add here one other confession. I want to tell this thing because it seems to me we are altogether too restrained and secretive about such matters. The cardinal thing in life, sneaks in to us darkly and shamefully like a thief in the night.

One day during my Cambridge days—it must have been in my first year before I knew Hatherleigh—I saw in a print-shop window near the Strand an engraving of a girl that reminded me sharply of Penge and its dusky encounter. It was just a half length of a bare-shouldered, bare-breasted Oriental with arms akimbo, smiling

faintly. I looked at it, went my way, then turned back and bought it. I felt I must have it. The odd thing is that I was more than a little shamefaced about it. I did not have it framed and hung in my room open to the criticism of my friends, but I kept it in the drawer of my writing-table. And I kept that drawer locked for a year. It speedily merged with and became identified with the dark girl of Penge. That engraving became in a way my mistress. Often when I had sported my oak and was supposed to be reading, I was sitting with it before me.

Obeying some instinct I kept the thing very secret indeed. For a time nobody suspected what was locked in my drawer nor what was locked in me. I seemed as sexless as my world required.

V

These things stabbed through my life, intimations of things above and below and before me. They had an air of being no more than incidents, interruptions. . . .

The broad substance of my existence at this time was the City Merchants' School. Home was a place where I slept and read, and the mooning explorations of the south eastern postal district which occupied the restless evenings and spare days of my vacations mere interstices giving glimpses of enigmatical lights and distant spaces between the woven threads of a schoolboy's career. I was a keen worker through all this time, a satisfactory youngster to teach, very ambitious for distinction, and my course lay straight and easy to scholarships and the University. I did not have to overwork to do all that was required of me. I took a place between mediocre and good in most of the school games and I still had plenty of energy left over for miscellaneous reading, debating society, friendships and discursive talk. I indulged a keen interest in political things.

School life began for me every morning at Herne Hill, for there I was joined by three or four other boys and the rest of the way we went together. Most of the streets and roads we traversed in our morning's walk from Victoria are still intact; the storms of rebuilding that have submerged so much of my boyhood's London

have passed and left them, and I have revived the impression of them again and again in recent years as I have clattered dinnerward in a hansom or hummed along in a motor cab to some engagement. The main gate still looks out with the same expression of ancient well-proportioned kindliness upon St. Margaret's Close. There are imposing new science laboratories in Chambers Street indeed, but the old playing fields are unaltered except for the big electric trams that go droning and spitting blue flashes along the western boundary. I know Rattan the new Head very well, but I have not been inside the school to see if it has changed at all since I went up to Cambridge.

I took all they put before us very readily as a boy, for I had a mind of vigorous appetite, but since I have grown mentally to man's estate and developed a more and more comprehensive view of our national process and our national needs, I am more and more struck by the oddity of the educational methods pursued, their aimless disconnectedness from the constructive forces in the community. I suppose if we are to view the public school as anything more than an institution that has just chanced to happen, we must treat it as having a definite function towards the general scheme of the nation, as being in a sense designed to take the crude young male of the more or less responsible class, to correct his harsh egotisms, broaden his outlook, give him a grasp of the contemporary developments he will presently be called upon to influence and control, and send him on to the university to be made a leading and ruling social man. It is easy enough to carp at schoolmasters and set up for an Educational Reformer, I know, but still it is impossible not to feel how infinitely more effectually—given certain impossibilities perhaps—the job might be done.

My memory of school has indeed no hint whatever of that quality of elucidation it seems reasonable to demand from it. Here all about me was London, a vast inexplicable being, a vortex of gigantic forces, that filled and overwhelmed me with impressions, that stirred my imagination to a perpetual vague inquiry; and my school not only offered no key to it, but had practically no comment to make upon it at all. We were within three miles of Westminster and Charing Cross, the government offices of a fifth of mankind were all within

an hour's stroll, great economic changes were going on under our eyes; now the hoardings flamed with election placards, now the Salvation Army and now the unemployed came trailing in procession through the winter-gray streets, now the newspaper placards outside news-shops told of battles in strange places, now of amazing discoveries, now of sinister crimes; abject squalor and poverty, imperial splendor and luxury, Buckingham Palace, Rotten Row, Mayfair, the slums of Pimlico, garbage-littered streets of bawling costermongers, the inky silver of the barge-laden Thames—such was the background of our days. We went across Margaret's Close and through the school gate into a quiet puerile world apart from all these things. We joined in the earnest acquirement of all that was necessary for Greek epigrams and Latin verse, and for the rest played games. We dipped down into something clear and elegantly proportioned and time-worn and for all its high resolve of stalwart virility a little feeble, like our blackened and decayed portals by Inigo Jones.

Within, we were taught as the chief subjects of instruction, Latin and Greek. We were taught very badly, because the men who taught us did not habitually use either of these languages—nobody uses them any more now except perhaps for the Latin of a few Levantine monasteries. At the utmost our men read them. We were taught these languages because long ago Latin had been the language of civilization; the only way of escape from the narrow and localized life had lain in those days through Latin, and afterwards Greek had come in as the vehicle of a flood of new and amazing ideas. Once these two languages had been the sole means of initiation to the detached criticism and partial comprehension of the world. I can imagine the fierce zeal of our first Heads, Gardner and Roper, teaching Greek like passionate missionaries, as a progressive Chinaman might teach English to the boys of Peking, clumsily, impatiently, with rod and harsh urgency, but sincerely, patriotically, because they felt that behind it lay revelations, the irresistible stimulus to a new phase of history. That was long ago. A new great world, a vaster Imperialism had arisen about the school, had assimilated all these amazing and incredible ideas, had gone on to a new and yet more amazing development of its own. But the City Merchants' School

still made the substance of its teaching Latin and Greek, still, with no thought of rotating crops, sowed in a dream amidst the harvesting.

There is no fierceness left in the teaching now. Just after I went up to Trinity, Gates, our Head, wrote a review article in defense of our curriculum. In this, among other indiscretions he asserted that it was impossible to write good English without an illuminating knowledge of the classic tongues, and he split an infinitive and failed to button up a sentence in saying so. His main argument conceded every objection a reasonable person could make to the City Merchants' curriculum. He admitted that translation had now placed all the wisdom of the past at a common man's disposal, that scarcely a field of endeavor remained in which modern work had not long since passed beyond the ancient achievement. He disclaimed any utility. But there was, he said, a peculiar magic in these grammatical exercises no other subjects of instruction possessed. Nothing else provided the same strengthening and orderly discipline for the mind.

He said that, knowing the Senior Classics he did, himself a Senior Classic!

Yet in a dim confused way I think he was making out a case. In schools as he knew them, and with the sort of assistant available, the sort of assistant who has been trained entirely on the old lines, he could see no other teaching nearly so effectual in developing attention, restraint, sustained constructive effort and various yet systematic adjustment. And that was as far as his imagination could go.

(*To be continued*)

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SIBERIA AND THE RUSSIAN WOMAN

ROSE STRUNSKY

THERE is a woman of sixty-eight on her way to Siberia to-day. She is Katherine Breshkofsky, who had already served twenty-three years in Siberia and is now on the Great Siberian Road again. Like Jonnë Armstrong, she "lay down to bleed a while and then rose to fight again."

And here lies the text of this article—the remarkable, unfailing ability, not only of this Grandmother of the Revolution, but of all revolutionary Russia, to "rise and fight again."

Katherine Breshkofsky's trial, which took place a few weeks ago, was remarkable, not because of any inherent exceptional quality, but because of the fact that the whole world was interested. Viewed from the Russian standpoint, it was but a replica of what takes place all over Russia in thousands upon thousands of cases, day in, day out.

She was tried, together with Nicholas Tchaikofsky, after having been kept in the Fortress of Peter and Paul for nearly two years. The exact indictment against either of them is not known, but when she was asked if she were a member of the Social Revolutionary Party, she answered "Yes," but that her work was in no way connected with Tchaikofsky's.

Thus he was acquitted. He chose to deny facts to the Government, or the Government, seeing that the eyes of the world were watching, wished to appear lenient and did not ask embarrassing questions. At any rate, Tchaikofsky was freed. Katherine Breshkofsky would not let herself be freed.

To understand this attitude is to understand all Russia. The youth plunges with ardor into history, philosophy, into the politics about him, into revolution and into war. Just as Katherine Breshkofsky's trial typifies the underlying grandeur and tragic beauty of the Russian political trial, so does her whole life exemplify the integrity and honesty of purpose of all Revolutionary Russia. At sixteen, she says, she "read much of Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot, and knew by heart the history of the French Revolution." To-day the Russian youth adds Marx and Bakunin and the modern political economists. At the writer's short introduction into a Russian prison, she found a young girl seated on the long prison bench, absorbed in Sidney Webb's *Trade Unionism in England.* And so, though a slave politically, the Russian does not merely sit in his room weaving impracticable dreams of liberty and democratic states, but he studies in detail all known, tried and untried formulas, like a chemist in a laboratory.

They are in deadly earnest, man and woman alike. Katherine Breshkofsky at twenty-six, married and a mother, asked her husband frankly if he were willing to suffer exile and death for the cause of freedom. He answered "No," and she left him—not because he would not suffer exile and death, but because she would, and therefore their roads did not lie together. Having conceived a certain Idea, compromise was impossible. The Idea led her to the Great Siberian Road.

She went to Kieff, organized the peasants in a People's Party, went from village to village making propaganda, and one day was arrested with a proclamation of freedom in her pocket. She was sent to Siberia, to hard labor in the mines of Kara, for five years; and that meant exile for life in Siberia after the term was served. She stayed twenty-three years with the same indomitable spirit as when she first went to lead her life in Kieff. She succeeded in making her escape, and after a brief tour of America, creating sympathy for her cause, she went back again to her work in Russia. And now again she is on the Great Road.

There is much more to rejoice about the fact of Siberia, wretched as it is, than to weep: for if it is a proof of injustice and tyranny, it is also a proof of an idealism and integrity which has

lasted through four generations of torture. Yet as far as material conditions go, Siberia is worse to-day than ever before.

Affairs are at a crisis in Russia and the Government cannot stand still. It is either reaction or reform; the latter she dare not begin, and even to stop where she is, means reform. Therefore it seems the gods first make mad those they wish to destroy; it delays the destruction. The Russian autocracy, to save itself, is drenching the country in blood, expelling the Jews, crushing Finland. Siberia to-day is worse than she has ever been; for her population is greater and the authorities are hardened. They are sent to such regions, unsuitable for habitation, as Turukhansk, at the mouth of the Yenisei. Moreover, no money is provided for those exiled by the courts and though they are supposed to get land, they have no tools and no cattle, so that they "literally starve." Those exiled by administrative order (without trial), receive 75 cents a month for food and $15 a year for clothing, which, of course, has to be used up for food, since flour and salt are very expensive. Those exiled in Southern Siberia receive $1.50 a month, but room costs about a dollar a month. "It is starvation and unavoidable death by hunger," as a group wrote to their deputy in the Duma.

Among themselves, the exiles do everything to maintain each other's courage. They have organized societies for mutual help; have started soup kitchens and small libraries and lectures. The cost of light in the northern districts is extreme and it is almost impossible to get papers and books; then, of course, there are the authorities who make difficulties. In the long Winter nights of the Arctic, despair comes surely, and the inevitable suicides follow. Last January in Obdorsk, five exiles ended their lives; a girl took the lead and four men followed.

And so, where formerly Russia was "an autocracy tempered by assassination," to-day, drunk with blood and victorious from her last revolution, she is an autocracy entirely untempered. The women, indomitable and untamed, suffer the most. Their exile is more difficult than that of the men by the very nature of things, yet no set provision is made for them. The Russian woman has won for herself the honor of being the equal of the man in the eyes of the penal code. The following letter written to the British Com-

mittee in aid of administrative exiles, gives a better picture than could be described from the outside.

"I have followed my daughter, condemned by the court to exile for life in Siberia, with the intention of softening the conditions of her long journey. Most of the exiles, having spent something like two years or more in prison, before coming before a court, are quite exhausted by the hard prison treatment. They are dressed in long rough coats and heavy, ill-fitting shoes, and have to carry all the rest of their clothing on their backs, in sacks weighing about 30 lbs. During the part of the journey which is made by train, men and women are put to travel together in the carriages, under the supervision of warders and soldiers. These men are accustomed to consider the prisoners as without rights of any kind, and therefore permit themselves to treat them as they choose. For women this journey is especially terrible. In one railway carriage there were three women among a lot of ordinary criminals, and when the commanding officer wanted to chain them in pairs, he did not hesitate to fetter one of the women to a man, and keep them thus the greater part of the journey. In the carriage where my daughter was, there was a party of women exiled for having no passports. Most of them were prostitutes. The soldiers of the guard drank with them, and my daughter, being in their company, had to witness the most abominable scenes.

"Still worse things are to be seen in the transfer prisons, where the politicals are kept with the ordinary criminals, under the most abominable conditions. When they come to the place of exile, they are left in some small village, usually hundreds of miles from the small district town. More than 100 persons are often left in a small village, and all that the police authorities do is to see that they do not run away. Sometimes an exile has been compelled to give up all his winter clothing in order to rent a room in a peasant's house; and many would have died from hunger and cold were it not for the help given them by their brother exiles. The prices in such villages are very high, owing to the numbers of the exiles; and it is absolutely impossible for exiles to find any work, or to earn anything, however little. Every kind of work suitable to intellectuals is forbidden by law.

"I have spent one month with my daughter in one of these villages and I have seen nothing but worn faces of men vainly going about in search of work. They tried to open a laundry, but there was nobody to give linen to be washed—everyone did his own washing. And the same was found with all sorts of workshops. In the

infirmary there was neither doctor nor medicine, and yet it was strictly forbidden to leave the village and go to the nearest district town. The village of which I speak and in which my daughter is kept, is one of the best in respect to climate and other conditions of life, and I asked myself: 'Does the Government know the lot it is preparing for the people whom it sends to exile in this way? Does it know that in the conditions which prevail it is condemning men to a slow death?'"

The mother asks pitifully, Does the Government know what it is doing? That is another side to the question. The point is, that though it has done this thing for almost a century, there have always been men and women to fill the prisons and Siberia. The soldiers get used to shooting prisoners at the barred windows and the youth of the country is getting more and more the idea that its self-realization, its school, its field of action, lies in fighting this Government and continuing the fight even in chains. For is not the Government expressed in these chains? Was it the people's conception of justice which put them on? No; and the struggle is, therefore, to be carried on to the last breath, and under any conditions. Discretion may be the better part of valor: but this is not a matter of valor; it is a matter of existence. To maintain the Idea, to be true to themselves always, is the immediate demand of their life. Any bartering with the Idea means suicide, and what have they to barter for, and with whom? With officials who are the barometers of an arbitrary despotism? Does the despotism feel itself strong, then are the officials relentless; if wavering, then its attitude is immediately reflected in that of its lackeys. Gershuni, the great revolutionary leader, tells graphically how from the sudden politeness of the warders in Schlusselberg, they felt that some turmoil was going on in the outside world; and how they waited for weeks for their Christmas dinner, to tell by the dessert whether the Government was weakened. The dessert was usual and heartbreaking—only an apple! This was in 1905, when matters were at a crisis in Russia and changes were quickly reflected. But in the many years of the struggle, Russia has felt herself uniformly strong enough to do whatever she wished, and this knowledge has always given encouragement to the officials.

True, there are rules and regulations for everyone, even for officials: but there are so many that it is a physical impossibility to follow them all. An Englishman, Baring, interpreting this plethora of rules, says that the authorities "print a hundred in the hope that one may meet attention; none of them commands attention." The fact is that the revolutionist disregards them because they are not his, and the official for about the same reason. A quarrel that a prison warden has with his wife in the morning will have as much to do with the command to shoot anyone singing at the prison window as a direct order from above that "Discipline must be maintained."

A Russian poet once said: "The country has not one Czar, but one hundred and fifty thousand." The result is a direct movement among the prisoners to thwart any arbitrary action, wherever it may take place. In the prisons in Germany, there is a placard in each cell telling of the right of each prisoner: for his entrance into the cell divests him of the right of citizenship. The placard says that the prisoner has a right to sit in the chair at certain hours, to walk up and down the cell at certain hours, and to lie down and get up at a certain time. Beyond this he has no rights. The Russian political prisoner maintains and insists that he keeps the rights of a citizen even behind prison bars. This, of course, can only be done by mutiny and shedding of blood. An interesting fact is that the most indomitable and uncompromising "politicals," those who are the "buntari," the revolutionists who make it part of their political programme to maintain a continual feud with the officials about any and every possible circumstance, are the women. The famous case in Kara is a good example. It happened once when the governor-general was visiting the prisons, that he came into the court and found a "political," Elizabeth Kovalsky, sitting on a bench. She remained seated and did not even vouchsafe him a look. He turned to her sharply and told her she ought to stand up before him, since he was the highest official in the district.

"I did not elect you to that position," she replied calmly, and remained seated.

The governor-general was beside himself with rage and sent instructions to the commandant to remove her to another prison.

The commandant thought that she and the other women would not permit him to do so without a struggle and he conceived the brilliant plan of breaking into Elizabeth Kovalsky's cell at night and smuggling her out. Of course, she was frightened when gendarmes and ordinary convicts broke into her cell. She screamed, thereby waking up her comrades, and she was dragged, dressed only in her night dress, to the office. Her comrades, witnessing this scene, could not imagine it to be anything else but an attempt against her honor, and their fury knew no bounds. They started a hunger-strike with a demand that the commandant be removed. He was willing to offer an apology: but the starving women refused absolutely to be satisfied with it. They insisted that the commandant must go.

This, of course, was impossible. The reactionary Government would never give in, but the commandant was persuaded to ask for a transfer. Even this did not satisfy the women, unless he promised he would be gone by a certain day in a certain month. If he remained beyond that day they would begin the hunger-strike again. He did remain beyond that day, and the hunger-strike was begun again.

When the commandant showed that he had asked for a transfer and had received favorable replies, the women made a truce. They gave up the hunger-strike, but boycotted the commandant, which meant that they did not receive the mails which had to go through his hands. Thus they sacrificed their money and their letters. This was the greatest hardship of all, for the commandant had to send back the letters received from home, nor would they write any themselves, and the knowledge of the suffering they were causing to those they loved was almost unbearable. Yet it was the only way they had of letting the world know of the struggle that was going on.

There seemed no way out of this *impasse*. A whole year went by and they had gained nothing. The women, in desperation, decided on a third hunger-strike, and this time it should be one to a finish. But would the authorities yield? What would be the end of this sacrifice? One of the women decided to take matters in her own hands. She was Nadyeshda Sigida, a young woman who had been sent to Kara more through accident than because she herself was a pronounced revolutionist. A printing-press and some bombs were found in the house she and her husband lived in. He was

sentenced to death, but his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment in Saghalien; he died on the way. She was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude. Her suffering and depression were intense. She thought if she insulted an officer the usual thing would happen —the officer would be removed and the offender put to death. She asked to see the commandant, was granted the interview, and when face to face, struck him, saying: "This is for you as commandant."

But nothing was done about it for some time and the women continued their hunger-strike for sixteen days—Sigida for twenty-two. Finally, the authorities made a compromise. The women were put among the ordinary criminals and thus were no longer under this particular commandant. But Sigida's offense was not forgotten. She was not put to death, instead an order came that she be flogged. Sigida died the day after the flogging, and the three women who had carried out the strikes committed suicide as a protest.

It were wrong not to mention the men in this story. When the second and third strikes took place in the woman's prison, the men joined them, for they would not let their comrades fight alone; and when even before Sigida's flogging an order was read to them that the flogging of "politicals" was reëstablished on account of disorders, a serious plan arose for a general suicide as a protest against this threatened insult, though at the bottom of their hearts they never believed that the authorities would carry out the threat. When they heard of the suicide and the death in the women's prison, seventeen out of the thirty-nine took poison that night. It was opium, either old or adulterated, and they woke up, though very sick. The next night they took morphine. That, too, proved bad. However, two very close friends, who had taken treble doses, died in each other's arms before morning. The result of this struggle was the abolition of corporal punishment for women, and also for men of the preferred classes and those who had had a gymnasium education. The menace was not removed but mitigated. It had cost six lives.

Was it worth it? All Russia would say, Yes. For this is the only way of blocking the authorities, and saying to them: "You can go no further." It was worth while as a lesson. Here were men

and women arrested for principles and ready to lay down their lives for them. They proved their readiness to die, by dying.

The attitude of the authorities to the "politicals" is interesting. They know their strength of character and respect it. In late years many of the rougher elements, who were found with revolvers in their hands, were classed and exiled as "politicals." Their lack of intelligence, their whole behavior, showed the difference between the two elements, even to the officials. A friend who had been sent to the north of Siberia writes that after a brawl in their room over some cards, where the warden had to step in, the latter turned to him, saying: "We never used to get this kind mixed in before; it used to be a real pleasure having them."

"The real pleasure" was intermingled with a good deal of fear, for the simple fellows did not always know when they offended. Deutsch tells the following story in his *Sixteen Years in Siberia.* Once, at a transport prison, they were suddenly ordered into separate cells. This did not suit them at all, as on the two months' travel they had clubbed their luggage together and had made a common food arrangement, and besides, they were on transport and therefore did not see the necessity of conforming to the rules of any special place, but preferred traveling under the prescribed general regulations. The politicals sat down on their luggage in the corridor and refused to move. The chief of police came and had matters explained to him. He took offense at one of the women, who had said something about "humanity," but was pacified, and he promised to ask the governor. Finally it was decided to let them do as they pleased until the decision of the governor should come.

The next day the chief of police arrived in full uniform, with his helmet on. "I am to inform you of the governor's decision," he began ceremoniously, when the head man interrupted him with the request to uncover his head. He tried to explain, saying that it was part of his uniform and that he could not, but the politicals refused to listen to the governor's decision unless he uncovered. He hesitated, but uncovered his head, and read the report. The governor had granted their request.

The practise of teaching the officials everything, from politeness up, is part of the programme all over Russia. In the writer's afore-

said two days in prison it was discovered that there were certain "rights" she did not receive. As a foreigner, she should not have been imprisoned at all without an explanation; and since she ought not to have been imprisoned it followed that she ought not to be eating prison food, but hospital food, at least. The request for hospital food was made and granted, but on condition that it be paid for, which, of course, would not be getting it as a "right." Unfortunately, she was freed before the matter had been fought out. In this same room most of the panes in the windows were broken. "The Winter is coming soon; how does it happen the window-panes are broken?" the girls were asked.

"Oh, they will be put in for us. We only broke them the other day." And then they added by way of explanation: "You see, one of the girls who was taking her walk in the yard was called to go up to the gendarmerie. The warder thought she did not go fast enough, and took her by the hand roughly and pulled her. Of course we broke every window in the prison. We can't have personal violence here."

From this same prison the start for the Great Siberian Road took place. There was a rumble of wheels in the court and a large black wagon, like a big box on wheels, entered the courtyard and stopped near the gate. At the back of the wagon was a door with a little peephole. Soldiers with bayonets stood around the wagon.

This was the transport wagon, carrying those exiled to Siberia to the central prison, and from there they were sent by train to Moscow, whence the long journey begins. A young girl in a short jacket and cap walked up to the wagon, escorted by two soldiers. She turned around and waved her hand and called to the prison. She was an Austrian girl, famous in the prison for her wit and dry humor, who was sentenced to twelve years' exile in Siberia. Soon the wagon rolled out with the whole prison singing a fiery revolutionary song as a send-off to this intrepid spirit. By their singing they not only violated an express prison rule, but the law of the whole country, which forbade this particular song.

There were tears in the eyes of the companions in our room after the wagon had gone. They continued humming the song to themselves, and it was evident they were greatly depressed. The most

striking thing about these women was the love and tenderness they bore to one another, and their great personal beauty. The Russian woman revolutionist is not in her element on the streets. She hurries along in a little black serge skirt—the inevitable pockets bulging with literature—and a short black jacket and fur cap; uncorseted, bent forward, her hair first braided and then pinned low on her neck; with an intense manner, as if she were in great anxiety not to miss the Czar and throw the bomb. She needs a prison to show her off.

The room we were in seemed full of beautiful nymphs and dryads, because of their hair, which they wore in long braids that fell over their shoulders, or opened loose and tied back on the head with a ribbon, like little English schoolgirls. Their bodies were lithe and supple and showed strongly underneath their little waists and skirts. And such gentleness in the touch of their hands, and such tenderness hanging around the eyes and mouth! They never addressed each other but with the sacred word of "comrade" and "my dear one." There was an intangible atmosphere of fellowship and love in the room. Some one cooked for some one else; a little working-girl was taught the Russian grammar by a student from Moscow, and all were soft-voiced and loving.

In Akatoui, the penal colony, which now takes the place of Kara, where this Austrian girl was going, is one Marie Spiridonova, whose beauty is so great that the reports always read: "That though showing proofs of all she had undergone, her great beauty is not really marred." This young girl had taken it upon herself to mete out justice to the governor-general of Tombov for having gone through that province with fire and sword. He would order peasants to be whipped, keeping them tied for two or three weeks lying on the floors in barns, and taking them out each day to be whipped again, until death relieved them. The bench where the whipping was done would invariably be next to the barn where the men lay, and thus the blows and the cries of the tortured man were heard by the victims within. Spiridonova went to meet the governor-general at a railway station, drew out her revolver, which she carried in her muff, and shot him dead at a distance of thirty feet. Before she had time to use the revolver on herself she was jumped upon by

the guards and officers, beaten, dragged by the hair, burned with cigarettes and so horribly maltreated in prison for days, that even her lawyers could not, for decency's sake, make public the things that were done to her. Her case made a sensation in the press three years ago, not because it was unprecedented, but because it was the last straw:—such is the psychology of a callous world. She was sentenced to hard labor for life in Akatoui, but because of escapes, —which always mean reprisals on the whole prison,—and the suffering she has undergone in general, she is fast dying of consumption. (Escapes involve such suffering on those that remain,— for the authorities look upon them as a conspiracy made by the whole prison —that they are never attempted except by the consent of all the comrades in prison, and at the request of the revolutionary party, for some leader whom it needs.)

There is another woman in Akatoui, Natasha Klinova, who, too, was noted for her wondrous beauty. She was tall, pale, with gray eyes and much dark hair. In Finland, where she had gone to see to the transportation of dynamite into Russia, she dressed well, for she acted as a bride touring the country with her husband. A few nights before their return into Russia, she swept into a concert room in a long train and many furs, looking so much like some gracious queen that the eyes of the whole concert hall followed her. Her husband was one whom they called " the Bear." He was leader of the December uprising in Moscow and of the attempts against Stolypin and Durnovo. Both returned to Russia, and he was trapped by a spy dressed as a beggar, who knew the " Bear's " habit of never refusing alms. When he stopped to give him a coin, the beggar threw his arms around him and held him till the gendarmes came up. That was on a Saturday afternoon, and by sunrise he was hanged. Poor Natasha Klinova walked through the streets of St. Petersburg in despair and anguish, with tears running down her face. She made no attempt to hide. She was arrested on the streets and also condemned to death. Rumor had it that although the " Bear " was ostensibly the leader of his group, it was really Natasha's great executive gift which carried out all his plans. She was sentenced for helping to organize the attempt against Stolypin, but as she was the daughter of a governor-general, the sentence

was commuted to fifteen years' hard labor in chains. She is the first woman, and the only one, in chains.

Her name, Natasha Klinova, was carved on the prison table in firm, heavy strokes. She had made the start for the Great Siberian Road a few weeks before.

If to these women — to a Katherine Breshkofsky, to a Marie Spiridonova, to a Natasha Klinova—Siberia is, as it were, a home, the only logical life which Russia can offer them, Siberia has also another function in the development of the Russian woman; it is a school. Over and over again it has happened that by some chance, young girls were caught in the general sweepings-up which Russia makes, and without any definite and clear ideas on political matters, were sentenced to exile and servitude. Here they have found themselves in the great school of Russian thought and Russian life; here the faculty is well versed in the arts it professes.

There is one girl in Akatoui to-day, with a shock of brown curls, whom they call the Violet. She must be over twenty by this time, but she was a child of sixteen when she was arrested in a bookstore, where a printing-press was found. She was sent to Siberia, where she quickly became the darling of the colony; and though under different circumstances she might have drifted aimlessly and carelessly through life, she now knows well the history of her country and the meaning of revolution.

And this is the value of Siberia to the world—that though there are men and women who will do injustice, there are also men and women who will not suffer it; and that as long as the autocracy of Russia shall exist, so long will Siberia remain the school, the home, the fatherland of the Russian people.

OMAR KHAYYAM

ALLEN UPWARD

Late one night I chanced to look
In the Persian poet's book,
  In the book of Omar Khayyam,—
From his heart each line he took.

Reading there it seemed to me
That the ages ceased to be,
  And I sat with Omar Khayyam
Underneath the scented tree,

While he poured the sunlit wine,
And his eyes were fixed on mine;
  And I knew that Omar Khayyam
Wrote for me each haunting line.

All the ages that have rolled
Are a tale that hath been told
  In my ears by Omar Khayyam
Seated on the sands of gold.

Foolish creeds and phantom Gods,
Past you all the Sufi nods,—
  "This is Truth," saith Omar Khayyam,
"Life is breath, and men are clods."

Truth is high, but men are low,
From their range they cannot grow,
  Only I and Omar Khayyam
Truth from mere illusion know.

Thus the centuries are sown
Here and there with souls alone,
  Such as yours, my Omar Khayyam,
Not to those you dwelt with known.

Thus in mystic sympathy
Underneath the scented tree
  I touched hands with Omar Khayyam,—
Who shall next touch hands with me?

HE CAME TO PROVEIS

EDWARD BEDINGER MITCHELL

The rain streamed from the rim of his hat upon his face, already dripping with water and sweat; the pack sagged heavily upon his shoulders, and under the long cloak his hot body panted. For hours he had toiled upward through the pines until he stopped in discouragement to peer at the masses of rain driving across the clearing in front of him. That it was a clearing he could see. For the rest there was gray blankness, save for the outlines of a tiny, desolate shrine on the slope to his left, and on his right the beginning of a path which tumbled down the mountain to be lost in the abyss of cloud.

"Damnation!" muttered the man. "I can never make the pass in this. I don't even know where I am—the last place in the world, it looks like." He mopped his face with his arm, studying the few yards visible to him of the rock-strewn, downward trail. "It goes down, that's certain; I've been coming up too long to go down now. I stick to this."

He stepped out on the old road, stretching through the sodden, cloud-wrapped pasture. The uncomfortable conviction that he must have mistaken his way, that he was slowly tiring and that he could not hope for shelter this side of the pass, thousands of feet higher in the chaos of mountain and cloud, forced itself upon him with discouraging clearness. With a sudden gesture of disgust, he shook the water from his hat.

"And I do it for pleasure! I won't work but I can do this! Thirty years old and I've come to this! Hello!" he added abruptly. An unexpected rent in the blanket of water had revealed the vague shadows of a hamlet and the figure of a man looming in his path.

"*Grüss Gött,*" rumbled the figure.

In reply the traveler pointed to the outlines ahead.

"What place is that?" he demanded.

"What place?" came in guttural Tyrolean German. "Proveis, of course. What else?"

"Proveis! Proveis!" The stranger stared at the dimly seen

peasant. Then, with a sudden thought: "Is there an inn here?"

"*Natürlich*, there is an inn; there to the left." The fog swallowed him as the traveler strode forward with a word of thanks. For hours he had been endeavoring to avoid Proveis. The map in the guide-book told him it was not on his road, and he followed Baedeker more conscientiously than any guiding star. Now he had come to Proveis, despite himself, and he was glad to be there. He pondered a little over that thought as he changed his clothes in the little bedroom with its floor of bare planks and the agate wash-basin perched upon a chair.

"You might call it Fate," he said as he moved across the hall into the common room of the inn; "but if it is, my Fate has come back from the devil of a long vacation—and I'd as lief it had stayed away."

And truly it would have needed a humble man to be content with the lot which brought him there. Little pools of water stood upon the floor; the air was chill with the damp from fireless walls and heavy with the fumes of rank tobacco; against the narrow windows the blank wall of fog swirled, gray, cheerless, annihilating.

Sending the landlady for some wine, Rexham settled down with a sigh of mingled relief and disgust upon the nearest bench. He was tired, more in mind now than in body, and the prospect of the long, empty afternoon before him was depressing. For encouragement he turned to the study of his letter-of-credit. Outwardly it represented his annual income—nothing in New York, in Europe barely enough. But it was also the tomb of his ambition—and it was in that light that Rexham studied the familiar figures. The years of futile endeavor and slowly wilting hope were over. He had awakened to the fact that he had stood still while the world and his youth marched past him, and he had refused to straggle longer in the dust of the procession. Now, as he folded up the letter-of-credit he congratulated himself that he had awakened while there was still much of life left to him.

From the open pocket-book in the traveler's hand, a newspaper clipping slipped out upon the table. There was a disagreeable note in Rexham's voice as he read from it, half-aloud:

"The new president of the Continental Trust Company is Ronald

Lawton. The announcement of the action of the directors at the meeting yesterday afternoon came as an almost sensational surprise to the financial world, for Mr. Lawton is still a young man. He has been recognized, however, for some years as one of the most prominent of the 'coming men.' The action of the directors is reported to have been unanimous. Mr. Lawton is a college man, having been graduated——"

Rexham read no more—he needed no newspaper to tell him of Ronald Lawton's life.

"I'm glad he got it," he muttered. "He's worked for it and he deserves it. But he was the last, and now he's gone. If I went back I suppose he'd give an hour or two to finding me a job. And then I would bungle it and Ronald would try to explain that perhaps it wasn't just the kind of work that was suited to me. Well, he won't have the chance, thank Heaven. It's an old game and I'm through with it."

He carefully put the clipping back with the letter-of-credit in his pocket-book. "Yes, I'm through with it," he repeated, "and so I'm—here."

"A bad day, *mein Herr,*" interrupted the landlady, standing before him with the *carafe* of wine, a brood of inquisitive children peering from the shelter of her skirts,—"a bad day."

The man looked up at the plain, care-worn face, and shivered.

"Very. And this is September. How is it in Winter?"

"Oh, the Winter!" She put down the *carafe* in order to spread out her hands in a gesture more eloquent than many words. "The Winter is terrible. Snow everywhere and cold—so cold. But the worst is, no one comes."

"You like people to come, then?" The traveler was looking down at his wine as though to hide the new look in his eyes.

"*Natürlich.* It is an event. Sometimes in the Summer one comes like the *Herr*—not often, but sometimes. In the Winter, never."

The cry of a child drew her from the room and the man's eyes followed her, puzzled, thoughtful. It was a long time since John Rexham had considered himself in the light of an event—his presence or his absence a matter of moment. He glanced around the

desolate room and smiled a little bitterly. It was the point-of-view that explained. Proveis wasn't New York—that was why he had come here.

Through the open door he heard the woman's voice talking to her children, telling them that it was a foreigner, perhaps an Englishman, perhaps an American, she did not know. Listening, Rexham ceased to smile. In this rain-blotted, unknown hamlet, he was of more importance than in any spot he knew of on the wide earth.

A voice that spoke in accents quite different from the clipped gutturals of the peasants broke upon his reverie:

"Am I not right, sir; do you not agree with me?"

"I beg your pardon," said Rexham. "Agree with you in what?"

"This gentleman maintains that it is *au*. Now I say that we all know it to be *gau*. Vintsch-gau, Pfaltz-gau, what you will, but always *gau*."

The speaker was the village priest—so much the shovel hat on the bare table, the black clothes and the straight collar, proclaimed unmistakably. The shabbiness of the attire, the spotted, shapeless suit, the coarse boots with the untidy, dingy white protruding between them and the frayed bottoms of the trousers—these announced with equal obviousness that the cure of souls in Proveis was not a lucrative vocation.

"It is *gau*," repeated the figure, lounging on the wooden bench, heavy, gross, but none the less commanding. The priest spoke with an air of finality that made Rexham regard him with fresh interest—he was hardly prepared for an etymological discussion in the common room of a Tyrolean *gasthaus*.

"*Au*," contradicted his nondescript opponent. "*Au* is district or region. The *g* has nothing to do with it. I care nothing for your barbarous names."

"You care nothing for facts," retorted the curé. "Can you pronounce Vintschg or Pfaltzg? It is *gau*, of course. *Au* is nonsense. Even the peasants know better than that."

The other rose with an elaborate yawn which ill-concealed his wrath.

"Have it your own way; there is no sense in the abominable language," he growled.

From his departing form, the priest turned with obvious relief to the newcomer.

"It is foolish to argue with such persons," he remarked suavely. "For an hour he has insisted that it is *au*. Yet he is an Italian who learned German Heaven knows where, while I—— But it was a bad school," he checked himself with a dry smile. "That I know, and I am not Heaven."

At first but half attentive, Rexham awoke to the fact that his eyes had wandered from the unattractive figure to rest upon the man's face. The mobile features, the high forehead, the smoldering spark in the deep-set eyes—all were in keeping with the quiet voice and correct language; and all were in grotesque contrast with the slovenly body. Rexham hitched himself a little closer.

"Yet you talk to me," he said. "Possibly my school is worse."

"Possibly, though that would be difficult." The priest's smile broadened. "But one must risk something to gain something—and in Proveis a stranger is an event."

The repetition startled Rexham.

"That is what the landlady told me. Do you, then, actually consider me an event?"

"I would," said the curé, "except that you do not appear to like it." The man's eyes had suddenly grown keen. To his annoyance Rexham found that he did not care to meet them, and a flush crept into his cheeks as he answered:

"It is a rôle I have never played."

"So? But, then, you have never been in Proveis."

"And if I came again, would I play it again?"

The priest's long fingers flicked some ashes from his soiled black coat.

"I have played it for many years," he said quietly.

A wave of bitterness swept over Rexham and submerged him as the gray fog had submerged the world outside.

"And what good has it done you?" he cried. "Do you think yourself another Cæsar that you would rather be first in an Alpine village than second in Rome?"

"You ask a great question," answered the priest, unperturbed. "Let me ask you one; are you second in Rome?"

Rexham stared at the man. He did not see the gross figure lolling on the bench, the dingy linen or the stained clothes. He saw two eyes narrowed into points of burning intelligence, and for one instant his soul was naked before their gaze.

"Second!" he cried. "No, by God, I'm last!"

Silence fell upon the room. Two green-coated foresters in a neighboring corner who had been growling semi-articulate gutturals to each other, looked curiously at the two men, reached for their rifles and, with a rumbled salutation to the reverend father, strode heavily from the room. Night was coming on. It was two hours' tramp through the wet to their station. All the *gaus* and *aus*, Romes and Cæsars in the world would not make it less. Their footsteps still echoed on the stone stairs when Rexham rose and walked to the window. For the minute the rain, following its own whim, had ceased. The gray fog was swirling upward, shot now with occasional gleams of light; the blanket was lifting from Rexham's world. Keenly ashamed of himself, he turned back to his companion.

"I beg your reverence's pardon," he said; "I should not have sworn."

The grace of a bow that was courtesy itself transformed the lounging figure. Humiliated and embarrassed, Rexham sank back into his seat to seek a fresh start.

"Shall we have some wine?" he asked. "I see your glass is empty."

"It would be a pleasure," said the priest. "Strangers come rarely to Proveis."

The reiteration of the old idea, the absurd importance attached to his accidental presence, stirred Rexham's unreasoning irritation into flame.

"They are so appreciated," he retorted, "that one would think they would be a frequent pleasure."

"Doubtless the pleasure is one-sided," replied the priest dryly, and Rexham flushed angrily. Somehow, in the company of this mountain curé, gross of figure, slovenly in dress, he felt himself a churl. There was no reply to make and he attempted none. For a while the two sipped their wine in silence. It was the priest who resumed the conversation.

"You will recognize that in a place where the most intelligent person at the moment is an Italian ignoramus who persists in fancying himself an authority upon German, the society can hardly be intellectually engrossing. With a stranger there is always the chance that he may bring ideas. And ideas count. At Heidelberg a professor said to me——"

He stopped abruptly, for Rexham's start had been perceptible.

"Heidelberg!" The American's tactless smile was unconscious. "I had not thought of comparing that with Proveis. Are you a Heidelberg man, may I ask?"

The priest raised the wine glass to his lips. Over its rim his eyes met Rexham's.

"Yes," he said. "I am."

"And you have been here——"

"Fifteen years."

"Fifteen years here!"

Rexham's cry ended in a shiver. The chill of the room, bare, desolate, sordid, struck upon his nerves. He saw again the spots on the dingy clothes, the gray linen protruding from the trouser bottoms, the shapeless figure; and he saw also the long hands, the massive head, the high forehead, and the keen eyes gleaming under heavy brows. It was the wreck of a man he looked at, and he knew it.

"But why?" he broke out. "Why have you stayed? Why do you stay now? Surely——"

The curé checked him with a gesture.

"I am native here," he said. "That does not appeal to you? It did not to me, once. I went out into the world to see it as you are seeing it, and now I have come back. Should not a Proveis man have the cure of Proveis souls?"

"But the waste, man! The waste of you!" Rexham's revolt swept aside all restraint. "You have a mind, you think, you live, and you rust like unused machinery here in this dreary hamlet!"

Still unperturbed, the priest pulled out his watch, glanced at it and rose hastily.

"A poor thing, but my own, as your Shakespeare says. Yes, I rust—that is the worst—I rust. And now you know why in Proveis the coming of strangers is a one-sided pleasure. I am late. Good afternoon."

He was gone before Rexham could reply, but on the stairs the heavy footsteps stopped, and the landlady's voice came upward to the traveler:

"Ah, Father, you go to her in all the rain? Truly she will be glad to see you. When the pain comes she feels she will die within the hour, and you know she has not confessed for many a long day. Yes, she will be glad to see you."

Rexham walked abruptly to the window. From it he saw once more only the same wall of rain through which he had struggled to this refuge. He wondered vaguely how he had ever penetrated it, so resolutely did it wrap the village from any word, from any thought, of the world below. Then suddenly he found himself speculating on the weather, when the priest came trudging home from Heidelberg, fifteen years before. Why had he come; why should a strong, able man sentence himself to death in life?

"I am native here. That does not appeal to you," the curé had said. No, it did not appeal to him. As Rexham thought of the street where he had been born—a squalid mass of tenements now—of the men and women who were gone, of the friends who had succeeded and the friends who had failed, he decided that for the hundredth time. It did not appeal to him. If it did, why should he be wandering alone through the mountains of the Tyrol, purposeless, half-forgotten already? Native here — was any man native to a bachelor apartment? But Proveis!

"Poor devil, perhaps he failed too," said Rexham aloud.

The long afternoon wore itself slowly away. He wrote some letters long overdue, contriving with many words to say nothing. When the last of them was finished he drew the guide-book from his sack and studied it attentively. On the other side of the pass the world was open to him. There was the Vintschgau, green in the shadow of the Ortler, the Stelvio winding its way through eternal snow into the grandeur of Switzerland; there was the Sterzthal and the historic inn of Andreas Hofer; the railroad was there, too, and a few hours would bring him to Innsbrück, a few more to Münich; Vienna, Dresden, Berlin were beyond, all the world of cities and busy men; or if he went south, there was Venice, Italy, what he would. It was all there for him to choose—beyond the pass. Suddenly he

flung the book from him. It mattered nothing to any human being whether he went north, south, east or west—and to himself it mattered least of all.

Once more he strode to the window. The fog was gone. Across the road a peasant was chopping wood and whistling as he chopped; the evening sun shone on the glistening firs and broke the shadows of the valley with long shafts of light. After one long breath Rexham seized his hat and escaped from the prison of the *gasthaus*.

For the first time he saw now the church of Proveis, perched, with its graveyard on one side and the curé's garden on the other, upon the crest of a descent as sheer, it seemed, as its own walls. From the depths below wreaths of cloud floated upward, past the spire, to vanish against the dark background of the mountain forests. Keen and invigorating, with its promise of fair weather, the wind met him as he walked through the humble tombstones of the peasants to the wall of the graveyard, and leaning against it, looked out over the scattered homes of the living.

"Ah-h," murmured Rexham, "I was suffocating in there."

A step fell on the grass, and the curé stood beside him, a cotton umbrella in his hand, his shoes muddier than ever. Presumably, he had just returned from the ill woman's confession. Now, with nostrils sensitive as in youth, he sniffed the air like one wise in nature's secrets.

"You will have a fine day for the pass to-morrow," he said slowly. "Yes, it will be fine—to-morrow."

There was meaning in the pause before the last word, and Rexham turned.

"And after?" he demanded.

"After? That depends upon where you go. Where do you go?"

At that moment the discarded guide-book was lying with crumpled pages on the table where Rexham had flung it.

"I don't know," he said bitterly.

Again the priest broke the silence.

"After all," he remarked inconsequently, "there is beauty in Proveis."

Rexham bit his lip. The devil was in the man to drag into the light all that the wanderer strove to bury.

"I can't stay here forever," he grumbled.

For the second time the curé looked him squarely in the eye.

"Every man has his own Proveis," he said.

Suddenly his figure straightened. With the cotton umbrella he made a gesture that might have been the Sign of the Cross, then pointed with outstretched arm to the barren rocks of the pass high above them.

"You say I rust! Do you think I needed you to tell me? But you! Does Time never climb that road? In the fields beyond, I have seen old men, and poor men, and fat men, and men whose minds have rusted even as mine rusts."

He wheeled about to face the pasture road Rexham had traveled, and his voice was gentler:

"Fifteen years ago I came through those woods, home to Proveis, for I am native here. I have grown old, I have grown fat, I have grown vulgar and untidy. Elegance does not thrive in these mountains of ours. But there has been some beauty—and other things."

His boots slapped heavily on the sodden grass as he walked away. When Rexham left the graveyard it was dark; the outline of the parish church, perched on the mountain side, seemed to hang unsupported in the night; across the garden one light shone in the curé's house. On the stairs of the *gasthaus* he met the landlady, socially inclined.

"Will the *Herrschaft* have his supper now?" she began. "He will want an early start. It will be a fine day for the pass to-morrow."

"Yes," he echoed, "It will be a fine day—to-morrow."

"Where does the *Herrschaft* go, if one may ask? To Meran, yes, and then?"

"Then!" John Rexham stared at her unseeingly. "Then? Why, home, of course."

THE DRAMATIC "LINE"

VANDERHEYDEN FYLES

Recently one of the cleverest and most successful of the younger American novelists invited me to his country house, and I was not there long before I saw he wanted my opinion of his first play. He read it to me. It was a very interesting story. Yet, all said and done, it was just a story. To read, it was delightful: acted, it would have seemed wordy, heavy, and hopelessly ineffective. In short, it was literature, but not a drama.

I admit I have small patience with people who accentuate the "and" when they speak of literature and the drama, as though the two were essentially separate and opposed. One is tempted to ask them why such masters of narrative as Henry James and William Dean Howells, for example, have invariably failed as dramatists —and, be it noted, not without repeated and sincere efforts to succeed. But the answer is not really hard to give. The essential form and function of the dramatic "line" has proved the stumbling block to many an adventurer in the unfamiliar field. For really the two branches of the pen-and-ink art are no more the same than the ability to speak correctly and to sing well.

The young novelist referred to had not been so undiscerning as to write long speeches. That mistake would have been too evident. The trouble lay rather in the individual lines. Frequently the point came in the middle of a sentence. This might do in words written only to be read, but never in the quick speech, the hurried and uncorrectable impressions, of the stage. And worst of all, he had let the characters repeat, or half repeat, the ends of questions put to them.

It would have been unfair to ask the author to look over any page of Ibsen and then to realize why his lines were not dramatic. One does not have to be a Bonci to sing admirably. But it was fair to point to Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas. You will find that every line in every play of Fitch's reaches its point only with the last few words; and usually with the very last. And Mr. Thomas has a happy trick (which, perhaps, he overworks) of omitting almost all personal pronouns. The "I," the "you," the "he," at the commencement of

sentences, are taken for granted instead of being put into the mouths of the actors. This, as a general rule, is excellent,—as excellent as the omission of a too frequent "yes" or "no."

But after all, it comes back to Ibsen. Someone may have discovered the possibilities of dialogue before the old Norwegian, just as it may be true that a Frenchman worked out steam navigation before Robert Fulton. But until we are sure, let the honor go where it most likely is deserved. Every play before the Ibsen influence is found to be, to some degree, discursive, artificial, "wordy." Every good play since, gets at its point as directly as it can.

The thing seems simple. Yet Ibsen was the first to write dialogue that wasted not a single word, that moved steadily along. I won't attempt to illustrate how Tom Taylor or Charles Reade would have written a bit of dialogue about commonplaces of the day, but wouldn't the followers of Ibsen put it?—

THE HUSBAND: This morning?—after I left?
THE WIFE: Oh, I lost no time.
THE HUSBAND: Your mother's?
THE WIFE: She was waiting on the steps.
THE HUSBAND: Worried?
THE WIFE: And tired out, too. You know how this last week has worn on her.
THE HUSBAND: Still that gown for Thursday?
THE WIFE: No. This time it is the problem what to wear for Bridge on Tuesday.

But let us not be ridiculous and perhaps vague, also. Richard Harding Davis mentioned to me, one afternoon, a remark that Arthur Wing Pinero made casually to him. Probably Mr. Davis could not write dialogue so terse, so actable, as he does, did he not recognize the quality of Pinero's genius. For it hardly will be questioned that Pinero writes the best plays—technically, at least—the English stage has ever known. Mrs. Kendal has pointed out that not one word is written without its essential function, not one speech that could be omitted or curtailed.

But, after all, Mrs. Kendal only celebrates an element of Sir Arthur's greatness which is evident to everyone. Perhaps not everyone. When Miss Olga Nethersole appears in *The Second Mrs. Tan-*

queray, she suggests a conviction of superior knowledge to Pinero's. Mrs. Tanqueray's last speech—after which she disappears into her own room and shoots herself—is, as written:

MRS. TANQUERAY: You'll see me then, at last, with other people's eyes; you'll see me just as your daughter does now, as all wholesome folks see women like me. And I shall have no weapon to fight with—not one serviceable little bit of prettiness left me to defend myself with! A worn-out creature—broken up, very likely, some time before I ought to be—my hair bright, my eyes dull, my body too thin or too stout, my cheeks raddled and ruddled—a ghost, a wreck, a caricature, a candle that gutters, call such an end what you like! Oh, Aubrey, what shall I be able to say to you then? And this is the future you talk about! I know it—I know it! [*He is still sitting facing forward; she rocks herself to and fro as if in pain.*] Oh, Aubrey! Oh! Oh!

AUBREY TANQUERAY: [*Trying to comfort her.*] Paula—!

MRS. TANQUERAY: Oh, and I wanted so much to sleep to-night! [*Laying her head upon his shoulder. From the distance, in the garden, there comes the sound of Cayley Drummle's voice; he is singing, as he approaches the house.*] That's Cayley, coming back from The Warren. [*Starting up.*] He doesn't know, evidently. I—I won't see him!

With that Paula Tanqueray disappears to her death. In Mrs. Patrick Campbell's incomparable performance, she plays the scene as Pinero wrote it. But Miss Nethersole appears to consider it more dramatic to stagger dazedly, tragically from the stage, repeating, as she goes: "To sleep, to sleep, to sleep."

But I wander from the point. In a recent chat, it seems, Sir Arthur Pinero defined to Mr. Davis his idea of the three qualities desirable, if not indeed essential, to every line written for a play. I hope neither dramatist will mind my repeating the remark: but it simply seems to me that so concise a rule—and from such an authoritative source—should not go unrecorded.

Sir Arthur's first point was that no line should be retained that did not carry the story of the play forward. Second: it should, if possible, reveal or accentuate some element of the character who speaks it. Third:—but only after having heeded both other requirements, and in their order,—the line should be as amusing in itself as the author's wit can make it.

The formula set me thinking. Many Pinero lines came back to me. I remember a distinguished critic saying that, clever as he thought *The Gay Lord Quex*, there really was only one line worthy of Pinero wit. I think he had the dramatist Pinero confused with Oscar Wilde, the epigramist. I resented the criticism at the time: now I see how very wide of the mark it was. For this was the line—and could Pinero have been truer to his principles than in it?

Someone having remarked to a frivolous, faithless, fairly youthful duchess, who wastes little time or attention on her withering old husband: "Is his Grace still very unwell?" she replies, managing a sad smile: "He is still over seventy."

But Pinero lines come bounding in upon one's memory, and with new significance. Always I realized that no type ever was better sketched in just eight words than the "coming young man," who is a failure, in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith.* The Duke of St. Olpherts sums up his nephew, Lucas Cleeve, as: "Possessing ambition without patience, self-esteem without self-confidence."

Indeed, one does not have to turn from this single play to find instances of the miniature perfection of Sir Arthur's art. Two scraps of dialogue occur to me:

MRS. EBBSMITH: And it was like this till that man married me.

MRS. THORPE: Of course, I guess your marriage was an unfortunate one.

MRS. EBBSMITH: It lasted eight years. For about twelve months he treated me like a woman in a harem, for the rest of the time like a beast of burden.

And again in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith:*

MRS. EBBSMITH: Have you seen your uncle?

LUCAS CLEEVE: A glimpse. He hadn't long risen.

MRS. EBBSMITH: He adds sluggishness to other vices, then?

LUCAS CLEEVE: He greeted me through six inches of door. His toilet has its mysteries.

MRS EBBSMITH: A stormy interview?

LUCAS CLEEVE: The reverse. He grasped my hand warmly, declared I looked the picture of health, and said it was evident I had been most admirably nursed.

Perhaps the readiest illustrations to cite to those people who extol narrative literature to the disparagement of that written for the

stage, may be found in the dramatic work of Oscar Wilde. That genius was no novice of the pen when he wrote *Lady Windermere's Fan*, the first of his modern dramas. Yet quite a third of the speeches had to be reconstructed for practical representation. They read admirably; but the author had quite disregarded theatric brevity, snap and climax. Sometimes the point came with the last word of a speech or sentence. But as frequently the effect was lost by the climacteric word occurring in the middle. And even in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, the last play Wilde wrote in English, the same readably correct, but dramatically defective, construction may be found.

It is not uninteresting to take up a printed copy of one of Oscar Wilde's modern plays just after seeing a performance of it. Try it. You will be surprised to find how many lines contain just the same words you heard from across the footlights, but in a sequence very different.

THE THEATRE: THE NEXT PHASE

H. GRANVILLE BARKER

I THINK there can be no doubt that we are fairly launched upon a striking development of the Theatre. It has been evident for some years in France, in Germany, in Russia and in Scandinavia; it is becoming evident in England; there are signs of it in America.

Now it is significant that the movements which are taking place are largely extra-theatrical. They are not fostered by the professional Theatre; they spring up often, I am sorry to say, in the face of its prejudice, a prejudice that tends to pass, though; and will pass, I think. But there is evidently a growing feeling that the development of such an art as the Theatre cannot be left solely to its professional exponents, strangled as they are apt to be in the net of speculation and competition.

We have but lately begun to feel our way to a method of establishing and promoting the arts and sciences in a democratic state. We see clearly enough that something must be done, that such things belong to good government; but because, apparently, of the dread we have of the sustained labor of clear thinking, and because of our almost unconquerable objection to the making and fulfilling of any logical and comprehensive plan, we continue to mean well and muddle.

We provide more or less publicly endowed colleges for training people in music and in painting and its kindred subjects. Nothing could be better so far. I believe the training is almost always excellent. But in practise how does it all work out? We educate a man to appreciate and interpret the beauty of Bach and Mozart and Beethoven. Then he goes out into the world to make his living. How? Unless he is a heaven-sent genius (who would have got on without the training anyhow), he is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, reduced to teaching in his turn, and at anything higher than the extremest drudgery of that game, the endowed institution (quite rightly) sweats him out of existence. It is mostly the women who come to teaching in preparatory schools, while all of their art they value most rusts from disuse. A man will play in a theatre

orchestra. You know how much attention an audience pays to music in a theatre and the sort of music you consequently get there as a rule. Worse, he will have to join one of the little bands that play for hours and hours a day at hotels and restaurants.

Remember, the next time you hear those tawdry waltzes and rag-time polkas being ground out to assist your digestion and obliterate the pauses in your chatter, that you also are being the means of inflicting insult upon men who have studied and love great music —there is no subtler spiritual torture to an artist than to be forced to degrade his art. This is not a mere flight of rhetoric. I know the facts of the case. The ludicrous part of the matter is that the solution of the problem is so obvious and easy. For a few hundred pounds a year each township could have its municipal orchestra. That would in the first place provide decent employment for musicians and decent music for the people, and as good music is so much more attractive to listen to than bad, public taste would soon demand that even restaurant music, if one must have it, should be bearable. People will listen to good music, even when they can get it for nothing.

Again; we teach thousands of people to draw and paint and model, and then turn them out—to what? Apparently with the idea that most of them will paint pretty *genre* pictures which, while some of them, in expensive gilt frames, may hang a month or two in the Academy, no one will ever buy. But as to making some organized use of all this ability in art, as to decorating (for instance) our public and semi-public buildings, why, it is as much as we can do to get them washed. I know of a band of young men, who, lest their love of work should be too long thwarted, are decorating buildings in London for the wages of house-painters, laborers. Subscriptions have to be raised to pay for putting up scaffolding.

And literature — what do we do for that, but in the way of charity (the worst way)—and surely our Civil List is the very scurviest national charity that ever existed! But literature has always been the rather proud and silent one among the arts. There is still the tradition that good work may be as well done in a garret as elsewhere. And this much is true; that pens and ink are cheap, a writer can write in a garret, publishing is not over costly, the

quantity of books that get out is amazing and the quality not perhaps on the whole so bad. But this also is generally true, that serious literature is all but barred except to men with money to live on.

And the Theatre. Well, now that the Theatre is at last being brought to a sense of its needs, it is a comfort to reflect that it is a democratic and even a rather vulgar art, and will not scruple to let the voice of its complaint be heard.

A reason in the past why nothing was done to organize the Theatre was that the powers that be were ashamed of its existence, and a difficulty in the present is that they have fallen out of their shame only to fall into fear of it, as seems to be shown by their desperate clinging to a Censorship of plays. Now that we are committed to a National Theatre as the only possible memorial to Shakespeare, it is amusing to remember the almost desperate efforts of dead and gone professors of literature (they have left some successors too) to conceal the fact that our great idol was anything so vulgar as a playwright. I wonder how Shakespeare himself would have taken the curious compliment that his plays were fitter for the study than the stage? Odd praise for a playwright, when you come to think of it. The day of the literary professor is over, we hope, just as we hope that the day is at least waning of the theatre manager, who, ignoring from his other point of view the fact that Shakespeare wrote plays, kindly proceeds before producing one of them to rewrite—or at least to reconstruct it.

As we cease to be ashamed of Shakespeare the playwright, we discover equally that we might be seeing more of his plays. For instance, I myself, who have been connected with the Theatre for twenty years, had until a few months ago never seen *King Lear*—had never had an opportunity of seeing *King Lear*. How many people here are in better case over that and over other plays? Confirmed playgoers though we may be, we are used to such a state of things and it doesn't stir us. But what would painters and lovers of painting say if the half-dozen best pictures in the National Gallery were kept locked away for fifty weeks out of the fifty-two?

It is a part of my trade to read plays and visualize their stage effect as I read them. I had read *Lear* much and fondly, but I was

electrified at things which actual performance threw into relief; I had hardly suspected the wonderful craftsmanship of the scene between blind Gloucester and mad Lear, when the dialogue only reinforces the poignancy of that devised meeting. I need not suppose that the average man is much better off than I in his knowledge of Shakespeare. Are we not neglecting and wasting our noble inheritance of his plays quite shamefully? Ought not the Shakespeare National Theatre to be opened at the very latest the day after to-morrow? We cannot get Shakespeare as we want it by private enterprise. I could bring figures and figures to prove it. But let us take the simplest evidence. We never have. And what signs are there that we ever shall? Why should not the State assume sufficient responsibility for our various artistic activities to establish a Ministry of Fine Arts, under which existing public and semi-public institutions should gradually be coördinated? One thing is certain: it would be the immediate duty of such a Ministry to build and open a National Theatre, if only for the sake of Shakespeare's plays. Why should not such a theatre be opened free? The suggestion, if not practical, is a perfectly serious one.

I don't think the enormous influence of the drama is sufficiently realized. It is primarily an emotional influence and it is principally exercised on that section of the people most open to emotional influence, men and women between the ages of 17 and 30. That is the stretch of life surely when, released from the tie of one sort of education, the other sort is in full swing—education in moral ideas, in conduct. This is gained emotionally, through art, through fiction; very largely, from the theatre. The great bulk of theatre-goers (and week by week they number millions) are men and women from 17 to 30. Is it not vital that their theatre should be of good report, clean, wholesome, making for righteousness; at the very least that there should everywhere and always be before them the choice of such a theatre?

My practical suggestion to the great provincial cities that have free Libraries and Museums and Picture Galleries, is that, if they will not think of a free Municipal Theatre, they should at least put it on a level with the Swimming Baths, build and equip it at the public expense, looking for the running expense to be met by the people

who use it. It is becoming obvious that some such plan is the only hope for giving provincial centres the current variety of good drama. With the great increase of traveling, the rich people of a big town are more and more apt to do their theatre-going in the metropolis. The filling of the cheaper seats only will not support good plays. One pleads from time to time for these Public Theatres, and worthy citizens reply that there is nothing they would better like to see, if a millionaire or two could be induced to provide them.

That does not suit me. In the first place, because I dislike cadging public institutions from rich men. It is a most unworthy habit we have got into, it seems to me. Tax it out of the rich man's income by all means; that is another matter. Of course, if there is no other way of getting such National work done well, though our pockets are pretty full of this sort of pride they must hold a little more. But in the second place I want the rich man's money for something else.

I want it to run the Theatre which is sometimes called—by the people who don't like it—the Advanced Theatre, sometimes even the Intellectual Theatre; and that is one of the most abusive epithets that one man can fling at another.

One should generally adopt the bad names that enemies bestow, for they so often become titles to fame. But there is a lonely feeling about the term Advanced Theatre which no provider of public entertainment wishes to cultivate, and Intellectual Theatre gives me a warning headache.

No, if I had to name the movement in Drama (better unnamed) that I care always most to foster, I should call it the Normal Theatre. This is a just description of the endeavor to produce normal plays about and for normal people, capable of normal success under normal conditions.

To take conditions first. If we are to trust the experience of every country in Europe, this sort of drama can only be run in repertory. To take a parallel from literature, that approaches the conditions under which normally good books are produced and sold. A publisher looks for a moderately numerous public to welcome them, and after, depends upon a slow and steady sale. For, roughly, there are two sorts of books — those which one buys to read and throw

away, and those which one places upon one's shelves, to be taken down from time to time. A condition of the normal drama's existence is that it can be on the shelf of a theatre, so that, as from time to time a reasonable number of people is likely to want to see it, it can be taken down without overwhelming trouble and expense.

Now managers must make their theatres pay. Failures are ruinously expensive, so that a success must be made to play and pay as long and as well as possible. A manager is indeed—to take a literary parallel — in the position of a publisher who can only afford to produce a book at all if he thinks that about a hundred thousand people are likely to read it, and moreover will be forced to withdraw the book from circulation altogether as soon as its readers drop below eight hundred a day. You can imagine what would become of English Literature working on terms like that. The wonder to me is that the drama gets on so well as it does. If the commercial test were strictly applied, if there were not unselfish enterprise and artistic self-respect in the question too, be assured that it would not. During the last few years I have been interestedly and disinterestedly into the figures of various Repertory Theatre schemes, complete and incomplete, and I have come to the conclusion that a Repertory Theatre cannot be made to pay in the commercial sense of the word.

I may be told that an astute money-maker like Charles Frohman differs from me — or *did* differ from me. I cannot disclose Mr. Frohman's secret heart, indeed, I don't know it, but—I wonder. One thing a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Frohman makes you sure of, that he loves the Theatre whether it gains or loses him money. He has somewhat shamed us by bringing the Repertory Theatre from the regions of talk and agitation, to be an accomplished fact. Whatever has been done or left undone, gained or lost at the Duke of York's Theatre since last February, the practicability of modern repertory has been proved and the public now knows by demonstration what a repertory theatre is. That is a definite step forward, and as far as my thanks go I want to tender them publicly to Mr. Frohman and to say that I am proud to have taken a part in his enterprise.

But I still insist that the Normal Drama needs endowment. All but its actual existence is endangered by the lack of it. I believe

that it will push on to its ultimate recognition and reward. But, as I have tried to point out, the conditions are difficult, the struggle is unfair. The men who are working at it have in most cases less distressing if less fascinating, but more remunerative, activities open to them. It will push on, I fear, crippled and incomplete, warped perhaps by too constant failure unless it can be organized and established in health and safety.

I had better proceed to define, if I can, what I mean by the Normal Drama.

It is easy enough to distinguish, I think, and difficult enough to define. When J. M. Barrie, giving his evidence before the Censorship Committee, was asked how he would distinguish a sincerely unconventional play from a catchpenny piece of riskiness, he answered that you could always tell whether a thing were well meant or not. For days everyone had been exhausting their wits to define and redefine and define again the difference between what might be medicinal and the merely noxious. But this answer was accepted, one felt the truth of it. By cultivating an artistic as well as a moral conscience —a clean palate—good taste, in fact—one can distinguish soon enough between a normal living work of art and an abnormal.

Apart from its sincerity and the little touch of life which an insincere writer never has, I think this modern drama is noticeable for its Puritan spirit, by the fact that good-naturedly, portentously, industriously or light-heartedly it makes for righteousness. And by that sign more than any other I judge that the Theatre is to be a power in England. Puritans have fought art; especially have they fought the Theatre. When the result of this battle as of many others is that the combatants join forces—a Puritan Theatre, democratic, direct in its appeal, might be a formidable power.

But of course the obvious test of the Normal Drama is in its normality, in the fact that it does try to present, not an unprejudiced view of life (that would be dull), but an undistorted view. No, this is not Satan rebuking sin. I protest that our struggle has been to capture the Theatre, now occupied in the interests on the one hand of the young lady who will sacrifice her dinner for the play, and on the other of the gentleman who cannot receive it except at nine o'clock on a basis of seven (hurried) courses with wine—to

capture the Theatre in the interests of the average man—raised to his highest power, perhaps — but I protest the average man and woman. For it is their interest that must be consulted (and the sooner the better, if, as I think, the Theatre—with music—is marked out as the art of the immediate future—of the next hundred years).

It may well be so, for the Theatre, at least, answers to so many of the conditions and requirements of modern life. The simple fact that it is a sociable art, bringing people together, is one point in its favor; since the domestic history of the English middle-classes during the last hundred years consists largely of the efforts to break up the English home, in the sense of dragging its inmates of an evening away from the narrowness of their own fireside. Incidentally, let us notice what an effect the shortening of working hours may have on the art and literature market. The theatre a man chooses after eight hours' work is often not the theatre he chooses after ten hours' work, which, again, seems more like the theatre chosen by a man who has not worked at all. If our workers had a little more leisure and our idlers a little less our taste in art might level up considerably.

In its very nature the art of the Theatre is most apt for the expression of modern life. For it is a complex art, concentrated and strenuous in form. And the art of writing a good play is much as the art of living a fruitful life nowadays, preëminently the art of selection. Society during the last century has undergone a great change. Our distinctive effort now is to realize just what that change has been and to adapt ourselves to it. Does not such a state of things more than any other seem to call for interpretation by the vivid art of the Theatre and more especially for that objective side of it—comedy?

I see the Theatre of the average man weighted in favor of a comedy which shall reflect and clarify, honestly and humorously, many aspects of the confused life around him. I think he will have no use—already he begins to have little use—for a Theatre which would persuade him at every visit that life is mostly love-making. The average woman certainly begins to be bored by the never-changing picture of herself created for no other purpose than to be made love to; when she is past it she may indulge in scandal to

develop the plot. Can life not be interesting if lived on less than £5,000 a year? Is a Duke only dramatic when viewed from the angle of a shop-girl? I say that this is the distorted view of life. This is the *ab*normal drama. The normal drama is—comprehensively—all the rest.

No, this does not open up a dry-as-dust educational prospect. Nothing is more stimulating and amusing than comedy at its most modern to those who are quick-minded and healthy-minded enough to be amused by it.

No, I do not exclude romance. I personally cannot take to the low-pressure romance which is sentiment. But Romance as Kipling sings of it—when one has lost the 8:50 train, Romance bringing up the 9:15—who would not welcome and be ready to thrive on the oxygen of it?

Yes, I do want beauty—all the beauty that we can honestly pay for with truth.

If this normal drama is to develop healthily among us, several things are necessary. Let me name four. It must be put upon an economic footing. No art—the art of the Theatre or any other—can flourish upon speculation and by cut-throat competition. It must be free. Men do not struggle idly for freedom, and since it is the Puritans of the Theatre who lead the battle, they are likely to have their way.

The third thing which the normal Theatre demands is a highly trained body of actors for its interpretation. In the eighteen hundred and eighties, when a new style of play was ousting an old style of acting, the cry went up—foolishly enough from the old actors—that anyone could act this sort of stuff. When a little later the Ibsen movement produced a yet newer style of play, the new-old actor caught up the cry. As the theory absolved bright young stage-aspirants from any trouble but that of obtaining an engagement, they found it a convenient one and the result to English acting in general is to this very moment appalling. So far from the theory being true, the acting of a modern play requires not only all the physical skill which was an old actor's pride, but a mental and emotional agility too, possessed to the full at present by only a few of our very best actors, for indeed it comes not save by prayer and

fasting. The Theatre was at such a pass of mere clumsiness and bad elocution that some years ago Sir Herbert Tree public-spiritedly founded a dramatic school, now flourishing under a revised constitution as the Academy of Dramatic Art. The work is cramped, perhaps a little cheapened, for lack of funds, and though I strongly hold this business of training actors to be a public business, still if any millionaire has money he would like to throw in this particular direction, here is an institution which perhaps would be open to an offer. I would like him to make it on very stringent conditions though. In the first place, I hope the Academy will become a part of the National Theatre Organization, when that is in being. In the second place, it seems to me that we have formed no definite conception yet of what an actor's training should be. In all the acting I know, too little attention has been paid to the constituents of the art—too little to the causes of the effects;—too much to the effects themselves. A school of acting should perhaps be a gymnasium in the widest sense of the word, where every faculty of expression should be developed and exercised, but each for its own sake. The training over, those who survived it would act because they couldn't help it; the ideal condition of the artist. It is quite certain that what a normal playwright needs is interpreters whom one can look at and listen to with pleasure for half an hour or so on end (it's a great demand to make), in spite of the boring things they may have to say. I hate slovenliness in writing plays or in acting them. We must stop dignifying it by the name of Realism and put it behind us.

The fourth thing needful—and it isn't really, but it would be helpful —is a little more open-mindedness in most of the critics of the Normal Drama.

I say open- and not fair-mindedness, for I steadfastly believe, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, that to be a dramatic critic is to be a fair-minded man. But I am puzzled by the general critical attitude toward the Normal Drama. Is it the same in all other arts? Does the critic universally look on himself as the guardian of a sacred tradition, that a play or a picture or a piece of music shall be this or that and no other, because (apparently) in the near or remoter past some special revelation was accorded us to the

effect? It is not so that I view the arts or read the history of their progress. Does the critic admit progress in the arts? Artists, I am sure, would be most willing to admit progress in the science of criticism upon any terms, if only they could discover some signs of it.

In the drama we are constantly referred to the sayings of a person called Aristotle. I have nothing to urge against them, and their quotation when one of Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides appears would seem to me entirely appropriate, though even then I might prefer Euripides wrong to Aristotle right. But if the first words about the drama, however illuminating, are to be treated in any way whatsoever as if they must be the last, then I protest. The drama is alive, and about life there is nothing final to be said. I protest that in art nothing but its physical boundaries should be taken for granted. A recent article in the *Times*, about characterization in drama, was very interesting, but its interest was vitiated for me by the assumption of the writer that the drama could fundamentally only deal with emotion. If he used the word in its strict sense, that is such a truism as not to be worth saying, for the very appearance of a human figure on the stage must cause emotion. If he meant (and I presume he did) what is vulgarly thought of as emotion, he may be right, but why try to make it an axiom of the Theatre in the sense that the distance a spectator can see or hear must be an axiom? That is to obstruct a rightly open path along which some pioneer of the drama may wish, at his own peril, to proceed. To strike at the living future of an art, most of all in the name of its dead past, is a heinous sin. Surely the sign of life in art has always been the revolt against tradition, the determination to remold the old forms which will no longer perfectly contain or express the new spirit. It is very certain that the Theatre of to-day presents tasks that the Theatre of yesterday did not. New tasks cannot always be accomplished in the old ways, and it is an ill service to those who undertake them, this terrorizing either in the name of Aristotle or another. I rejoiced to read the other day that this ancient Greek (I had long suspected him) once announced to a gaping antiquity that ten pounds of lead would fall through the air with ten times the velocity of one pound. This uncalled-for statement, made doubtless for the sole purpose of filling

an odd corner of his encyclopædia, was supported for two thousand years by scientific critics and only disproved when Galileo, a practical scientist, proceeded to the top of the leaning tower of Pisa and dropped the weights in question metaphorically upon the Aristotelian toes. Which thing is a parable. No sincere artist is ever wilfully perverse or obscure. He has enough trouble without that to find out the exact method of adequately expressing what he has to say. But find it out he must—find it out for himself; no one else's method, however admirable, will quite do. He must find it out by failure — buying his experience — possibly never succeeding altogether. But that is the burden of the artist, and helpful criticism, to find out where he has failed and why, must first of all have the sympathy to discover just what it is he is trying to do. That, I suggest, is the burden of the critic: to leave the cocksureness of dogma and its foot-mile measurements and to walk with an open mind.

The next time you see in the papers that such and such a piece is "not a play," please book your seats at once before the management is compelled to remove it; first, because you may, open-mindedly, find it very interesting; second, because it is more than likely to be a piece of mine. I will ask the next critic who uses the term to explain in return just what a play is and all that it is, and to explain it without reference to any authority whatever. A play is anything that can be made effective upon the stage of a theatre by human agency. And I am not sure that this definition is not too narrow. But it remains a helpful definition, calculated to attract to the work of the Theatre men of originality and force. That is why, incidentally, we must go on breaking new ground, enlarging the boundaries of the drama, fitting it for every sort of expression. When we deserve it (I hope not before) a new dramatic genius will arise. He will neither break laws nor obey them. He will make laws, and there will happily be no questioning. And he must find the Theatre ready for him. Meanwhile, we lesser men are doing our best and doing it of very set purpose.

THE WASTREL

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Once, when I was little, as the Summer dark was falling,
Among the purple upland fields I lost my barefoot way;
The road to home was hidden fast, and frightful shadows, crawling
Along the sky-line, swallowed up the last kind light of day;
And then I seemed to hear you
In the twilight, and be near you;
Seemed to hear your dear voice calling—
Through the meadows, calling, calling—
And I followed and I found you,
Flung my tired arms around you,
And rested on the mother-breast, returned, tired out, from play.

Down the years that followed, though I trod strange paths unheeding,
Though I chased the jack-o'-lanthorns of so many maddened years,
Though I never looked behind me where the home-lights were receding,
Though I never looked enough ahead to see the Inn of Fears;
Still I knew your heart was near me,
That your ear was strained to hear me,
That your love would need no pleading
To forgive me, but was pleading
Of its self that, in disaster,
I should run to you the faster
And be sure that I was dearer for your sacrifice of tears.

Now on life's last Summertime the long last dusk is falling,
And I, who trod one way so long, can tread no other way
Until at death's dim crossroads I watch, hesitant, the crawling
Night passages that maze me with the ultimate dismay.
Then when Death and Doubt shall blind me—
Even then—I know you'll find me:
I shall hear you, Mother, calling—
Hear you calling—calling—calling:
I shall fight and follow—find you
Though the grave-clothes swathe and bind you,
And I know your love will answer: "Here's my laddie home from play!"

EDWARD CARPENTER'S MESSAGE TO HIS AGE

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

Edward Carpenter, to use his own words, is one of those—

"who dream the impossible dream, and it comes true; who hear the silent prayers; who accept the trampling millions, as the earth, dreaming, accepts the interminable feet of her children; who dream the dream which all men always declare futile; who dream the hour which is not yet on earth, and, lo! it strikes."

In these days of storm and stress, not only in politics, but in morals and personal faith, it is refreshing to study the works of a man who is at peace with himself; who, at once subtle and simple, has reached personal serenity. There is nothing so certain to confound the tangible as the intangible. The true idealist is the mover of men and communities. When God whispers him in the ear, as Browning puts it, there and then the newer thought, the wider plan in the progress of human affairs, is a certainty. When a man joins on to the expression of his vision the simple expression of himself, and walks in and out among his fellows, content to ignore mere culture and intellectualism, but not content to ignore a single phase of suffering, we have a subtle, far-reaching influence which confounds the worldly wise, and helps the strugglers of this world toward a newer vision.

Edward Carpenter is such a driving force. Probably no man of the age has just the same all-round message for the vital needs of the age as this man. His philosophy has a subtle suggestiveness for every-day use in politics, economics, morals, domesticity, and all the complexities of modern civilization. His practical aims and suggestions are worth what they are because, to Carpenter, first and foremost, the things of the spirit are essential. It is the mystic in him which drives him to the socialist's working ground, where the aim among the true socialist workers is to give to every man and every woman on earth an equal opportunity with every other man and every other woman. Their perfectly just cry for equality, and the plea of the masses to gain the rights which the

classes monopolize, in many mouths merely means that there should be a turning of tables; that the laborer should step into the dull shoes of the tyrant, whose god may possibly not be his belly, but often seems to be his banking account. A transference from the classes to the masses of materialistic well-being is no solution of the social evil.

It is the seer in Carpenter which makes him take the part of his fur-coated and four-footed brothers against the vivisectionist and the slaughter-house torturer. To him nothing is low or mean, and our brothers the animals come in for his love and mercy as much as the outcast, and even the self-righteous.

He is not merely a vegetarian, a socialist, an anarchist. Fads are, indeed, his abhorrence. He is a seer in the only real sense of that word, for he is one who sees and loves beyond himself. His message is the message of one who sees clearly, who thinks sanely, and who lives uncompromisingly. "Ask no questions," he says; "all that you have, for love's sake, spend." It is the visionary which makes him do any bit of practical scavenging, so to speak, to clear the world of lust and hypocrisy, disguised under the names of love and expediency.

Carpenter is not the practical man with a glimpse of his vision. He is the man of vision, who, as a consequence, an imperative outcome of his vision, demands a practical output for his ideals. The prophet in him lays a stress upon simplification of life, not because he believes it to be an end in itself, but because it is a means to an end.

Few of us, even the poorest, have actually put in practise the true conditions of the simplicity of life, for nothing is so elaborate and involved and wasteful as the way the poor live. They have no knowledge of the simplest digestible cooking, and the domestic method and cleanliness in their homes, if it exists, is obtained at an expenditure of energy and nerve-strain which is pitiable. Many tiny homes could be rendered beautiful to-day, and many faces made bright and cheery, in spite of bad wages, if the owners of the homes understood true simplicity of living.

In all his work, as in his life, Carpenter makes no compromise with the practical difficulties of the moment. Here and now, he

declares, the rich and the poor alike can begin to live beautifully and simply. Life can be reduced to terms of sense and beauty as apart from extravagance and show. His followers mistake him when they consider that his ideal of simplification — his sandal-wearing and his vegetarianism—are the main outcome of the great message he has for his age. They are mere details of his social solution toward the equality of opportunity involved in any rational socialistic or even Christian teaching, for socialism is a mere detail in a much wider scheme of reform.

Carpenter's emphasis, again, on a minimum of clothing, is not a plea for a return to savagery, but the demand of Nature's child that there should be as few wrappings as possible between the temple of the body and the Holy Ghost encompassing it. He insists on a vote for women, not because the vote in itself is essential to the true life of either a man or a woman, but because justice is, and what is just for the man in this question is just for the woman. He would induce men to become vegetarians, not because the eating of flesh is an accursed thing, but because cruelty and hardness of heart, which as yet are bound up with the killing of animals, are accursed things. He would strive to alter the prison system, not because he fails to perceive that suffering and discipline are necessary for reform, but because he realizes that the mental attitude of the judge toward the offender is often to-day as anti-social and anti-Christian as the attitude of the offender toward society.

Carpenter's value as a reformer is, that his message or philosophy can be applied equally to the right making of a pudding or the fine framing of new national laws, and yet the very pith of his message has to do with the things which are not temporal, but eternal. People who consider themselves practical and hard-headed say, "Yes, idealism is all very well, but I want something tangible." Let them realize, then, that they can have it in Carpenter's message. A thought produced the steam-engine; and the Christ whom we slay every hour and worship every Sunday only gave us thoughts to mold into action.

Twenty years ago it was quite a usual thing to hear Edward Carpenter spoken of as a madman, an impossible eccentric, and a teacher of dangerous doctrines. The forerunner, then, was disowned

by the crowd. It is usual enough now to hear this same man spoken of as a divine messenger, a prophet, a seer.

The transition from condemnation to recognition in the case of this particular teacher has been curiously swift. Why is this? Simply because the man himself and his message are really expressions of what is actually round about us. Edward Carpenter, even as a personality, is not so rare a manifestation of individual harmony as he was twenty years ago, for the simple reason that sincerity, singleness, and simplicity are contagious, and are even becoming fashionable. Edward Carpenter is now only one of very many teachers of democratic mysticism, though on some matters he still remains curiously alone. Perhaps his own words in the beginning of *Towards Democracy* express this:

"I am the poet of hitherto unuttered joy.

"A little bird told me the secret in the night, and henceforth I go about seeking to whom to whisper it.

"I see the heavens laughing, I discern the half-hidden faces of the gods wherever I go, I see the transparent-opaque veil in which they hide themselves, yet I dare not say what I see, lest I should be locked up!

"Children go with me, and rude people are my companions. I trust them, and they me. Day and night we are together and are content.

"To them what I would say is near; yet is it in nothing that can be named, or in the giving or taking of any one thing; but rather in all things."

Carpenter has found out what he believes in and he is living it, and is perfectly and serenely happy, as a man or woman only can be happy when the inner and outer life harmonize. He has deliberately cast aside all pretenses of living in order to live in reality. This perhaps is what makes his great practical value for us, as out of this has grown the inner light in the man which is so strangely beautiful. He is a man of wisdom more than of mere knowledge —the wisdom which is childlike, saintlike, and in him distinctly pagan too.

Carpenter's development was a gradual one, from the Broad Church point of view to the sanest conclusions of a spiritual democrat. He was once a curate under Frederick Maurice. He slowly

but surely began to realize that he could not go on preaching under limited conditions, so he left the Church.

He was a Cambridge lecturer, and during his extension work in different towns he began to look into the lives of the poor, the criminal, the chanceless, and the despised. This brought him nearer to socialism, and he abandoned talking and began to think. He was not actually poor, and so had leisure to come to conclusions, but he soon left the "undesirable mansions," with their conventions, and came to his own. His discovery of Walt Whitman was the means to this end; and it is extremely interesting to the student of both men to note their apparent likeness and their fundamental differences.

Carpenter found himself through Walt Whitman; but the temperaments of the two men, and, in consequence, their messages, are both individual and valuable in different ways. Carpenter began to realize that no cleric, no middle-class idler, no conventional philanthropist, no mere self-seeker or maxim-maker, and no insincere person, can radically alter institutions till they have altered themselves. It is always a painful process to re-adjust life on a new basis. Carpenter has never regretted doing this, though to the casual observer he seemed to have nothing left. He abandoned office, position, social fussiness and entanglements, and lived a simple life in a cottage. He had found peace and had delivered himself from all shams of every sort and kind.

To the believer in luxuries, to the dweller in cities, to the bewildered but strenuous philanthropist, it could not seem anything but the act of a madman that Carpenter should live the life of a simple workman and refuse to compete with or enslave his fellow men or to eat animals. That he could reduce life to simplicity without making himself inefficient or miserable seemed to many impossible. To dream dreams and to see new spiritual visions as a sequel to hard work seemed too absurd a solution of a social problem. Happily the marriage of ideas between the East and the West has begun to teach us that a man's real life does not, cannot, exist in externals, nor does it wholly consist in strenuous action, but in the possession of one's own soul and its peace.

"Do not be discouraged by the tiny insolences of people," says Carpenter; "for yourself, be only careful that you are true."

To this man it appears that it is not so much what happens that matters, for life is a very tiny stage in a very long journey, according to him. The happy man is not the one who has possessions, but who has himself in possession. This socialist seems to say that it is not what we gain, but what we *are* that matters. His democracy does not demand only that a man shall return to the community an equivalent of what he takes from it, but it demands also that he should "walk in and out among his fellows accepted," returning to them some of his own inner vision.

Edward Carpenter is a prophet of the soul and of the body. He proclaims the emancipation of the soul through the completion of its relation to the body. In his gospel paganism and Christianity are not at war, but are allies. All our faculties, all our instincts, and even all our weaknesses, are so much raw material to aid the life of the soul. To over-emphasize the body is to hide the soul.

"The body," he declares, "is the root of the soul." To despise the body, as the ascetic, is as stupid as to despise the soul. To despise the soul is to miss the subtleties and sweetnesses of all the wonderful functions of the body.

"The soul invading," makes the body its temple, according to Carpenter, and its desires thus become educative and righteous when they are understood. Perhaps one of the most beautiful things Edward Carpenter has interpreted for us is the way the real self enters into relationship with the body. In *The Art of Creation* he says—

"that the individual should conceive and know himself, not as a toy and chance product of his own bodily heredity, but as identified and continuous with the Eternal Self, of which his body is a manifestation: this is indeed to begin a new life and to enter a hitherto undreamed world of possibilities."

"Beware," he says elsewhere, "lest it [the body] become thy grave and thy prison instead of thy winged abode and palace of joy.

"For there is nothing that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it; and there is no good thing that is not evil, if it have mastery over a man;

"And there is no passion or power, or pleasure or pain, or created thing whatsoever, which is not ultimately for man and for his use—or which he need be afraid of, or ashamed at.

"The ascetics and the self-indulgent divide things into good and evil—as it were to throw away the evil;

"But things cannot be divided into good and evil, but are all good so soon as they are brought into subjection."

This idea, that "the soul's slow disentanglement" is dependent on the way we use, not crush, the powers of the body now, is startling in its truth. His very insistence on the body's claim makes us feel, as we read him, that he knows the soul is ultimately all.

"In the antechambers of the body, beautiful as they are, you shall look in vain for the Master. In the antechamber of the intellect, important as it is, it is vain to tarry. In the antechambers of art and morality you shall not tarry overlong. All conventions left aside, all limitations passed, all shackles dropped, the husks and sheaths of ages falling off, at length the wanderer returns to Heaven."

And again:

"When the ideal has once alighted, when it has looked forth from the windows, with ever so passing a glance upon the earth, then we may go in to supper, you and I, and take our ease; the rest will be seen to."

This optimist, and materialist too if you like, but above all mystic and spiritualist, tells us calmly that there must be no less scrubbing of doorsteps for us (if that happens to be our work) because of this new vision of welded souls and bodies making for immortality. The stimulating fact in Carpenter's philosophy is, that out of the humanizing of any instinct from the animalism primarily involved in it, comes the true spiritualization of it. First the root, the human; then the flower, the spiritual.

"The main thing is," he says, "that the messenger is perhaps even now at your door: see that you are ready for his arrival.

"A little child, a breath of air, an old man hobbling on crutches, a bee lighting on the page of your book, who knows whom he may send?

"Some one diseased or dying, some friendless, outcast, criminal—one whom it shall ruin your reputation to be seen with—yet see that you are ready for his arrival."

"The stones," he says, "for his temple, are anywhere and everywhere; the temple-roof is the sky.

"The materials are the kettle boiling on the fire, the bread in the oven, the washing-dolly, the axe, the gavelock—the product is God.

"And the little kitchen where you live, the shelves, the pewter, the nightly lamp, the fingers and faces of your children—a finished and beautiful Transparency of your own Body."

There is no shirking there of every-day duties, no lethargy or swoon of the spirit, no indecent haste to save one's own soul and let the bodies of men suffer for need of our helping hands. "If I am not level with the lowest, I am nothing," says this man. Only "from yourself to yourself I can deliver you, and from the bonds of action"—never from action itself, only from hurry, self-importance, husks and empty masks of worldly wisdom, fear, self-interest, and cruelty. From these he would have us absolutely disentangle ourselves.

In his work, as in his life, Carpenter makes no compromise with the practical difficulties of the moment. Here and now, he says, each individual can begin to realize and to do the highest he knows. Democratic in the real sense, he tells us plainly how the true democracy can be evolved. Perhaps Carpenter does not place enough insistence on beauty as not only not harmful, but absolutely essential to any condition of true living.*

So many people think, if they have an ill-fitting dress, eat a badly cooked dinner, and have no ravishment in the clean, sweet uses of the senses, they are leading a moral life. It is a profound depth of immorality to be able to live without beauty, and perhaps the most tragic thing in our social system is, that while one class has a surfeit of luxury and show, which they mistake for beauty, another class is deprived of beauty altogether. It is more beauty we want, and less luxury. The moment capitalists or millionaires became imbued with Carpenter's spirit, they would be content to die possessed of one pound and fourpence-halfpenny, as Cardinal Manning died, because they would have distributed all they had to those who were handicapped in the race of life. This is not an insane idea. It is only the Christianity we preach and forget to live.

But, though the man imbued with Carpenter's message would

* Even in *Angels' Wings,* a volume of essays dealing mainly with art, he is chiefly concerned with moral and social questions.

only care to die poor, he would see to it during his life that every useful thing about him was beautiful, because then it would not only give adequate payment to the makers, but give them sheer joy in their work. The very curse of modern civilization is the rush and hurry to make shoddy things, which do not spiritually benefit the one who makes them or the one who uses them.

Most of us who believe in the other side of things at all, believe that there, at any rate, will be an increase in beauty. The best preparation for that is to get as much loveliness as we can out of the raw material we have on earth, and to see to it, above all, that every other man and woman gets it too. The lack of beauty is as demoralizing as the lack of food.

To feed souls and bodies should be the aim of any nation calling itself, not only righteous, but sane and practical. Some form of labor ought to become the daily portion of all of us, so that we allow men and women, as far as possible, to be ends in themselves, and not mere means to the private ends of another. Edward Carpenter, the practical seer, declares that it is mainly in doing these necessary things that the spiritual insight comes.

To rid life of snobbery and class prejudice tends toward the understanding of the criminal and the sufferer, apart from all questions of philanthropy and expediency. The vice of separateness is to Carpenter the veritable sin against the Holy Ghost. Perhaps it is this attitude of democratic solidarity, combined with visionary mysticism, which places him in the forefront of modern teachers.

We may read Carpenter's gospel and honestly declare that it is too hard for us, but the peace beyond all mere moralities or intellectualisms breathes from it. Of course his religion is mainly of the spirit, and to many, as yet, the work of the soul seems unreal and without apparent result in politics, commerce, and the daily struggle of life. For these, the mystic Carpenter has a practical demand. Leave soul alone then, he seems to say, and don't batten on bodies, either human or brute, and the rest will be seen to. This man, who sometimes appears to be almost sentimentally lenient to the sinner, can thunder out invectives against the "philanthropic chatterboxes" and the hinderers of real life. In the beginning of his *Towards Democracy* his sledge-hammer eloquence leaves us no

doubt of his views about social parasitism. Carpenter, however, being the seer and not the mere social democrat, knows there is a great hope, a big reality of living, behind these conventional contortions.

"Apart from all evil," he says, "from all that seems to you evil, your soul, my friend, that toward which you aspire, your true Self, rides above your phantasmal self continually. If there were chance it were evil, but there is not. The soul surrounds chance and takes it captive."

It is this phantasmal self, with its masks and antics, he would have us understand and gradually slip away from to our real self, and this demand is at the root of Carpenter's philosophy.

"To be Yourself, to have measureless trust, to enjoy all, to possess nothing. To entertain no possible fear or doubt about the upshot of things. To be Yourself, to have measureless Trust. Perhaps that is best of all?"

This knowledge he expresses in almost a sentence: "Deep as the universe is my life, and I know it; nothing can dislodge the knowledge of it; nothing can destroy, nothing can harm me."

Here is the secret of all this man's peace: his belief in the ultimate upshot of things and his readiness to accept the small and the great demands which direction, not chance, bring to his hand. From this combination of belief and action he finds what are the real inner meanings of freedom and joy, love and death, about which we all ponder and agonize when the masks are laid aside and our real selves are face to face with our phantasmal selves. He is single, and so his weaknesses have ceased to be hypocrisies and his virtues are not grim and heavy. He is too much of a humorist to be a mere ethical leader. He is too much of a woman to be completely and dogmatically logical; and he is so much a child that he has neared the beginnings of essential wisdom. The man who could write *Squinancy Wort* and the *Baby Song* could never be anything but a large, human-hearted seer of the sweetnesses and mysticisms of what is very small and very large.

"Freedom," says Carpenter, "has to be won afresh every morning"—the freedom of the spirit, wherein joy dwells, and doubt and

fear are cast aside. The forming of the wings of man beneath the outer husk is a slow process, and almost, according to Carpenter, a matter of habit. "Freedom must be won afresh every morning." Alongside this command, all through his work, there is a refrain which seems at one with Nature: "Do not hurry; have faith." Always in his philosophy we find dualities. Here we have activity and resignation. We are to act, but not to be caught in the bonds of the act. We are to aid in getting toward the upshot of things, but never to be concerned at apparent failure, disaster, or loss. With the calm assurance of one who knows, he tells us that sorrow is a gift of gifts, the revealer of joy, and that death, wrongly called the arch-fiend, is the way to freedom and joy and expansion. Death, to him, is indeed a mere "passing along." "Death shall change as the light in the morning changes; death shall change as the light 'twixt moonset and dawn." And again:

"Oh, blessed is he that has passed away!

"Blessed, alive or dead, whom the bitter taunts of existence reach not—nor betrayals protruded from dear faces, nor weariness, nor cold, nor pain—dwelling in heaven, and looking forth in peace upon the world.

"Blessed, thrice blessed, by day, by night! Blessed who sleeps with him; blessed who eats, walks, talks; blessed who labors in the field beside him; blessed whoever, though he be dead, shall know him to be eternally near."

In his poem, *To One who is Where the Eternal are*, we have the more personal note, and at the end we get the simple wisdom of one who has lost and then found, and for whom the "noiseless wing" has no more terrors. "Man has to learn to die, quite simply and naturally, as the child has to learn to walk," he says.

It is not only toward death itself that Carpenter presents a new conception of values, so to speak. He has comfort for those who find a death in life through being denied just those things which seem to be advantages and passports to social help, friendly relationships, and lovely joys.

"What if your prayers had been granted? What if you had become exceptional, and had secured for yourself a place with the strong and the gifted and the beautiful? What if, when you arrived,

the eyes of all had been turned upon you: and when you passed by—one by one—sad, thoughtful, depressed, the weak more conscious of his or her weakness, the stupid more conscious of stupidity, the deformed more painfully conscious of his or her deformity, to their solitary chambers, they had gone apart and prayed they had never been born?

"What if you had taken advantage of the weak and defenseless and oppressed of the whole earth, and had bartered away belief in the soul standing omnipotent in the most despised things? What if you had gladly disguised and covered your own defect, allowing thus the ignorant ridicule of the world to fall more heavily on those who could not or would not act a lie?

"What if you had been a rank deserter, a cowardly slave, taking refuge always with the stronger side? Ah! what if to one weary traveler in the world, in the steep path painfully mounting, you, making it steeper still, had added the final stone of stumbling and despair?

"Better to be effaced, crazy, criminal, deformed, degraded. Better, instead of the steep, to be the most dull, flat, and commonplace road.

"Better to go clean underfoot of all weak and despised persons, so that they shall not even notice that you are there;

"None so rude and uneducated but you shall go underfoot of them; none so criminal but you shall, when the occasion serves, go underfoot of them; none so outcast but they shall pass along you and not even notice that you are there."

In Carpenter's philosophy, "far around and beyond whatever is exceptional and illustrious in human life stretches that which is average and unperceived." His love of humanity is not the posing half-hearted philanthropy of gentlefolk, but an understanding of the pains of human growth, and a loving acceptance of all limitations of the body and soul by one who is seer enough to know the end.

Of love, death's twin, Carpenter has much to say. Here the forerunner is indeed in evidence, for he holds the secret how to "make thyself fit for the perfect love which awaits, and which can alone satisfy thee." His interpretation of love is far enough removed from the conventional idea of absorption, possession, almost feudalistic tyranny. It is the love of the real lover who only wants to bless and not to hold, to give and not to take. To realize ever so little Carpenter's idea of love is to approach the time when there

will be no chains and no vulgarity in love, no divorce courts, no revenge, no social inquisition for the reform of personal emotions, no unselfish selfishness, for there will be only love in its rare loveliness, which makes for life and breadth and joy and unity, and which cannot hinder or injure, simply because it is love.

Carpenter has realized that self-absorbed, possessive love, however apparently unselfish, is death, and chains the one who gives and the one who takes.

"Who loves the mortal creature, ending there, is no more free. He has given himself away to death.

"For him the slimy black form lies in wait at every turn, befouling the universe;

"Yet he who loves must love the mortal, and he who would love perfectly must be free:

"(Love—glorious though it be—is a disease as long as it destroys or even impairs the freedom of the soul.)

"Therefore, if thou wouldst love, withdraw thyself from love.

"Make it thy slave, and all the miracles of nature shall lie in the palm of thy hand."

"Return into thyself, content to give, but asking no one, asking nothing;

"In the calm light of His splendor Who fills all the universe, the imperishable, indestructible of ages, dwell thou, as thou canst dwell, contented."

All the way through Carpenter's books, what he makes us feel is, that nothing and no one can rob us of our real life, which is from within, and which can only gradually develop through pain and loss and disentanglement, not seen as these, but as sheaths covering the new life of the soul.

"Not," he says, "by running out of yourself after it, comes the love which lasts a thousand years.

"If to gain another's love you are untrue to yourself, then you are also untrue to the person whose love you would gain.

"Him or her whom you seek will you never find that way, and what pleasure you have with them will haply only end in pain.

"Remain steadfast, knowing that each prisoner has to endure in patience till the season of his liberation. When the love comes which is for you, it will turn the lock easily and loose your chains—

"Being no longer whirled about nor tormented by winds of uncertainty, but part of the organic growth of God himself in time—

"Another column in the temple of immensity—

"Two voices added to the eternal choir."

Edward Carpenter is indeed a forerunner, not only of a robust and sane democracy, but of a sincere spirituality, a spirituality which cannot be content to preach or merely be preached to, but must manifest itself in love. Where this man's great value lies is in his absolute belief in and reverence for, not only Nature and humanity, but that unnameable something behind all material manifestations which makes the whole scheme of things logical and trustworthy. To be at one in faith with this is to have reached that peace which passes all intellectual understanding; and Carpenter has realized very clearly just the few ways in which it can be revealed. In Carpenter, though you find the spiritual food which satisfies, you also find the necessary warning to retain common sense and sanity by his plea for definite democratic action in this world.

Like Whitman, he believes that social regeneration will come through a robust democracy. He would say to a believer: "Just because you have faith in these inner things, do your practical work as a true man or woman. Shun nothing, despise no one, and do the thing at your hand as perfectly as it is possible for you to do it. The delicate perceptions, the great inner knowledge, are not hindered, but strengthened in this way."

And thus he gives the note of warning:

"Anyhow, courage is better than conventionality. Take your stand and let the world come round to you. Do not think you are right and everybody else wrong. If you think you are wrong, then you may be right; but if you think you are right, then you are certainly wrong. Your deepest, highest moral conceptions are only for a time. They have to give place. They are the envelopes of freedom, that eternal freedom which cannot be represented, that peace which passes understanding. Somewhere here is the invisible vital principle, the seed within the seed. It may be held but not thought, felt but not represented, except by life and history. Every individual, so far as he touches this, stands at the source of social progress."

THE REGENERATION OF CHILD LIFE BY MEANS OF THE RÖNTGEN RAY

ROSA PENDLETON CHILES

Perhaps no research of the present decade means more than the studies of Dr. Thomas Morgan Rotch, Professor of Pediatrics in Harvard University. The subjects to which he has devoted himself cover a broad range of diseases in which the Röntgen Ray is of paramount service, but probably the most interesting and helpful feature of his investigations is that upon which he bases his plea for the grading of children in schools and determining their fitness to begin work in factories by anatomic rather than chronologic age, the anatomic age to be decided by the use of the X-Ray.

At no time in the history of the world has more thought been given to the problems of child life than now. The child is the central psychologic study. His problems are no longer those of the anxious mother and the faithful nurse, supplemented by the sympathetic thought of the family physician; they are the problems of the most advanced educators, physicians, scientists, and economists. More significant still is the growing conception that the child is the ward of the State. He no longer belongs solely to the home. The Spartan idea has been revived, though fortunately deprived of its harshness by broader conceptions of obligation; while the State and the medical profession now claim the substantial right to assist in regulating the child's life, they violate no sacred right of the home, and this is as it should be. All researches in his behalf and all plans for his education and training by those who are beginning to see that their responsibility in the early years of the child's life is scarcely less than that of the parents themselves, are based upon distinctive obligation to him; and upon this ground Dr. Rotch argues that great injustice has unintentionally been done the child by making his age in months and years the index of his ability. Too often, as we know, such an arrangement has resulted in the ruin of health, mind, or prospects, sometimes in the ruin of all; therefore it has become necessary to find a better and less varying rule to follow in guiding the child's early efforts; his forces must be conserved, he must be

given a chance to develop normally and preserve his highest possibilities at every stage of his life.

The corrective offered by Dr. Rotch is very simple and capable of becoming highly practicable; it rests upon a combination of chronologic, physiologic, and anatomic conditions, though in his conclusions he virtually leaves out the first, as unreliable, and considers the last two as one, with the reservation that much work is yet to be done to prove " that deductions made from a physiologic standpoint can be properly used when compared with anatomic conditions." That is, the physiologic may be correct, and often is; but if so, it must coincide with the anatomic, which is always absolutely correct.

Anatomic grading can be accurately done, Dr. Rotch says, by means of the Röntgen Ray. A Röntgenograph of the child's hand taken every six months indicates the anatomic development, especially of the wrist, where the epiphyses, or superficial ends of the bones that ossify separately, gradually increase in size until they unite with the main shaft. According to the stage of development of these epiphyses should be the stage of development of his whole anatomy, his whole physical organism, and his whole mental organism.

Some explanation of what the epiphyses are and of what they mean to the health and vigor of the individual may be necessary for those who are unfamiliar with the growing anatomy. In writing of them Dr. Rotch says: " The epiphyses are the most important centres of the skeleton, for on them depends its future development, especially in infancy and childhood, and when these centres are impaired there result far reaching influences in later life. A thorough knowledge of the different changes which take place in even these small areas is very important, for these centres are where disease may begin, from which disease may disseminate, and where it may lead to disastrous consequences by leaving its permanent marks." As an index, then, to the child's physical condition, his powers of resistance and endurance, and his capacity for work, these small bone centres are of vast importance.

As we are to consider the hand alone, we will say that at birth the radius and ulna, bones of the lower arm, are joined to the hand only by cartilage, and that as the child grows small centres of bone appear in this cartilage near the shaft of bone to which they will

finally be joined. These little bones are the epiphyses. That of the radius or inner and larger bone of the lower arm, may appear at the beginning of the third year of life; that of the ulna, or outer and smaller bone of the lower arm, between the fifth and seventh years. In addition, and even more important, are the carpal or wrist bones that develop in the section of cartilage referred to between the bones of the lower arm and the bones of the hand. Two or three appear soon after birth, one about the second or third year, the others slowly forming until, about the twelfth year, eight, in all, are observed. The appearance and growth of these bones differ widely with individual children, and upon their number at any given time Dr. Rotch bases his "principle of developmental strength" of the child.

The writer has recently had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Rotch lecture exhaustively on this theory of general strength dependent upon anatomic development, and his deductions appear to be exceedingly important. I have before me now, two hundred and sixty-four plates of Röntgenographs, some of them exhibiting from four to six figures illustrating actual anatomic conditions, which, joined in many instances with the history of the case in question, attest the truth of the principle that when the child's bony development is not normal, neither is his strength or general condition normal; and it is not fair with such simple means at hand to judge of his strength, to fail to consider them in placing his tasks upon him.

Special cases are interesting. One plate, for instance, shows the hand of a child eight years old, which, compared with pictures of the hands of children normally developed, finds its place a little below that of children two or three years old. Now it would be manifestly cruel to this child to expect him to perform the tasks of normal children of eight years, who are usually in the second or third grade of school work, because the lack of development shows unfitness even for the kindergarten, especially as if let alone the child may yet develop, but if forced to do work too heavy for him he will almost surely be fatally injured in health or mentality. And yet the tendency of ambitious parents is to require work of the child that corresponds with the work of other children of his chronologic age. Often when the child fails to pass his examinations he is made to study through the Summer, whereas the child who fails is above all others the one who ought

to have freedom during the Summer. People are especially given to pushing very bright chidren or those over-grown in height or weight, but these may be as anatomically undeveloped as are many who show mental or physical signs of retarded growth.

Most pitiable is the case of the child who begins work in a factory by chronologic age. The law up to this time having no better way of protecting the child, had to fix a definite age prior to which he must not be permitted to work in mills; but fixing definite age does not fix definite strength, and many a child goes into the factory in too weak a condition to do the work assigned him. Besides, there are frequent violations of the present law whereby many children are forced into the mills under the required age. The conscience of the parents often surrenders to the call of hunger and they probably consider that the end justifies the sacrifice of truth in stating that the child is of the required age when he is not; but even the present pinch of poverty is not so weighty a matter as the future welfare of the child and the future welfare of society to which he must contribute. Sometimes the lack of veracity is aided by the child's height, size, or general appearance, making it easy for the mill proprietor to believe the false representations of the parents; or his need of help at the time may blind him to the truth. Again, the age in some States is undoubtedly too low, at least five States allowing children to enter factories at ten years, though the usual age limit, I believe, is twelve years. A few children at ten years may be able to do moderate factory work, but the great majority at that early age are able to stand neither the labor nor the confinement.

It would certainly seem wise in reference to both schools and mills, even under the present system, to have medical inspection of the children once or twice a year, especially since a large percentage in the South have hookworm disease; but it would be better still to adopt a method whereby mistakes cannot be made in regard to the mental and physical strength of children; and the Röntgen system promises to be without error, nor could anything be simpler. Once in six months the child for a second places his hand on a table, the picture of it is taken without the slightest danger, and the exact stage of development becomes known. This picture is compared with one of six months before and with the pictures of normal children of the

same age, and definite results follow. If there is lack of development due to disease, the disease is treated; if due merely to retarded growth, efforts are made to give the child such conditions as favor growth. In any case his disease is not aggravated nor his growth further retarded by assigning him tasks beyond his strength.

Dr. Rotch has divided the first fourteen years of life into groups named alphabetically, each succeeding group showing added development, and instead of recording the case of a child "William Smith, aged twelve, admitted to grade six," which would merely mean that he had passed the examination necessary for entrance to the grade with no notice taken of his mental or physical ability to stand the strain of the new work, it will be recorded "William Smith, Stage L of the Röntgen System, admitted to grade six," which will mean that the child has a normal development of about twelve years and is able mentally and physically to undertake the new work to which he is assigned. Or if he is to begin factory work his record will be "William Smith, Stage L of the Röntgen System," instead of "William Smith, aged twelve," which would convey no information as to his actual development and capacity for work. If, however, the William Smith of the school or the factory is undeveloped, his record instead of being "Aged twelve" may be "Stage H of the Röntgen System," which will mean that he is six anatomic years from the normal condition of a child of twelve chronologic years, and by that much unfit to do the work for which his strength is being tested.

In making his system of grading Dr. Rotch chose, as he says, "only those individuals who by careful examination could be presumably considered normal. Having taken," he continues, "perhaps ten or a dozen children of each age chronologically, I have placed them under their respective anatomic stages of development. I have then used these different stages for purposes of grading for kindergarten, for schools, for athletics, and for child labor. In a general way, in making up these alphabetical groups, I have arbitrarily assumed that the appearance of the carpal bones and of the lower epiphyses of the radius and ulna should, according as they develop early or late, represent each alphabetical division. It is fortunate that the carpal bones and the lower epiphyses of the radius and of the ulna furnish a progressive series of anatomic development year by

year, so that only in unusual cases will it be necessary to refer to the other epiphyses of the skeleton for the purposes of corroboration." Speaking further of the grouping, Dr. Rotch says:

"These groups, of course, are manifestly somewhat arbitrary. Further study may prove that it may be more exact to adopt certain other divisions and possibly to merge some of these present divisions into one. This, however, can easily be done if we are sure that the divisions are improved and made more practical in this way. What I wish to state, however, is that I believe we are working with the right principle, and that practical results in the line of perfecting the development of children and guarding them during the process of their development from overstrain both mentally and physically can then be accomplished."

In reference to the responsibility of the medical profession in this matter of protecting the children, Dr. Rotch says:

"The regulation of questions concerning the physical and mental care of the early years of life should be much more under the control of the medical profession than is now the case. An intimate knowledge of medical subjects and advanced medical training are needed to grasp these questions fully and to treat them intelligently. Surely it is one of the greatest duties of physicians to turn their attention to all subjects connected with children, and not to leave them to be worked out by the non-professional laity. Educators dealing with these questions cannot accomplish what they are not by long years of physiologic and anatomic study fitted for. The educator in the public schools in grappling with the difficult questions of physical training should work hand in hand with the medical profession, for thus only can the great end in view, of producing not only highly educated but healthy and vigorous citizens, be attained"; and in this plea for the school children Dr. Rotch includes with equal emphasis children who must work in the mills.

Medical inspection of schools and mills is almost certain to be generally adopted soon, and the use of the Röntgen method seems the most practical and effective system upon which inspection could now be based. In this connection it may be said that extensive and careful work in this direction is being carried on at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis. For about a year the cadets have been

graded by the Röntgen System, and a report is now being prepared which will be of great aid in determining the relation between the anatomic conditions and the scholarship. Dr. William Weston, of Columbia, S. C., who has assisted Dr. Rotch in his work, tells me he has found young men of twenty with a development of twelve years, and though such extreme cases are rare, it would seem well to carry this system of grading through the entire school life. At any rate, the practical demonstration made at Annapolis should commend the method to the fullest consideration.

No specific recommendations as to the proper arrangement for X-Ray examinations are given because the matter of regulating child life by means of such examinations is yet in its incipiency, but it would be a very easy matter to make suitable arrangements. In cities, of course, an X-Ray expert could readily be appointed, and in the country each county could have its specialist for this purpose.

Doubtless the requirement would work hardship in some cases, where the poverty of the family would seem to necessitate the early education of the child so that he might, as soon as possible, find his place in the world and perhaps assist his younger brothers and sisters in their coming struggle. Still greater might seem the hardship in the case of a family which must put its young children to the fierce task of keeping the wolf from the door, but, as has been said, the present need of the family, which must be met by intelligent charity, is not so important as giving the child an opportunity to develop and become in body, mind, and spirit, a fit citizen of the future. Let us make men, not pygmies; healthy intellect, not imbecility; a free spirit in a free body, not a fettered spirit in a nerveless, muscleless casement of clay. The future of the children is the future of the race, and that future is in our hands. If any one of us felt that we might influence a single great question fifty years after we are dead, how gladly we would give all of life to the task of leaving such power behind us, and yet in this matter of preserving and developing the strength of the children, we may exercise power that will endure to the end of time itself.

LIMITATIONS

Art and the Man

CALE YOUNG RICE

I AM savage for life and the lusts
  Of beckoning quests I have banished;
    I am glutted with Beauty's face
      And the brush that I paint her with;
I am sick of the dreams and dusts
  Of the soul of me—of the vanished
    Years that I spent in chase
      Of the luring lips of Myth.

I was suckled for more than to fling
  The blood of my heart on a palette.
    I was given the eye of a god
      For more than a picture's worth.
I have felt the ineffable sting
  Of life—though I be Art's valet.
    I have painted the cloud—or the clod,
      Who should have possessed the earth.

The Cæsar in me, and the Christ,
  Cry out to be given power.
    The Antony in my veins
      Would waste a world's throne for his queen.
And what to Ulysses sufficed—
  The infinite far foam-flower!—
    That only would quench the quest
      Of my soul for worlds unseen.

The law of it, God, do I hate,
That a man with the might of many
Must hold to the task of one—
In the groove of an ancient awe;
Or find, if his will, o'ergreat,
Denies to be bound by any,
The body of him shall break, undone,
And Fate appear in the flaw.

THE ASCENDING EFFORT

BLISS CARMAN

A NEW recruit in the field of philosophic speculation is always welcome, when he is sincere and painstaking, and doubly welcome when he is optimistic. We have very lately had a new writer of this sort brought to our notice in Mr. Allen Upward with *The New Word*, —a very penetrating attempt to define the words "ideal" and "idealism." Now comes Mr. George Bourne, also an Englishman, with *The Ascending Effort*, one of the soundest and most helpful books in a decade.

Mr. Bourne takes his title from Emerson, whom he quotes at the opening of his essay:

"No statement of the Universe can have any soundness which does not admit its ascending effort."

The main theme of his book may be said briefly to be an attempt to show that human progress is not wholly dependent upon the evolutionary law of natural selection. We are molded by our environment, it is true; and our environment in turn molds us; but there are everywhere evident traces of an exuberant and spontaneous tendency in mankind, a racial vitality, which has preferences of its own, and is not to be dominated by any environment whatever. We are not wholly the creatures of fortuitous circumstance, but are largely what we have desired to become. Ideals have helped to make us, ideals must help to save us. These "choice ideas," as Mr. Bourne calls them, have always been present in the race, urging it forward and guiding it to its desired ends. Science alone is not competent to criticize or regulate these ideas, since science does not provide them. Science informs us of facts; our environment brings forces to bear upon us; but neither cares at all for our preferences, nor even for our preservation.

"Science is not a selective authority, and knows no choiceness of its own. Enquiry and demonstration are its functions; and in particular it becomes the mouthpiece, as it were, of our dumb, blind, ruthless environment, whose inexorable rules and conditions it explains to us."

Our environment will eliminate us, if we disobey its laws, but it is quite merciless in its behavior, and is not in the least concerned in forwarding any of these dreams of ours. Our aspirations are derived from other sources and must be cultivated for themselves and for the benefits they promise. Mere self-preservation alone is not enough; no race nor individual has ever been willing to rest content with that; we must better our lot. We must maintain life in the face of an indifferent nature; but this is only a beginning of effort; there are other things we care for, long for, and will labor to accomplish. There is an "ascending effort" in man and in the world. To quote an illustrative passage:—

"Observe to begin with how, as we are so to speak overflowing with adaptiveness, we are in love with the exercise of it. As the roots of a strong plant fill out a flower-pot or force their way into the crevices of a wall, the human vitality takes advantage of every opening afforded for its expansion, accommodating itself to the strangest conditions and accepting the most contorted growths, so long as there is room to grow. Yet this is but the least of the wonder. Since nature provides so few opportunities, we set ourselves to making more: we do unnecessary things and exceed all the requirements of our environment in our eagerness to be more completely alive. Merely to meet circumstance with an adaptation that will serve contents none of us. It is misery to suffer such restriction; it is like the fretting of the schoolboy at his cramping task. The longing for change, the ennui of the rich, the 'divine discontent' of the poor, the depression and gloomy spirits of the successful business man, all tell the same tale of vitality chafing under suppression. And if we grow roses, or stitch samplers, or play at cards, or collect first editions; if we seek the exhilaration of mountain climbing, or the sensation of speed in a motor car, or stimulate our emotions at the opera, or steep our spirits in the peace that broods over the Summer landscape, or make acquaintance with the dead through their memoirs, or go about to reform the living, or to study the spectrum of a star, it is not because environment necessitates our doing these things as a condition of existence, but because we have faculties to spare which find outlet in exercises of the kind. The insatiable versatility of the race invents those expedients rather than lie idle for want of something to which to adapt itself."

And in all this exuberance of vitality, so profuse and bewildering,

and at first seemingly so aimless, the author sees, upon closer view, "evidences of something purposeful."

"Now here, now there, to-day in one quarter, to-morrow in another, the seeming chaos is found to be threaded through with indications of law. . . . And the longer one watches, the stronger grows the persuasion that somewhere in this 'law,' somewhere amongst those tendencies, Taste and Conscience have their being."

This word Taste Mr. Bourne uses to express all that side of our triple nature which has to do with our preferences and with our longings to beautify and to better our surroundings; he means by it our traditional and racial faculty, so closely akin to instinct, which presides over all creative artistic effort, and underlies all our aspirations in their many directions. It is a phase of human personality that needs to be emphasized in this day of matter-of-fact and literalness, when science and materialism (to use a vague term) between them have usurped almost the whole field of man's loyalty and endeavor. A gross materialism presumes to be able to give us all the comforts we need, through all manner of convenience, luxury and indulgence; a proud (and justly proud) science presumes to supply us with all we need to know of the universe. Meanwhile the human spirit is too often left to starve for want of care, encouragement, and nurture. And we cannot be too grateful for any champion of this inspirational side of life who comes to the rescue.

The Ascending Effort is not a book for careless reading. It will take close attention, and it will amply repay it; for it goes to the heart of the matter and speaks without uncertainty in justification of all the best part of our make-up. It has nothing of the Emersonian daring, the brilliant inconsecutive epigram, in its unaffected style; but there is careful reasoning in it and a hopeful sanity that make it a most significant contribution to modern thought. One is thankful, too, for its sobriety; there is nowhere a trace of that flippant cleverness and reckless striving for paradox which make many contemporary writers so conspicuous and so worthless. Its temper is admirable. With all that, there are many memorable and suggestive sentences, as for instance these:

"Nothing but personal effort, personal selection of idea, can find

and own the things which make for the welfare of the life-stream that flows through us."

"The things which this life best enjoys are not expensive, for the simple reason that they are not to be had vicariously. Expensiveness means getting other people to endure trouble for us."

"What we require from art is what nature offers seldom or capriciously: the gift of the unusual moment, the fitness seen at a glimpse that passes too soon and may chance not to be offered again."

"The power to be aware of beauty comes by practise—practise in singling out the elusive impressions and knowing where to look for them."

As Taste, this racial and deep-seated personal instinct for making our surroundings more fittingly in accord with our wishes, operates through the various arts; so art reacts upon Taste, to satisfy and cultivate and refine it. It is through art that Taste operates, and from art that Taste derives its nurture and encouragement. It is no paltry matter, this; not a mere fine-spun consideration for dabsters and scribblers, but an affair of vital concern to men. Science gives us ground for thought and material for forming our tentative theories of improvement in politics, in education, in social precedence, in a thousand human undertakings; but these cold facts and bloodless theories must be infused with the warm vitality of experience, and brought to the crucial test of Taste, before their worth for our purposes can be determined. Science in the past generation or two has rendered incomparable service to the world,—a service never to be underestimated nor forgotten. It needs, however, the supplementary service of a great and adequate art, such an art as we by no means possess to-day. Life has been organized to a point far nearer perfection than ever before in history; and it has been rendered far more intelligible than ever before; but it has not been spiritualized in an equal degree. It is on the spiritual side that modern life is chiefly lacking,—on the side of taste, of ideals. We have laboriously gathered the materials for making life sane and happy, and yet lack the magic formula for combining those materials in the potent brew of joy. We have lost the secret of distilling happiness out of common life. Our mania for the practical and our passion for knowledge have carried us away with foolish exultation into a barren land. We have forgotten how necessary it is to satisfy

at the same time that third component part of our human outfit,—our passion for beauty. But nature will not be cheated, and human nature refuses to be happy with anything less than loveliness in all its surroundings. If we leave beauty out of life, all our wisdom of science, all our righteousness of conduct, will be in vain. It is not through great knowledge, nor just dealing, that the sense of beauty can be imparted, but only through the wonder-touch of art. And it is only through a sensitiveness to beauty everywhere around us, coupled with an appreciation of truth and the practise of large and wholesome goodness, that our rich and due happiness can be attained. This is the splendid task which art has yet to fulfil for man.

It is some such idea as this, incompetently as I may have expressed it, which makes *The Ascending Effort* so timely and valuable.

CELT AND SAXON

GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XIV

OF ROCKNEY

Battles have been won and the streams of History diverted to new channels in the space of ten minutes. Ladies have been won, a fresh posterity founded, and grand financial schemes devised, revolts arranged, a yoke shaken off, in less of mortal time. Excepting an inspired Epic song and an original Theory of the Heavens, almost anything noteworthy may be accomplished while old Father Scythe is taking a trot round a court-yard; and those reservations should allow the splendid conception to pass for the performance, when we bring to mind that the conception is the essential part of it, as a bard poorly known to fame was constantly urging. Captain Con had blown his Epic bubbles, not to speak of his projected tuneful narrative of the adventures of the great Cuchullin, and his Preaching of St. Patrick, and other national triumphs. He could own, however, that the world had a right to the inspection of the Epic books before it awarded him his crown. The celestial Theory likewise would have to be worked out to the last figure by the illustrious astronomers, to whom he modestly ranked himself second as a benefactor of his kind, revering him. So that, whatever we may think in our own hearts, Epic and Theory have to remain the exception. Battles indeed have been fought, but when you survey the field in preparation for them you are summoned to observe the preluding courtesies of civilized warfare in a manner becoming a chivalrous gentleman. It never was the mere flinging of your leg across a frontier, not even with the abrupt Napoleon. You have besides to drill your men; and you have often to rouse your foe with a ringing slap, if he's a sleepy one or shamming sleepiness. As here, for example: and that of itself devours more minutes than ten. Rockney and Mattock could be roused; but these English, slow to kindle, can't subside in a twinkling; they are for preaching on when they have once begun; betray

the past engagement, and the ladies are chilled, and your wife puts you the pungent question: "Did you avoid politics, Con?" in the awful solitude of domestic life after a party. Now, if only there had been freedom of discourse during the dinner hour, the ten disembarrassed minutes allotted to close it would have afforded time sufficient for hearty finishing blows and a soothing word or so to dear old innocent Mr. Rumford, and perhaps a kindly clap of the shoulder to John Mattock, no bad fellow at bottom. Rockney, too, was no bad fellow in his way. He wanted no more than a beating and a thrashing. He was a journalist, a hard-headed rascal, none of your good old-fashioned order of regimental scribes who take their cue from the colonel, and march this way and that, right about face, with as little impediment of principles to hamper their twists and turns as the straw he tosses aloft at midnight to spy the drift of the wind to-morrow. Quite the contrary; Rockney was his own colonel; he pretended to think independently, and tried to be the statesman of a leading article, and showed his intention to stem the current of liberty, and was entirely deficient in sympathy with the oppressed, a fanatical advocate of force; he was an inveterate Saxon, good-hearted and in great need of a drubbing. Certain lines Rockney had written of late about Irish affairs recurred to Captain Con, and the political fires leaped in him; he sparkled and said: "Let me beg you to pass the claret over to Mr. Rockney, Mr. Rumford; I warrant it for the circulating medium of amity, if he'll try it."

"'Tis the Comet Margaux," said Dr. Forbery, topping anything Rockney might have had to say, and anything would have served. The latter clasped the decanter, poured and drank in silence.

"'Tis the doctor's antidote, and best for being antedated," Captain Con rapped his friend's knuckles.

"As long as you're contented with not dating in double numbers," retorted the doctor, absolutely scattering the precious minutes to the winds, for he hated a provocation.

"There's a golden mean, is there?"

"There is; there's a way between magnums of good wine and gout, and it's generally discovered too late."

"At the physician's door, then! where the golden mean is generally discovered to be his fee. I've heard of poor souls packed off

by him without an obolus to cross the ferry. Stripped they were in all conscience."

"You remind me of a fellow in Dublin who called on me for medical advice, and found he'd forgotten his purse. He offered to execute a deed to bequeath me his body, naked and not ashamed."

"You'd a right to cut him up at once, Forbery. Any jury'd have pronounced him guilty of giving up the ghost before he called."

"I let him go, body and all. I never saw him again."

"The fellow was not a lunatic. As for your golden mean, there's a saying: Prevention is better than cure: and another that caps it: Drink deep or taste not."

"That's the Pierian Spring."

"And why is the wine on my table, sir?"

"Exhaustless if your verses come of it."

"And pure, you may say of the verses and the fount."

"And neither heady nor over-composed; with a blush like Diana confessing her love for the young shepherd:—it's one of your own comparisons."

"Oh!" Con could have roared his own comparisons out of hearing. He was angry with Forbery for his obstructive dulness and would not taste the sneaking compliment. What could Forbery mean by paying compliments and spoiling a game! The ten minutes were dancing away like harmless wood-nymphs when the Satyr slumbers. His eyes ranged over his guests despondently, and fixed in desperation on Mr. Rumford, whom his magnanimous nature would have spared but for the sharp necessity to sacrifice him.

The wine in Rumford at any rate let loose his original nature, if it failed to unlock the animal in these other unexcitable Saxons.

"By the way, now I think of it, Mr. Rumford, the interpretation of your Royal Standard, which perplexes you so much, strikes me as easy if you'll examine the powerfully different colors of the two beasts in it."

Mr. Rumford protested that he had abandoned his inquiry: it was a piece of foolishness: he had no feeling in it whatever, none.

The man was a perfect snail's horn for coyness.

The circumstances did not permit of his being suffered to slip away: and his complexion showed that he might already be classed among the roast.

"Your Lion:—Mr. Rumford, you should know, is discomposed, as a thoughtful patriot, by the inexplicable presence of the Unicorn in the Royal Standard, and would be glad to account for his one horn and the sickly appearance of the beast. I'm prepared to say he's there to represent the fair one half of the population. Your Lion, my dear sir, may have nothing in his head, but his tawniness tells us he imbibes good sound stuff, worthy of the reputation of a noble brewery. Whereas your Unicorn, true to the character of the numberless hosts he stands for, is manifestly a consumer of doctor's drugs. And there you have the symbolism of your country. Right or left of the shield, I forget which, and it is of no importance to the point—you have Grandgosier or Great Turk in all his majesty, mane and tail; and on the other hand, you behold, as the showman says, Dyspepsia. And the pair are intended to indicate that you may see yourselves complete by looking at them separately; and so your Royal Standard is your national mirror; and when you gaze on it fondly you're playing the part of a certain Mr. Narcissus, who got liker to the Lion than to the Unicorn in the act. Now will that satisfy you?"

"Quite as you please, quite as you please," Mr. Rumford replied. "One loves the banner of one's country—that is all." He rubbed his hands. "I for one am proud of it."

"Far be it from me to blame you, my dear sir. Or there's the alternative of taking him to stand for your sole great festival holiday, and worshiping him as the personification of your Derbyshire race."

A glittering look was in Captain Con's eye to catch Rockney if he would but rise to it.

That doughty Saxon had been half listening, half chatting to Mr. Mattock, and wore on his drawn eyelids and slightly drawn upper lip a look of lambent pugnacity awake to the challenge, indifferent to the antagonist, and disdainful of the occasion.

"We have too little of your enthusiasm for the flag," Philip said to Mr. Rumford to soothe him, in a form of apology for his relative.

"Surely no! not in England?" said Mr. Rumford, tempted to open his heart, for he could be a bellicose gentleman by deputy of

the flag. He recollected that the speaker was a cousin of Captain Con's, and withdrew into his wound for safety. "Here and there, perhaps: not when we are roused; we want rousing, we greatly prefer to live at peace with the world, if the world will let us."

"Not at any price?" Philip fancied his tone too quakerly.

"Indeed I am not one of that party!" said Mr. Rumford, beginning to glow; but he feared a snare, and his wound drew him in again.

"When are you ever at peace?" quoth his host, shocked by the inconsiderate punctuality of Mrs. Adister O'Donnell's household, for here was the coffee coming round, and Mattock and Rockney escaping without a scratch. "There's hardly a day in the year when your scarlet mercenaries are not popping at niggers."

Rockney had the flick on the cheek to his manhood now, it might be hoped.

"Our what?" asked Mr. Rumford, honestly unable to digest the opprobrious term.

"Paid soldiery, hirelings, executioners, whom you call volunteers, by a charming euphemism, and send abroad to do the work of war while you propound the doctrines of peace at home."

Rockney's forehead was exquisitely eruptive, red and swelling. Mattock lurched on his chair. The wine was in them, and the captain commended the spiriting of it, as Prospero his Ariel.

Who should intervene at this instant but the wretched Philip, pricked on the point of honor as a soldier! Are we inevitably to be thwarted by our own people?

"I suppose we all work for pay," said he. "It seems to me a cry of the streets to call us by hard names. The question is what we fight for."

He spoke with a witless moderation that was most irritating, considering the latest news from the old country.

"You fight to subjugate, to enslave," said Con, "that's what you're doing, and at the same time your journals are venting their fine irony at the Austrians and the Russians and the Prussians for tearing Poland to strips with their bloody beaks."

"We obey our orders, and leave you to settle the political business," Philip replied.

Forbery declined the fray. Patrick was eagerly watchful and

dumb. Rockney finished his coffee with a rap of the cup in the saucer, an appeal for the close of the sitting; and as Dr. Forbery responded to it by pushing back his chair, he did likewise, and the other made a movement.

The disappointed hero of a fight unfought had to give the signal for rising. Double the number of the ten minutes had elapsed. He sprang up, hearing Rockney say: "Captain Con O'Donnell is a politician or nothing," and as he was the most placable of men concerning his personality, he took it lightly, with half a groan that it had not come earlier, and said, "He thinks and he feels, poor fellow!"

All hope of a general action was over.

"That shall pass for the epitaph of the living," said Rockney.

It was too late to catch at a trifle to strain it to a tussle. Con was obliged to subjoin: "Inscribe it on the dungeon-door of tyranny." But the note was peaceful.

He expressed a wish that the fog had cleared for him to see the stars of heaven before he went to bed, informing Mr. Mattock that a long look in among them was often his prayer at night, and Winter a holy season to him, for the reason of its showing them bigger and brighter.

"I can tell my wife with a conscience we've had a quiet evening, and you're a witness to it," he said to Patrick. That consolation remained.

"You know the secret of your happiness," Patrick answered.

"Know you one of the secrets of a young man's fortune in life, and give us a thrilling song at the piano, my son," said Con: "though we don't happen to have much choice of virgins for ye to-night. Irish or French. Irish are popular. They don't mind having us musically. And if we'd go on joking to the end we should content them, if only by justifying their opinion that we're born buffoons."

His happy conscience enabled him to court his wife with assiduity and winsomeness, and the ladies were once more elated by seeing how chivalrously lover-like an Irish gentleman can be after years of wedlock.

Patrick was asked to sing. Miss Mattock accompanied him at the piano. Then he took her place on the music-stool, and she sang, and with an electrifying splendor of tone and style.

"But it's the very heart of an Italian you sing with!" he cried.

"It will surprise you perhaps to hear that I prefer German music," said she.

"But where—who had the honor of boasting you his pupil?"

She mentioned a famous master. Patrick had heard of him in Paris. He begged for another song and she complied, accepting the one he selected as the favorite of his brother Philip's, though she said: "That one?" with a superior air. It was a mellifluous love-song from a popular opera somewhat out of date. "Well, it's in Italian!" she summed up her impressions of the sickly words while scanning them for delivery. She had no great admiration of the sentimental Sicilian composer, she confessed, yet she sang as if possessed by him. Had she, Patrick thought, been bent upon charming Philip, she could not have thrown more fire into the notes. And when she had done, after thrilling the room, there was a gesture in her dismissal of the leaves displaying critical loftiness. Patrick noticed it and said, with the thrill of her voice lingering in him: "What is it you do like? I should so like to know."

She was answering when Captain Con came up to the piano and remarked in an undertone to Patrick: "How is it you hit on the song Adiante Adister used to sing?"

Miss Mattock glanced at Philip. He had applauded her mechanically, and it was not that circumstance which caused the second rush of scarlet over her face. This time she could track it definitely to its origin. A lover's favorite song is one that has been sung by his love. She detected herself now in the full apprehension of the fact before she had sung a bar: it had been a very dim fancy: and she denounced herself guilty of the knowledge that she was giving pain by singing the stuff fervidly, in the same breath that accused her of never feeling things at the right moment vividly. The reminiscences of those pale intuitions made them always affectingly vivid.

But what vanity in our emotional state in a great jarring world where we are excused for continuing to seek our individual happiness only if we ally it and subordinate it to the well-being of our fellows! The interjection was her customary specific for the cure of these little tricks of her blood. Leaving her friend Miss Barrow at the piano, she took a chair in a corner and said: "Now, Mr. O'Donnell, you will hear the music that moves me."

"But it's not to be singing," said Patrick. "And how can you sing so gloriously what you don't care for? It puzzles me completely."

She assured him she was no enigma: she hushed to him to hear.

He dropped his underlip, keeping on the conversation with his eyes until he was caught by the masterly playing of a sonata by the chief of the poets of sound.

He was caught by it, but he took the close of the introductory section, an *allegro con brio*, for the end, and she had to hush at him again, and could not resist smiling at her lullaby to the prattler. Patrick smiled in response. Exchanges of smiles upon an early acquaintance between two young people are peeps through the doorway of intimacy. She lost sight of the Jesuit. Under the influence of good music, too, a not unfavorable inclination toward the person sitting beside us and sharing that sweetness, will soften general prejudices:—if he was Irish, he was boyishly Irish, not like his inscrutable brother; a better, or hopefuller edition of Captain Con; one with whom something could be done to steady him, direct him, improve him. He might be taught to appreciate Beethoven and work for his fellows.

"Now does that touch you more deeply than the Italian?" said she, delicately mouthing: "I, mio tradito amor!"

"Touch, I don't know," he was honest enough to reply. "It's you that haven't given it a fair chance. I'd like to hear it again. There's a forest on fire in it."

"There is," she exclaimed. "I have often felt it, but never seen it. You exactly describe it. How true!"

"But any music I could listen to all day and all the night," said he.

"And be as proud of yourself the next morning?"

Patrick was rather at sea. What could she mean?

Mrs. Adister O'Donnell stepped over to them, with the object of installing Colonel Adister in Patrick's place.

The object was possibly perceived. Mrs. Adister was allowed no time to set the manœuvre in motion.

"Mr. O'Donnell is a great enthusiast for music, and could listen to it all day and all night, he tells me," said Miss Mattock. "Would he not sicken of it in a week, Mrs. Adister?"

"But why should I?" cried Patrick. "It's a gift of heaven."

"And, like other gifts of heaven, to the idle it would turn to evil."

"I can't believe it."

"Work, and you will believe it."

"But, Miss Mattock, I want to work; I'm empty-handed. It's true I want to travel and see a bit of the world to help me in my work by and by. I'm ready to try anything I can do, though."

"Has it ever struck you that you might try to help the poor?"

"Arthur is really anxious, and only doubts his ability," said Mrs. Adister.

"The doubt throws a shadow on the wish," said Miss Mattock. "And can one picture Colonel Adister the secretary of a Laundry Institution, receiving directions from Grace and me! We should have to release him long before the six months' term, when we have resolved to incur the expense of a salaried secretary."

Mrs. Adister turned her head to the colonel, who was then looking down the features of Mrs. Rockney.

Patrick said: "I'm ready, for a year, Miss Mattock."

She answered him, half jocosely: "A whole year of free service? Reflect on what you are undertaking."

"It's writing and accounts, no worse?"

"Writing and accounts all day, and music in the evening only now and then."

"I can do it: I will, if you'll have me."

"Do you hear Mr. O'Donnell, Mrs. Adister?"

Captain Con fluttered up to his wife, and heard the story from Miss Mattock.

He fancied he saw a thread of good luck for Philip in it. "Our house could be Patrick's home capitally," he suggested to his wife. She was not a whit less hospitable, only hinting that she thought the refusal of the post was due to Arthur.

"And if he accepts imagine him on a stool, my dear madam; he couldn't sit it!"

Miss Mattock laughed. "No, that is not to be thought of seriously. And with Mr. O'Donnell it would be probationary for the first fortnight or month. Does he know anything about steam?"

"The rudimentary idea," said Patrick.

"That's good for a beginning," said the captain; and he added:

"Miss Mattock, I'm proud if one of my family can be reckoned worthy of assisting in your noble work."

She replied: "I warn everybody that they shall be taken at their word if they volunteer their services."

She was bidden to know by the captain that the word of an Irish gentleman was his bond. "And not later than to-morrow evening I'll land him at your office. Besides, he'll find countrywomen of his among you, and there's that to enliven him. You say they work well, diligently, intelligently."

She deliberated. "Yes, on the whole; when they take to their work. Intelligently certainly compared with our English. We do not get the best of them in London. For that matter, we do not get the best of the English—not the women of the north. We have to put up with the rejected of other and better-paying departments of work. It breaks my heart sometimes to see how near they are to doing well, but for such a little want of ballast."

"If they're Irish," said Patrick, excited by the breaking of her heart, "a whisper of cajolery in season is often the secret."

Captain Con backed him for diplomacy. "You'll learn he has a head, Miss Mattock."

"I am myself naturally blunt, and prefer the straightforward method," said she.

Patrick nodded. "But where there's an obstruction in the road, it's permissible to turn a corner."

"Take 'em in flank when you can't break their centre," said Con.

"Well, you shall really try whether you can endure the work for a short time if you are in earnest," Miss Mattock addressed the volunteer.

"But I am," he said.

"We are too poor at present to refuse the smallest help."

"And mine is about the smallest."

"I did not mean that, Mr. O'Donnell."

"But you'll have me?"

"Gladly."

Captain Con applauded the final words between them. They had the genial ring, though she accepted the wrong young man for but a shadow of the right sort of engagement.

This being settled, by the sudden combination of enthusiastic Irish impulse and benevolent English scheming, she very considerately resigned herself to Mrs. Adister's lead and submitted herself to a further jolting in the unprogressive conversational coach with Colonel Adister, whose fault as a driver was not in avoiding beaten ways, but whipping wooden horses.

Evidently those two were little adapted to make the journey of life together, though they were remarkably fine likenesses of a pair in the dead midway of the journey, Captain Con reflected, and he could have jumped at the thought of Patrick's cleverness: it was the one bright thing of the evening. There was a clear gain in it somewhere. And if there was none, Jane Mattock was a good soul worth serving. Why not all the benefaction on our side, and a figo for rewards! Devotees or adventurers, he was ready in imagination to see his cousins play the part of either, as the cross-roads offered, the heavens appeared to decree. We turn to the right or the left, and this way we're voluntary drudges, and that way we're lucky dogs; it's all according to the turn, the fate of it. But never forget that old Ireland is weeping!

> "O never forget that old Ireland is weeping
> The bitter salt tears of the mother bereft!"

He hummed the spontaneous lines. He was accused of singing to himself, and a song was vigorously demanded of him by the ladies.

He shook his head. "I can't," he sighed. "I was plucking the drowned body of a song out of the waters to give it decent burial. And if I sing I shall be charged with casting a firebrand at Mr. Rockney."

Rockney assured him that he could listen to anything in verse.

"Observe the sneer:—for our verses are smoke," said Con.

Miss Mattock pressed him to sing.

But he had saddened his mind about old Ireland: the Irish news weighed heavily on him, unrelieved by a tussle with Rockney. If he sang, it would be an Irish song, and he would break down in it, he said; and he hinted at an objection of his wife's to spirited Irish songs of the sort which carry the sons of Erin bounding over the fences of tyranny and the brook of tears. And perhaps Mr. Rock-

ney might hear a tale in verse as hard to bear as he sometimes found Irish prose!—Miss Mattock perceived that his depression was genuine, not less than his desire to please her. "Then it shall be on another occasion," she said.

"Oh! on another occasion I'm the lark to the sky, my dear lady."

Her carriage was announced. She gave Patrick a look, with a smile, for it was to be a curious experiment. He put on the proper gravity of a young man commissioned, without a dimple of a smile. Philip bowed to her stiffly, as we bow to a commanding officer who has insulted us and will hear of it. But for that, Con would have manœuvred against his wife to send him downstairs at the lady's heels. The fellow was a perfect riddle, hard to read as the zebra lines on the skin of a wild jackass—if Providence intended any meaning when she traced them! and it's a moot point: as it is whether some of our poets have meaning and are not composers of zebra. "No one knows but them above!" he said aloud, apparently to his wife.

"What can you be signifying?" she asked him. She had deputed Colonel Arthur to conduct Miss Mattock and Miss Barrow to their carriage, and she supposed the sentence might have a mysterious reference to the plan she had formed; therefore it might be a punishable offense. Her small round eyes were wide-open, her head was up and high.

She was easily appeased, too easily.

"The question of rain, madam," he replied to her repetition of his words. "I dare say that was what I had in my mind, hearing Mr. Mattock and Mr. Rockney agree to walk in company to their clubs."

He proposed to them that they should delay the march on a visit to his cabin near the clouds. They were forced to decline his invitation to the gentle lion's mouth; as did Mr. Rumford, very briskly and thankfully. Mr. Rockney was taken away by Mr. and Mrs. Marbury Dykes. So the party separated, and the Englishmen were together, and the Irishmen together; and hardly a syllable relating to the Englishmen did the Irishmen say, beyond an allusion to an accident to John Mattock's yacht off the Irish west-coast last autumn; but the Irishmen were subjected to some remarks by the Englishmen, wherein their qualities as individuals and specimens of

a race were critically and neatly packed. Common sense is necessarily critical in its collision with vapors, and the conscious possessors of an exclusive common sense are called on to deliver a summary verdict, nor is it an unjust one either, if the verdict be taken simply for an estimate of what is presented upon the plain surface of to-day. Irishmen are queer fellows, never satisfied, thirsting for a shindy. Some of them get along pretty well in America. The air of their Ireland intoxicates them. They require the strong hand: fair legislation, but no show of weakness. Once let them imagine you are afraid of them, and they see perfect independence in their grasp. And what would be the spectacle if they were to cut themselves loose from England? The big ship might be inconvenienced by the loss of the tender; the tender would fall adrift on the Atlantic, with pilot and captain at sword and pistol, the crew playing Donnybrook freely. Their cooler heads are shrewd enough to see the folly, but it catches the Irish fancy to rush to the extreme, and we have allowed it to be supposed that it frightens us. *There* is the capital blunder, *fons et origo*. Their leaders now pretend to work upon the Great Scale; they demand everything on the spot upon their own interpretation of equity. Concessions, hazy speeches, and the puling nonsense of our present Government, have encouraged them so far and got us into the mess. Treat them as policemen treat highwaymen: give them the law: and the law must be tightened, like the hold on a rogue by his collar, if they kick at it. Rockney was for sharp measures in repression, fair legislation in due course.

"Fair legislation upon your own interpretation of fair," said Mattock, whose party opposed Rockney's. "As to repression, you would have missed that instructive scene this evening at Con O'Donnell's table, if you had done him the kindness to pick up his glove. It's wisest to let them exhaust their energies upon one another. Hold off, and they're soon at work."

"What kind of a director of a City Company does he make?" said Rockney.

Mattock bethought him that, on the whole, strange to say, Con O'Donnell comported himself decorously as a director, generally speaking on the reasonable side, not without shrewdness: he seemed to be sobered by the money question.

"That wife of his is the salvation of him," Rockney said, to account for the Captain's shrewdness. "She manages him cleverly. He knows the length of his line. She's a woman of principle, and barring the marriage, good sense too. His wife keeps him quiet, or we should be hearing of him. Forbery's a more dangerous man. There's no intentional mischief in Con O'Donnell; it's only effervescence. I saw his game, and declined to uncork him. He talks of a niece of his wife's: have you ever seen her?—married to some Servian or Roumanian prince."

Mattock answered: "Yes."

"Is she such a beauty?"

Again Mattock answered: "Yes," after affecting thoughtfulness.

"They seem to marry oddly in that family."

Mattock let fly a short laugh at the remark, which had the ring of some current phrase. "They do," he said.

Next morning Jane Mattock spoke to her brother of her recruit. He entirely trusted to her discretion; the idea of a young Irish secretary was rather comical, nevertheless. He had his joke about it, requesting to have a sight of the secretary's books at the expiry of the week, which was the length of time he granted this ardent volunteer for evaporating and vanishing.

"If it releases poor Grace for a week, it will be useful to us," Jane said. "Women are educated so shamefully that we have not yet found one we can rely on as a competent person. And Mr. O'Donnell—did you notice him? I told you I met him a day or two back—seems willing to be of use. It cannot hurt him to try. Grace has too much on her hands."

"She has a dozen persons."

"They are zealous when they are led."

"Beware of letting them suspect that they are led."

"They are anxious to help the poor if they can discover how."

"Good men, I don't doubt," said John Mattock. "Any proposals from curates recently?"

"Not of late. Captain O'Donnell, the brother of our secretary, is handsomer, but we do not think him so trustworthy. Did you observe him at all?—he sat by me. He has a conspirator's head."

"What is that?" her brother asked her.

"Only a notion of mine."

She was directed to furnish a compendious report of the sayings, doings and behavior of the Irish secretary in the evening.

"If I find him there," she said.

Her brother was of opinion that Mr. Patrick O'Donnell would be as good as his word, and might be expected to appear there while the novelty lasted.

(*To be continued*)

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI

H. G. WELLS

[Chapter the First describes the conditions which surrounded Machiavelli himself, and compares the writer of the present narrative—an outcast statesman—with his famous prototype. Incidentally, there is a discussion of modern democracy and the activity of women. The opening sections of Chapter the Second are concerned with the narrator's childhood, and the influence and character of his father. The story of his earlier days is continued till the time of his father's death. Chapter the Third commences with an account of his new experiences at the City Merchants' School, in London. He was now living, with his mother, at Penge, near the Crystal Palace, and was growing up. Incidents are given to illustrate the trend of his development; and he discusses the inadequate educational system.]

CHAPTER THE THIRD

SCHOLASTIC

V (*Continued*)

It is infinitely easier to begin organized human affairs than end them; the curriculum and the social organization of the English public school are the crowning instances of that. They go on because they have begun. Schools are not only immortal institutions but reproductive ones. Our founder, Jabez Arvon, knew nothing, I am sure, of Gates' pedagogic values and would, I feel certain, have dealt with them disrespectfully.

But public schools and university colleges sprang into existence correlated, the scholars went on to the universities and came back to teach the schools, to teach as they themselves had been taught, before they had ever made any real use of the teaching; the crowd of boys herded together, a crowd perpetually renewed and unbrokenly the same, adjusted itself by means of spontaneously developed institutions. In a century, by its very success, this revolutionary innovation of Renascence public schools had become an immense tradition woven closely into the fabric of the national life. Intelligent and powerful people ceased to talk Latin or read Greek, they had got what was wanted, but that only left the schoolmaster the freer to elaborate

his point and methods. Since most men of any importance or influence in the country had been through the mill, it was naturally a little difficult to persuade them that it was not quite the best and most ennobling mill the wit of man could devise. And moreover, they did not want their children made strange to them. There was all the machinery and all the men needed to teach the old subjects, and none to teach whatever new the critic might propose. Such science instruction as my father gave seemed indeed the uninviting alternative to the classical grind. It was certainly an altogether inferior instrument at that time.

So it was I occupied my mind with the exact study of dead languages for seven long years. It was the strangest of detachments. We would sit under the desk of such a master as Topham like creatures who had fallen into an enchanted pit, and he would do his considerable best to work us up to enthusiasm for, let us say, a Greek play. If we flagged he would lash himself to revive us. He would walk about the class-room mouthing great lines in a rich roar and asking us with a flushed face and shining eyes if it was not "*glorious*." The very sight of Greek letters brings back to me the dingy, faded, ink-splashed quality of our class-room, the banging of books, Topham's disordered hair, the sheen of his alpaca gown, his deep unmusical intonations and the wide striding of his creaking boots. Glorious! And being plastic human beings we would consent that it was glorious, and some of us even achieved an answering reverberation and a sympathetic flush. I at times responded freely. We all accepted from him unquestionably that these melodies, these strange sounds, exceeded any possibility of beauty that lay in the Gothic intricacy, the splash and glitter, the jar and recovery, the stabbing lights, the heights and broad distances of our English tongue. That indeed was the chief sin of him. It was not that he was for Greek and Latin, but that he was fiercely against every beauty that was neither classic nor deferred to classical canons.

And what exactly did we make of it, we seniors who understood it best? We visualized dimly through that dust and the grammatical difficulties, the spectacle of the chorus chanting grotesquely, helping out protagonist and antagonist, masked and buskined, with the telling of incomprehensible parricides, of inexplicable incest, of gods

faded beyond symbolism, of that Relentless Law we did not believe in for a moment, that no modern western European can believe in. We though of the characters in the unconvincing wigs and costumes of our school performance. No Gilbert Murray had come as yet to touch these things to life again. It was like the ghost of an antiquarian's toy theatre, a ghost that crumbled and condensed into a gritty dust of construing as one looked at it.

Marks, shindies, prayers, and punishments, all flavored with the leathery stuffiness of time-worn Big Hall. . . .

And then out one would come through our gray old gate into the evening light and the spectacle of London hurrying like a cataract, London in black and brown and blue and gleaming silver, roaring like the very loom of Time. We came out into the new world no teacher has yet had the power and courage to grasp and expound. Life and death sang all about one, joys and fears on such a scale, in such an intricacy as never Greek nor Roman knew. The interminable procession of horse omnibuses went lumbering past bearing countless people we knew not whence, we knew not whither. Hansoms clattered, foot passengers jostled one, a thousand appeals of shop and hoarding caught the eye. The multi-colored lights of window and street mingled with the warm glow of the declining day under the softly flushing London skies; the ever-changing placards, the shouting news-vendors, told of a kaleidoscopic drama all about the globe. One did not realize what had happened to us, but the voice of Topham was suddenly drowned and lost, he and his minute, remote gesticulations. . . .

That submerged and isolated curriculum did not even join on to living interests where it might have done so. We were left absolutely to the hints of the newspapers, to casual political speeches, to the cartoons of the comic papers or a chance reading of some Socialist pamphlet for any general ideas whatever about the huge swirling world process in which we found ourselves. I always look back with particular exasperation to the cessation of our modern history at the year 1815. Then it pulled up abruptly, as though it had come upon something indelicate. . . .

But after all what would Topham or Flack have made of the huge adjustments of the nineteenth century? Flack was the chief

cricketer on the staff; he belonged to that great cult which pretends that the place of this or that county in the struggle for the championship is a matter of supreme importance to boys. He obliged us to affect a passionate interest in the progress of county matches, to work up unnatural enthusiasms. What a fuss there would be when some well-trained boy, panting as if from Marathon, appeared with an evening paper! "I say, you chaps, Middlesex all out for a hundred and five!"

Under Flack's pressure I became, I confess, a cricket humbug of the first class. I applied myself industriously year by year to mastering scores and averages; I pretended that Lord's or the Oval were the places nearest Paradise for me. (I never went to either.) Through a slight mistake about the county boundary I adopted Surrey for my loyalty, though as a matter of fact we were by some five hundred yards or so in Kent. It did quite as well for my purposes. I bowled rather straight and fast and spent endless hours acquiring the skill to bowl Flack out. He was a bat in the Corinthian style, rich and voluminous, and succumbed very easily to a low shooter or an unexpected yorker, but usually he was caught early by long leg. The difficulty was to bowl him before he got caught. He loved to lift a ball to leg. After one had clean bowled him at the practise nets one deliberately gave him a ball to leg just to make him feel nice again.

Flack went about a world of marvels dreaming of leg hits. He has been observed going across the Park on his way to his highly respectable club in Piccadilly, to break from profound musing into a strange brief dance that ended with an imaginary swipe with his umbrella, a roofer, over the trees towards Buckingham Palace. The hit accomplished, Flack resumed his way.

Inadequately instructed foreigners would pass him in terror, needlessly alert.

VI

These schoolmasters move through my memory as always a little distant and more than a little incomprehensible. Except when they wore flannels I saw them almost always in old college caps and gowns, a uniform which greatly increased their detachment from the world

of actual men. Gates, the Head, was a lean loose-limbed man, rather stupid, I discovered when I reached the Sixth and came into contact with him, but honest, simple and very eager to be liberal minded. He was bald, with an almost conical baldness, with a grizzled pointed beard, small featured and, under the stresses of a Zeitgeist that demanded liberality, with an expression of puzzled but resolute resistance to his own unalterable opinions. He made a tall dignified figure in his gown. In my junior days he spoke to me only three or four times and then he annoyed me by giving me a wrong surname; it was a sore point because I was an outsider and not one of the old school families, the Shoesmiths, the Naylors, the Marklows, the Tophams, the Pevisses and suchlike, who came generation after generation. I recall him most vividly against the background of faded brown book-backs in the old library in which we less destructive seniors were trusted to work, with the light of the stained glass window falling in colored patches on his face. It gave him the appearance of having no color of his own. He had a habit of scratching the beard on his cheek as he talked and he used to come and consult us about things and invariably do as we said. That, in his phraseology, was "maintaining the traditions of the school."

He had indeed an effect not of a man directing a school, but of a man captured and directed by a school. Dead and gone Elizabethans had begotten a monster that could carry him about in its mouth.

Yet being a man, as I say, with his hair a little stirred by a Zeitgeist that made for change, Gates did at times display a disposition towards developments. City Merchants' had no modern side and utilitarian spirits were carping in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and elsewhere at the omissions from our curriculum, and particularly at our want of German. Moreover, four classes still worked together with much clashing and uproar in the old Big Hall that had once held in a common tumult the entire school. Gates used to come and talk to us older fellows about these things.

"I don't wish to innovate unduly," he used to say. "But we ought to get in some German, you know,—for those who like it. The army men will be wanting it some of these days."

He referred to the organization of regular evening preparation for the lower boys in Big Hall as a "revolutionary change," but he

achieved it, and he declared he began the replacement of the hacked wooden tables, at which the boys had worked since Tudor days, by sloping desks with safety inkpots and scientifically adjustable seats, "with grave misgivings." And though he never birched a boy in his life and was, I am convinced, morally incapable of such a scuffle, he retained the block and birch in the school through all his term of office and spoke at the Headmasters' Conference in temperate approval of corporal chastisement, comparing it, dear soul, to the power of the sword. . . .

I wish I could in some measure and without tediousness, convey the effect of his discourses to General Assembly in Big Hall. But that is like trying to draw the obverse and reverse of a sixpence worn to complete illegibility. His tall fine figure stood high on the dais, his thoughtful tenor filled the air as he steered his hazardous way through sentences that dragged inclusive tails and dropped redundant propositions, and he pleaded ever so urgently, ever so finely, that what we all knew for Sin was sinful and on the whole best avoided altogether, and so went on with deepening notes and even with short arresting gestures of the right arm and hand, to stir and exhort us towards goodness, towards that modern, unsectarian goodness, goodness in general and nothing in particular, which the Zeitgeist seemed to indicate in those transitional years.

VII

The school never quite got hold of me. Partly I think that was because I was a day-boy and so freer than most of the boys, partly because of a temperamental disposition to see things in my own way and have my private dreams, partly because I was a little antagonized by the family traditions that ran through the school. I was made to feel at first that I was a rank outsider and I never quite forgot it. I suffered very little bullying and I never had a fight—in all my time there were only three fights—but I followed my own curiosities. I was already a very keen theologian and politician before I was fifteen. I was also intensely interested in modern warfare. I read the morning papers in the Reading Room during the

midday recess, never missed the illustrated weeklies, and often when I could afford it I bought a *Pall Mall Gazette* on my way home.

I do not think that I was very exceptional in that; most intelligent boys, I believe, want naturally to be men and are keenly interested in men's affairs. There is not the universal passion for a magnified puerility among them it is customary to assume. I was indeed a voracious reader of everything but boys' books, which I detested —and fiction. I read histories, travel, popular science and controversy with particular zest, and I loved maps. School work and school games were quite subordinate affairs for me. I worked well and made a passable figure at games, and I do not think I was abnormally insensitive to the fine quality of our school, to the charm of its mediæval nucleus, its Gothic cloisters, its scraps of Palladian and its dignified Georgian extensions; the contrast of the old quiet, that in spite of our presence pervaded it everywhere, with the rushing and impending London all about it, was indeed a continual pleasure to me. But these things were certainly not the living and central interests of my life.

I had to conceal my wider outlook to a certain extent—from the masters even more than from the boys. Indeed I only let myself go freely with one boy, Britten, my especial chum, the son of the Agent General for East Australia. We two discovered in a chance conversation *à propos* of a map in the library that we were both of us curious why there were Malays in Madagascar and how the Mecca pilgrims came from the East Indies before steamships were available. Neither of us had suspected that there was anyone at all in the school who knew or cared a rap about the Indian Ocean, except as water on the way to India. But Britten had come up through the Suez Canal and his ship had spoken a pilgrim ship on the way. It gave him a startling quality of living knowledge. From these pilgrims we got to a comparative treatment of religions and from that, by a sudden plunge, to entirely skeptical and disrespectful confessions concerning Gates' last outbreak of simple piety in School Assembly. We became congenial intimates from that hour.

The discovery of Britten happened to me when we were both in the Lower Fifth. Previously there had been a watertight compartment between the books I read and the thoughts they begot on the

one hand and human intercourse on the other. Now I really began my higher education and aired and examined and developed in conversation the doubts, the ideas, the interpretations that had been forming in my mind. As we were both day-boys with a good deal of control over our time we organized walks and expeditions together, and my habit of solitary and rather vague prowling gave way to much more definite joint enterprises. I went several times to his house—he was the youngest of several brothers, one of whom was a medical student and let us assist at the dissection of a cat—and once or twice in vacation time he came to Penge and we went with parcels of provisions to do a thorough day in the grounds and galleries of the Crystal Palace, ending with the fireworks at close quarters. We went in a river steamboat down to Greenwich and fired by that made an excursion to Margate and back; we explored London docks and Bethnal Green Museum, Petticoat Lane and all sorts of out-of-the-way places together.

We confessed shyly to one another a common secret vice, "phantom warfare." When we walked alone, especially in the country, we had both developed the same practise of fighting an imaginary battle about us as we walked. As we went along we were generals and our attacks pushed along on either side, crouching and gathering behind hedges, cresting ridges, occupying copses, rushing open spaces, fighting from house to house. The hillsides about Penge were honeycombed in my imagination with the pits and trenches I had created to check a victorious invader coming out of Surrey. For him West Kensington was chiefly important as the scene of a desperate and successful last stand of insurrectionary troops (who had seized the Navy, the Bank and other advantages) against a royalist army—reinforced by Germans—advancing for reasons best known to themselves by way of Harrow and Ealing. It is a secret and solitary game, as we found when we tried to play it together. We made a success of that only once. All the way down to Margate we schemed defenses and assailed and fought them as we came back against the sunset. Afterwards we recapitulated all that conflict by means of a large scale map of the Thames and little paper ironclads in plan cut out of paper.

A subsequent revival of these imaginings was brought about by

Britten's luck in getting, through a friend of his father's, admission for us both to the spectacle of volunteer officers fighting the war game in Caxton Hall. We developed a war game of our own at Britten's home with nearly a couple of hundred lead soldiers, some excellent spring cannon that shot hard and true at six yards, hills of books and a constantly elaborated set of rules. For some months that occupied an immense proportion of our leisure. Some of our battles lasted several days. We kept the game a profound secret from the other fellows. They would not have understood.

And we also began, it was certainly before we were sixteen, to write, for the sake of writing. We liked writing. We had discovered Lamb and the best of the middle articles in such weeklies as the *Saturday Gazette* and we imitated them. Our minds were full of dim uncertain things we wanted to drag out into the light of expression. Britten had got hold of *In Memoriam* and I had disinterred Pope's *Essay on Man* and *Rabbi Ben Ezra* and these things had set our theological and cosmic solicitudes talking. I was somewhere between sixteen and eighteen I know, when he and I walked along the Thames Embankment confessing shamefully to one another that we had never read Lucretius. We thought everyone who mattered had read Lucretius.

When I was nearly sixteen my mother was taken ill very suddenly and died of some perplexing complaint that involved a post mortem examination; it was, I think, the trouble that has since those days been recognized as appendicitis. This led to a considerable change in my circumstances; the house at Penge was given up and my Staffordshire uncle arranged for me to lodge during school terms with a needy solicitor and his wife in Vicars Street, S. W., about a mile and a half from the school. So it was I came right into London; I had almost two years of London before I went to Cambridge.

Those were our great days together. Afterwards we were torn apart; Britten went to Oxford, and our circumstances never afterwards threw us continuously together until the days of the *Blue Weekly*.

As boys, we walked together, read and discussed the same books, pursued the same enquiries. We got a reputation as inseparables and the nickname of the Rose and the Lily, for Britten was short

and thickset, with dark close curling hair and a ruddy Irish type of face; I was lean and fair-haired and some inches taller than he. Our talk ranged widely and yet had certain very definite limitations. We were amazingly free with politics and religion, we went to that little meeting-house of William Morris's at Hammersmith and worked out the principles of Socialism pretty thoroughly, and we got up the Darwinian theory with the help of Britten's medical-student brother and the galleries of the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road. Those wonderful cases on the ground floor illustrating mimicry, dimorphism and so forth, were new in our times, and we went through them with earnest industry and tried over our Darwinism in the light of that. Such topics we did exhaustively. But on the other hand I do not remember any discussion whatever of human sex or sexual relationships. There, in spite of intense secret curiosities, our lips were sealed by a peculiar shyness. And I do not believe we ever had occasion either of us to use the word "love." It was not only that we were instinctively shy of the subject but that we were mightily ashamed of the extent of our ignorance and uncertainty in these matters. We evaded them elaborately with an assumption of exhaustive knowledge.

We certainly had no shyness about theology. We marked the emancipation of our spirits from the frightful teachings that had oppressed our boyhood, by much indulgence in blasphemous wit. We had a secret literature of irreverent rhymes and a secret art of theological caricature. Britten's father had delighted his family by reading aloud from Dr. Richard Garnett's *Twilight of the Gods* and Britten conveyed the precious volume to me. That and the *Bab Ballads* were the inspiration of some of our earliest lucubrations.

For an imaginative boy the first experience of writing is like a tiger's first taste of blood, and our literary flowerings led very directly to the revival of the school magazine which had been comatose for some years. But there we came upon a disappointment.

VIII

In that revival we associated certain other of the Sixth Form boys and notably one for whom our enterprise was to lay the foun-

dations of a career that has ended in the House of Lords—Arthur Cossington, now Lord Paddockhurst. Cossington was at that time a rather heavy, rather good-looking boy who was chiefly eminent in cricket, an outsider even as we were and preoccupied no doubt, had we been sufficiently detached to observe him, with private imaginings very much of the same quality and spirit as our own. He was, we were inclined to think, rather a sentimentalist, rather a *poseur;* he affected a concise emphatic style, played chess very well, betrayed a belief in will-power, and earned Britten's secret hostility, Britten being a sloven, by the invariable neatness of his collars and ties. He came into our magazine with a vigor that we found extremely surprising and unwelcome.

Britten and I had wanted to write. We had indeed figured our project as modestly as a manuscript magazine of satirical, liberal and brilliant literature by which in some rather inexplicable way the vague tumult of ideas that teemed within us was to find form and expression; Cossington, it was manifest from the outset, wanted neither to write nor writing, but a magazine. I remember the inaugural meeting in Shoesmith major's study—we had had great trouble in getting it together—and how effectually Cossington bolted with the proposal.

"I think we fellows ought to run a magazine," said Cossington. "The school used to have one. A school like this ought to have a magazine."

"The last one died in '84," said Shoesmith from the hearthrug. "Called the *Observer*. Rot rather."

"Bad title," said Cossington.

"There was a *Tatler* before that," said Britten, sitting on the writing table at the window, that was closed to deaden the cries of the Lower School at play, and clashing his boots together.

"We want something suggestive of City Merchants."

"*City Merchandise,*" said Britten.

"Too fanciful. What of *Arvonian?* Richard Arvon was our founder, and it seems almost a duty—"

"They call them all -usians or -onians," said Britten.

"I like *City Merchandise,*" I said. "We could probably find a quotation to suggest—oh! mixed good things."

Cossington regarded me abstractly.

"Don't want to put the accent on the City, do we?" said Shoesmith, who had a feeling for county families, and Naylor supported him by a murmur of approval.

"We ought to call it the *Arvonian*," decided Cossington, "and we might very well have underneath, 'With which is incorporated the *Observer*.' That picks up the old traditions, makes an appeal to old boys and all that, and it gives us something to print under the title."

I still held out for *City Merchandise*, which had taken my fancy. "Some of the chaps' people won't like it," said Naylor, "certain not to. And it sound Rum."

"Sounds Weird," said a boy who had not hitherto spoken.

"We aren't going to do anything Queer," said Shoesmith, pointedly not looking at Britten.

The question of the title had manifestly gone against us. "Oh! *have* it *Arvonian*," I said.

"And next, what size shall we have?" said Cossington.

"Something like *Macmillan's Magazine*—or *Longman's; Longman's* is better because it has a whole page, not columns. It makes no end of difference to one's effects."

"What effects?" asked Shoesmith abruptly.

"Oh! a pause or white line or anything. You've got to write closer for a double column. It's nuggetty. You can't get a swing on your prose." I had discussed this thoroughly with Britten.

"If the fellows are going to write—" began Britten.

"We ought to keep off fine writing," said Shoesmith. "It's cheek. I vote we don't have any."

"We shan't get any," said Cossington, and then as an olive branch to me, "unless Remington does a bit. Or Britten. But it's no good making too much space for it."

"We ought to be very careful about the writing," said Shoesmith. "We don't want to give ourselves away."

"I vote we ask old Topham to see us through," said Naylor.

Britten groaned aloud and everyone regarded him. "Greek epigrams on the fellows' names," he said. "Small beer in ancient bottles. Let's get a stuffed broody hen to *sit* on the magazine."

"We might do worse than a Greek epigram," said Cossington.

"One in each number. It—it impresses parents and keeps up our classical tradition. And the masters *can* help. We don't want to antagonize them. Of course—we've got to departmentalize. Writing is only one section of the thing. The *Arvonian* has to stand for the school. There's questions of space and questions of expense. We can't turn out a great chunk of printed prose like—like wet cold toast and call it a magazine."

Britten writhed—appreciating the image.

"There's to be a section of sports. *You* must do that."

"I'm not going to do any fine writing," said Shoesmith.

"What you've got to do is just to list all the chaps and put a note to their play;—'Naylor minor must pass more. Football isn't the place for extreme Individualism.' 'Ammersham shapes well as half-back.' Things like that."

"I could do that all right," said Shoesmith, brightening and manifestly becoming pregnant with judgments.

"One great thing about a magazine of this sort," said Cossington, "is to mention just as many names as you can in each number. It keeps the interest alive. Chaps will turn it over looking for their own little bit. Then it all lights up for them."

"Do you want any reports of matches?" Shoesmith broke from his meditation.

"Rather. With comments."

"Naylor surpassed himself and negotiated the lemon safely home," said Shoesmith.

"Shut it," said Naylor modestly.

"Exactly," said Cossington. "That gives us three features," touching them off on his fingers, "Epigram, Literary Section, Sports. Then we want a section to shove anything into, a joke, a notice of anything that's going on. So on. Our Note Book."

"Oh Hell!" said Britten and clashed his boots, to the silent disapproval of everyone.

"Then we want an editorial."

"A *what?*" cried Britten with a note of real terror in his voice.

"Well, don't we? Unless we have Our Note Book to begin on the front page. It gives a scrappy effect to do that. We want something manly and straightforward and a bit thoughtful, about Patriotism, say, or *Esprit de Corps*, or After-Life."

I looked at Britten. Hitherto we had not considered Cossington mattered very much in the world.

He went over us as a motor car goes over a dog. There was a sort of energy about him, a new sort of energy to us; we had never realized that anything of the sort existed in the world. We were hopelessly at a disadvantage. Almost instantly he had developed a clear and detailed vision of a magazine made up of everything that was most acceptable in the magazines that flourished in the adult world about us, and had determined to make it a success. He had, by a kind of instinct as it were, synthetically plagiarized every successful magazine and breathed into this dusty mixture the breath of life. He was elected, at his own suggestion, managing director, with the earnest support of Shoesmith and Naylor, and conducted the magazine so successfully and brilliantly that he even got a whole back page of advertisements from the big sports shop in Holborn and made the printers pay at the same rate for a notice of certain books of their own which they said they had inserted by inadvertency to fill up space. The only literary contribution in the first number was a column by Topham in faultless stereotyped English in deprecation of some fancied evil called Utilitarian Studies and ending with that noble old quotation:—

"To the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

And Flack crowded us out of number two with a bright little paper on the "Humors of Cricket" and the Head himself was profusely thoughtful all over the editorial under the heading of "The School Chapel; and How it Seems to an Old Boy."

Britten and I found it difficult to express to each other with any grace or precision what we felt about that magazine.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH

ADOLESCENCE

I

I find it very difficult to trace how form was added to form and interpretation followed interpretation in my ever-spreading, ever-

deepening, ever-multiplying and enriching vision of this world into which I had been born. Every day added its impressions, its hints, its subtle explications to the growing understanding. Day after day, the living interlacing threads of a mind weave together. Every morning now for three weeks and more (for to-day is Thursday and I started on a Tuesday) I have been trying to convey some idea of the factors and early influences by which my particular scrap of subjective tapestry was shaped, to show the child playing on the nursery floor, the son perplexed by his mother gazing aghast at his dead father; exploring interminable suburbs, touched by first intimations of the sexual mystery, coming in with a sort of confused avidity towards the centre of the life of London. It is only by such an effort to write it down that one realizes how marvelously crowded, how marvelously analytical and synthetic those years must be. One begins with the little child to whom the sky is a roof of blue, the world a screen of opaque and disconnected facts, the home a thing eternal, and "being good" just simple obedience to unquestioned authority; and one comes at last to the vast world of one's adult perception, pierced by flaring searchlights of partial understanding, here masked by mists, here refracted and distorted through half-translucent veils, here showing broad prospects and limitless vistas, and here impenetrably dark.

I recall phases of deep speculation, doubts and even prayers by night, and strange occasions when by a sort of hypnotic contemplation of nothingness I sought to pierce the web of appearances about me. It is hard to measure these things in receding perspective, and now I cannot trace, so closely has mood succeeded and overlaid and obliterated mood, the phases by which an utter horror of death was replaced by the growing realization of its necessity and dignity. Difficulty of the imagination with infinite space, infinite time, entangled my mind; and moral distress for the pain and suffering of bygone ages that made all thought of reformation in the future seem but the grimmest irony upon now irreparable wrongs. Many an intricate perplexity of these broadening years did not so much get settled as cease to matter. Life crowded me away from it.

I have confessed myself a temerarious theologian and in that passage from boyhood to manhood I ranged widely in my search for

some permanently satisfying Truth. That too ceased after a time to be urgently interesting. I came at last into a phase that endures to this day, of absolute tranquillity, of absolute confidence in whatever that Incomprehensible Comprehensive which must needs be the substratum of all things, may be. Feeling *of it*, feeling *by it*, I cannot feel afraid of it. I think I had got quite clearly and finally to that adjustment long before my Cambridge days were done. I am sure that the evil in life is transitory and finite like an accident or distress in the nursery; that God is my Father and that I may trust him, even though life hurts so that one must needs cry out at it, even though it shows no consequence but failure, no promise but pain. . . .

But while I was fearless of theology I must confess it was comparatively late before I faced and dared to probe the secrecies of sex. I was afraid of sex. I had an instinctive perception that it would be a large and difficult thing in my life, but my early training was all in the direction of regarding it as an irrelevant thing, as something disconnected from all the broad significances of life, as hostile and disgraceful in its quality. The world was never so emasculated in thought I suppose as it was in the Victorian time. . . .

I was afraid to think either of sex or (what I have always found inseparable from a kind of sexual emotion) beauty. Even as a boy I knew the thing as a haunting and alluring mystery that I tried to keep away from. Its dim presence obsessed me none the less for all the extravagant decency, the stimulating silences of my upbringing. . . .

The plaster Venuses and Apollos that used to adorn the vast aisle and huge gray terraces of the Crystal Palace were the first intimations of the beauty of the body that ever came into my life. As I write of it I feel again the shameful attraction of those gracious forms. I used to look at them not simply, but curiously and askance. Once at least in my later days at Penge, I spent a shilling in admission chiefly for the sake of them. . . .

The strangest thing of all my odd and solitary upbringing seems to me now that swathing up of all the splendors of the flesh, that strange combination of fanatical terrorism and shyness that fenced me about with prohibitions. It caused me to grow up, I will not say

blankly ignorant, but with an ignorance blurred and dishonored by shame, by enigmatical warnings, by cultivated aversions, an ignorance in which a fascinated curiosity and desire struggled like a thing in a net. I knew so little and I felt so much. There was indeed no Aphrodite at all in my youthful Pantheon, but instead there was a mysterious and minatory gap. I have told how at last a new Venus was born in my imagination out of gas lamps and the twilight, a Venus with a cockney accent and dark eyes shining out of the dusk, a Venus who was a warm, passion-stirring atmosphere rather than incarnate in a body. And I have told too, how I bought a picture.

All this was a thing apart from the rest of my life, a locked avoided chamber. . . .

It was not until my last year at Trinity that I really broke down the barriers of this unwholesome silence and brought my secret broodings to the light of day. Then a little set of us plunged suddenly into what we called at first sociological discussion. I can still recall even the physical feeling of those first tentative talks. I remember them mostly as occurring in the rooms of Ted Hatherleigh, who kept at the corner by the Trinity great gate, but we also used to talk a good deal at a man's in King's, a man named, if I remember rightly, Redmayne. The atmosphere of Hatherleigh's rooms was a haze of tobacco smoke against a background brown and deep. He professed himself a socialist with anarchistic leanings—he had suffered the martyrdom of ducking for it—and a huge French May-Day poster displaying a splendid proletarian in red and black on a barricade against a flaring orange sky, dominated his decorations. Hatherleigh affected a fine untidiness, and all the place, even the floor, was littered with books, for the most part open and face downward; deeper darknesses were supplied by a discarded gown and our caps, all conscientiously battered; Hatherleigh's flopped like an elephant's ear and inserted quill pens supported the corners of mine; the high lights of the picture came chiefly as reflections from his chequered blue mugs full of audit ale. We sat on oak chairs, except the four or five who crowded on a capacious settle; we drank a lot of beer and were often fuddled and occasionally quite drunk, and we all smoked reckless-looking pipes,—there was a transient fashion among us for corn cobs, for which Mark Twain, I think, was respon-

sible. Our little excesses with liquor were due far more to conscience than appetite, indicated chiefly a resolve to break away from restraints that we suspected were keeping us off the instructive knife-edges of life. Hatherleigh was a good Englishman of the premature type with a red face, a lot of hair, a deep voice and an explosive plunging manner, and it was he who said one evening — Heaven knows how we got to it—"Look here, you know, it's all Rot this Shutting Up about Women. We *ought* to talk about them. What are we going to do about them? It's got to come. We're all festering inside about it. Let's out with it, there's too much Decency altogether about this Infernal University."

We rose to his challenge a little awkwardly and our first talk was clumsy, there were flushed faces and red ears, and I remember Hatherleigh broke out into a monologue on decency. "Modesty and Decency," said Hatherleigh, "are Oriental vices. The Jews brought them to Europe. They're Semitic, just like our monasticism here and the seclusion of women and mutilating the dead on a battlefield. And all that sort of thing."

Hatherleigh's mind progressed by huge leaps, leaps that were usually wildly inaccurate, and for a time we engaged hotly upon the topic of those alleged mutilations and the Semitic responsibility for decency. Hatherleigh tried hard to saddle the Semitic race with the less elegant war customs of the Soudan and the northwest frontier of India, and quoted Doughty, at that time a little-known author, and Cunninghame Graham to show that the Arab was worse than a county-town spinster in his regard for respectability. But his case was too preposterous, and Esmeer with his shrill penetrating voice and his way of pointing with all four long fingers flat together carried the point against him. He quoted Cato and Roman law and the monasteries of Thibet.

"Well, anyway," said Hatherleigh escaping from our hands like an intellectual frog, "Semitic or not, I've got no use for decency."

We argued points, and Hatherleigh professed an unusually balanced and tolerating attitude. "I don't mind a certain refinement and dignity," he admitted generously. "What I object to is this spreading out of decency until it darkens the whole sky, until it makes a man's father afraid to speak of the most important things,

until it makes a man afraid to look a frank book in the face or think —even think until it leads to our coming to—to the business at last with nothing but a few prohibitions, a few hints, a lot of dirty jokes and, and—" he waved a hand and seemed to seek and catch his image in the air—" oh, a confounded buttered slice of sentiment, to guide us. I tell you I'm going to think about it and talk about it until I see a little more daylight than I do at present. I'm twenty-two. Things might happen to me anywhere. You men can go out into the world if you like, to sin like fools and marry like fools, not knowing what you are doing and ashamed to ask. You'll take the consequence too, I expect, pretty meekly, sniggering a bit, sentimentalizing a bit, like—like Cambridge humorists . . . *I* mean to know what I'm doing."

He paused to drink, and I think I cut in with ideas of my own. But one is apt to forget one's own share in a talk, I find, more than one does the clear-cut objectivity of other people's, and I do not know how far I contributed to this discussion that followed. I am however pretty certain that it was then that ideal that we were pleased to call aristocracy and which soon became the common property of our set was developed. It was Esmeer, I know, who laid down and maintained the proposition that so far as minds went there were really only two sorts of man in the world, the aristocrat and the man who subdues his mind to other people's.

" ' I couldn't *think* of it, Sir,' " said Esmeer in his elucidatory tones; " that's what a servant says. His mind even is broken in to run between fences and he admits it. *We've* got to be able to think of anything. And ' such things aren't for the Likes of Us!' That's another servant's saying. Well, everything *is* for the Likes of Us. If we see fit, that is."

A small fresh-colored man in gray objected.

" Well," exploded Hatherleigh, " if that isn't so, what the deuce are we up here for? Instead of working in mines? If some things aren't to be thought about ever! We've got the privilege of all these extra years for getting things straight in our heads, and then we won't use 'em. Good God! what do you think a university's for? . . . "

Esmeer's idea came with an effect of real emancipation to several

of us. We were not going to be afraid of ideas any longer, we were going to throw down every barrier of prohibition and take them in and see what came of it. We became for a time even intemperately experimental, and one of us at the bare suggestion of an eminent psychic investigator took hashish and very nearly died of it within a fortnight of our great elucidation.

The chief matter of our interchanges was of course the discussion of sex. Once the theme had been opened it became a sore place in our intercourse; none of us seemed able to keep away from it. Our imaginations got astir with it. We made up for lost time and went round it and through it and over it exhaustively. I recall prolonged discussion of polygamy on the way to Royston, muddy November tramps to Madingley, when amidst much profanity from Hatherleigh at the serious treatment of so obsolete a matter, we weighed the reasons, if any, for the institution of marriage. The fine dim night-time spaces of the Great Court are bound up with the inconclusive finales of mighty hot-eared wrangles; the narrows of Trinity Street and Petty Cury and Market Hill have their particular associations for me with that spate of confession and free speech, that almost painful gaol delivery of long pent and cramped and sometimes crippled ideas.

And we went on a reading party that Easter to a place called Pulborough, in Sussex, where there is a fishing inn and a river that goes under a bridge. It was a late Easter and a blazing one, and we boated and bathed and talked of being Hellenic and the beauty of the body until at moments it seemed to us that we were destined to restore the Golden Age, by the simple abolition of tailors and outfitters.

Those undergraduate talks! how rich and glorious they seemed, how splendidly new the ideas that grew and multiplied in our seething minds! We made long afternoon and evening raids over the Downs towards Arundel, and would come tramping back through the still keen moonlight singing and shouting. We formed romantic friendships with one another, and grieved more or less convincingly that there were no splendid women fit to be our companions in the world. But Hatherleigh, it seemed, had once known a girl whose hair was gloriously red. "My God!" said Hatherleigh to convey

the quality of her; just simply and with projectile violence: "My God!"

Denton had heard of a woman who lived with a man refusing to be married to him—we thought that splendid beyond measure,—I cannot now imagine why. She was "like a tender goddess," Denton said. A sort of shame came upon us in the dark in spite of our liberal intentions when Denton committed himself to that. And after such talk we would fall upon great pauses of emotional dreaming, and if by chance we passed a girl in a governess cart or some farmer's daughter walking to the station, we became alertly silent or obstreperously indifferent to her. For might she not be just that one exception to the banal decency, the sickly pointless conventionality, the sham modesty of the times in which we lived?

We felt we stood for a new movement, not realizing how perennially this same emancipation returns to those ancient courts beside the Cam. We were the anti-decency party, we discovered a catch phrase that we flourished about in the Union and made our watchword, namely: "stark fact." We hung nude pictures in our rooms much as if they had been flags, to the earnest concern of our bedders, and I disinterred my long kept engraving and had it framed in fumed oak, and found for it a completer and less restrained companion, a companion I never cared for in the slightest degree. . . .

This efflorescence did not prevent, I think indeed it rather helped, our more formal university work, for most of us took Firsts, and three of us got Fellowships in one year or another. There was Denton who had a Research Fellowship and went to Tübingen, there were Esmeer and myself who both became Residential Fellows. I had taken the Mental and Moral Science Tripos (as it was then) and three years later I got a lectureship in political science. In those days it was disguised in the cloak of Political Economy.

II

It was our affectation to be a little detached from the main stream of undergraduate life. We worked pretty hard, but by virtue of our beer, our socialism, and such-like heterodoxy, held ourselves to be differentiated from the swatting reading man. None of us, except

Baxter, who was a rowing blue, a rather abnormal blue with an appetite for ideas, took games seriously enough to train, and on the other hand we intimated contempt for the rather mediocre, deliberately humorous, consciously gentlemanly and consciously wild-undergraduate men who made up the mass of Cambridge life. After the manner of youth we were altogether too hard on our contemporaries. We battered our caps and tore our gowns lest they should seem new and we despised those others extremely for doing exactly the same things; we had an idea of ourselves and resented beyond measure a similar weakness in these our brothers.

There was a type, or at least there seemed to us to be a type —I'm a little doubtful at times now whether after all we didn't create it—for which Hatherleigh invented the nickname the "Pinky Dinkys," intending thereby both contempt and abhorrence in almost equal measure. The Pinky Dinky summarized all that we particularly did not want to be, and also, I now perceive, much of what we were and all that we secretly dreaded becoming.

But it is hard to convey the Pinky Dinky idea, for all that it meant so much to us. We spent one evening at least during that reading party upon the Pinky Dinky; we sat about our one fire after a walk in the rain,—it was our only wet day—smoked our excessively virile pipes and elaborated the natural history of the Pinky Dinky. We improvised a sort of Pinky Dinky litany, and Hatherleigh supplied notes for the responses.

"The Pinky Dinky extracts a good deal of amusement from life," said someone.

"Damned prig!" said Hatherleigh.

"The Pinky Dinky arises in the Union and treats the question with a light gay touch. He makes the weird ones mad. But sometimes he cannot go on because of the amusement he extracts."

"I want to shy books at the giggling swine," said Hatherleigh.

"The Pinky Dinky says suddenly while he is making the tea, 'We're all being frightfully funny. It's time for *you* to say something now.'"

"The Pinky Dinky shakes his head and says: 'I'm afraid I shall never be a responsible being.' And he really *is* frivolous."

"Frivolous but not vulgar," said Esmeer.

"Pinky Dinkys are chaps who've had their buds nipped," said Hatherleigh. "They're Plebs and they know it. They haven't the Guts to get hold of things. And so they worry up all those silly little jokes of theirs to carry it off." . . .

We tried bad ones for a time, viciously flavored.

"Pinky Dinkys are due to over-production of the type that ought to keep outfitters' shops. Pinky Dinkys would like to keep outfitters' shops with whimsy 'scriptions on the boxes and make your bill out funny, and not be snobs to customers, no!—not even if they had titles."

"Every Pinky Dinky's people are rather good people, and better than most Pinky Dinky's people. But he does not put on side."

"Pinky Dinkys become playful at the sight of women."

"'Croquet's my game,' said the Pinky Dinky, and felt a man condescended."

"But what the devil do they think they're up to anyhow?" roared old Hatherleigh, suddenly dropping plump into bottomless despair.

We felt we had still failed to get at the core of the mystery of the Pinky Dinky.

We tried over things about his religion. "The Pinky Dinky goes to King's Chapel, and sits and feels in the dusk. Solemn things! Oh *hush!* He wouldn't tell you—"

"He *couldn't* tell you."

"Religion is so sacred to him he never talks about it, never reads about it, never thinks about it. Just feels!"

"But in his heart of hearts, oh! ever so deep, the Pinky Dinky has a doubt—"

Someone protested.

"Not a vulgar doubt," Esmeer went on, "but a kind of hesitation whether the Ancient of Days is really exactly what one would call good form. . . There's a lot of horrid coarseness got into the world somehow. *Somebody* put it there. . . And anyhow there's no particular reason why a man should be seen about with Him. He's jolly Awful of course and all that—"

"The Pinky Dinky for all his fun and levity has a clean mind."

"A thoroughly clean mind. Not like Esmeer's—the Pig!"

"If once he began to think about sex, how could he be comfortable at croquet?"

"It's their Damned Modesty," said Hatherleigh suddenly, "that's what the matter with the Pinky Dinky. It's Mental Cowardice dressed up as a virtue and taking the poor dears in. Cambridge is soaked with it; it's some confounded local bacillus. Like the thing that gives a flavor to Havana cigars. He comes up here to be made into a man and a ruler of the people, and he thinks it shows a nice disposition not to take on the job! How the Devil is a great Empire to be run with men like that?"

"All his little jokes and things," said Esmeer regarding his feet on the fender, "it's just a nervous sniggering—because he's afraid. . . Oxford's no better."

"What's he afraid of?" said I.

"God knows!" exploded Hatherleigh and stared at the fire.

"*Life!*" said Esmeer. "And so in a way are we," he added and made a thoughtful silence for a time.

"I say," began Carter, who was doing the Natural Science Tripos, "what is the adult form of the Pinky Dinky?"

But there we were checked by our ignorance of the world.

"What is the adult form of any of us?" asked Denton, voicing the thought that had arrested our flow.

III

I do not remember that we ever lifted our criticism to the dons and the organization of the University. I think we took them for granted. When I look back at my youth I am always astonished by the multitude of things that we took for granted. It seemed to us that Cambridge was in the order of things, for all the world like having eyebrows or a vermiform appendix. Now with the larger skepticism of middle age I can entertain very fundamental doubts about these old universities. Indeed, I had a scheme.

I do not see what harm I can do now by laying bare the purpose of the political combinations I was trying to effect.

My education scheme was indeed the starting point of all the big project of conscious public reconstruction at which I aimed. I wanted to build up a new educational machine altogether for the

governing class out of a consolidated system of special public service schools. I meant to get to work upon this whatever office I was given in the new government. I could have begun my plan from the Admiralty or the War Office quite as easily as from the Education office. I am firmly convinced it is hopeless to think of reforming the old public schools and universities to meet the needs of a modern state, they send their roots too deep and far, the cost would exceed any good that could possibly be effected, and so I have sought a way round this invincible obstacle. I do think it would be quite practicable to side-track, as the Americans say, the whole system by creating hard-working, hard-living, modern and scientific boys' schools, first for the Royal Navy and then for the public service generally, and as they grow, opening them to the public without any absolute obligation to subsequent service. Simultaneously with this it would not be impossible to develop a new college system with strong faculties in modern philosophy, modern history, European literature and criticism, physical and biological science, education and sociology.

We could in fact create a new liberal education in this way and cut the umbilicus of the classical languages for good and all. I should have set this going, and trusted it to correct or kill the old public schools and the Oxford and Cambridge tradition altogether. I had men in my mind to begin the work and I should have found others. I should have aimed at making a hard trained, capable, intellectually active, proud type of man. Everything else would have been made subservient to that. I should have kept my grip on the men through their vacation, and somehow or other I would have contrived a young woman to match them. I think I could have seen to it effectually enough that they didn't get at croquet and tennis with the vicarage daughters and discover sex in the Peeping Tom fashion I did, and that they realized quite early in life that it isn't really virile to reek of tobacco. I should have had military manœuvres, training ships, aeroplane work, mountaineering and so forth in the place of the solemn trivialities of games, and I should have fed and housed my men clean and very hard—where there wasn't any audit ale, no credit tradesmen, and plenty of high pressure douches. . . .

I have revisited Cambridge and Oxford time after time since I

came down, and so far as the Empire goes, I want to get clear of those two places. . . .

Always I renew my old feelings, a physical oppression, a sense of lowness and dampness almost exactly like the feeling of an underground room where paper molders and leaves the wall, a feeling of ineradicable contagion in the Gothic buildings, in the narrow ditch-like rivers, in those roads and roads of stuffy little villas. Those little villas have destroyed all the good of the old monastic system and none of its evil. . . .

Some of the most charming people in the world live in them, but their collective effect is below the quality of any individual among them. Cambridge is a world of subdued tones, of excessively subtle humors, of prim conduct and free thinking; it fears the Parent but it does not fear God; it offers amidst surroundings that vary between dinginess and antiquarian charm the inflammation of literature's purple draught; one hears there a peculiar thin scandal like no other scandal in the world—a covetous scandal—so that I am always reminded of Ibsen in Cambridge. In Cambridge and the plays of Ibsen alone does it seem appropriate for the heroine before the great crises of life to " enter, take off her overshoes, and put her wet umbrella upon the writing desk." . . .

We have to make a new Academic mind for modern needs and the last thing to make it out of, I am convinced, is the old Academic mind. One might as soon try to fake the old Victory at Portsmouth into a line of battle ship again. Besides which the old Academic mind, like those old bathless, damp Gothic colleges, is much too delightful in its peculiar and distinctive way to damage by futile patching.

My heart warms to a sense of affectionate absurdity as I recall dear old Codger, surely the most " unleaderly " of men. No more than from the old Schoolmen, his kindred, could one get from him a School for Princes. Yet apart from his teaching he was as curious and adorable as a good Netsuke. Until quite recently he was a power in Cambridge, he could make and bar and destroy, and in a way he has become the quintessence of Cambridge in my thoughts.

I see him on his way to the morning's lecture, with his plump childish face, his round innocent eyes, his absurdly non-prehensile

fat hand carrying his cap, his gray trousers braced up much too high, his feet a trifle inturned and going across the great court with a queer tripping pace that seemed cultivated even to my naïve undergraduate eye. Or I see him lecturing. He lectured walking up and down between the desks, talking in a fluting rapid voice, and with the utmost lucidity. If he could not walk up and down he could not lecture. His mind and voice had precisely the fluid quality of some clear subtle liquid; one felt it could flow around anything and overcome nothing. And its nimble eddies were wonderful! Or again I recall him drinking port with little muscular movements in his neck and cheek and chin and his brows knit—very judicial, very concentrated, preparing to say the apt just thing; it was the last thing he would have told a lie about.

When I think of Codger I am reminded of an inscription I saw on some occasion in Regent's Park above two eyes scarcely more limpidly innocent than his;—"Born in the Menagerie." Never once since Codger began to display the early promise of scholarship at the age of eight or more, had he been outside the bars. His utmost travel had been to lecture here and lecture there. His student phase had culminated in papers of quite exceptional brilliance, and he had gone on to lecture with a cheerful combination of wit and mannerism that had made him a success from the beginning. He has lectured ever since. He lectures still. Year by year he has become plumper, more rubicund and more and more of an item for the intelligent visitor to see. Even in my time he was pointed out to people as part of our innumerable enrichments, and obviously, he knew it. He has become now almost the leading Character in a little donnish world of much too intensely appreciated Characters.

He boasted he took no exercise, and also of his knowledge of port wine. Of other wines he confessed quite frankly he had no "special knowledge." Beyond these things he had little pride, except that he claimed to have read every novel by a woman writer that had ever entered the Union Library. This, however, he held to be remarkable rather than ennobling and such boasts as he made of it were tinged with playfulness. Certainly he had a scholar's knowledge of the works of Miss Marie Corelli, Miss Braddon, Miss Elizabeth Glyn and Madame Sarah Grand that would have astonished and

flattered these ladies enormously, and he loved nothing so much in his hours of relaxation as to propound and answer difficult questions upon their books. Tusher of King's was his ineffectual rival in this field, their bouts were memorable and rarely other than glorious for Codger; but then Tusher spread himself too much, he also undertook to rehearse whole pages out of Bradshaw, and tell you with all the changes how to get from any station to any station in Great Britain by the nearest and cheapest routes. . . .

Codger lodged with a little deaf innocent old lady, Mrs. Araminta Mergle, who was understood to be, herself, a very redoubtable Character in the Gyp-Bedder class; about her he related quietly absurd anecdotes. He displayed a marvelous invention in ascribing to her plausible expressions of opinion entirely identical in import with those of the Oxford and Harvard Pragmatists, against whom he waged a fierce obscure war. . . .

It was Codger's function to teach me philosophy, philosophy! the intimate Wisdom of things. He dealt in a variety of Hegelian stuff like nothing else in the world, but marvelously consistent with itself. It was a wonderful web he spun out of that queer big active childish brain that had never lusted nor hated nor grieved nor feared nor passionately loved,—a web of iridescent threads. He had luminous final theories about Love and Death and Immortality, odd matters they seemed for him to think about! and all his woven thoughts lay across my perception of the realities of things, as flimsy and irrelevant and clever and beautiful, oh!—as a dew-wet spider's web slung in the morning sunshine across the black mouth of a gun. . . .

All through those years of development I perceive now there must have been growing in me, slowly, irregularly, assimilating to itself all the phrases and forms of patriotism, diverting my religious impulses, utilizing my æsthetic tendencies, my dominating idea, the statesman's idea, that idea of social service which is the protagonist of my story, that real though complex passion for Making, making widely and greatly, cities, national order, civilization, whose interplay with all those other factors in life I have set out to present. It was growing in me—as one's bones grow, no man intending it.

IV

I have tried to show how, quite early in my life, the fact of disorderliness, the conception of social life as being a multitudinous confusion out of hand, came to me. One always of course simplifies these things in the telling, but I do not think I ever saw the world at large in any other terms. I never at any stage entertained the idea which sustained my mother, and which sustains so many people in the world, —the idea that the universe, whatever superficial discords it may present, is as a matter of fact all right, is being steered to definite ends by a serene and unquestionable God. My mother thought that Order prevailed and that disorder was just incidental and foredoomed rebellion; I feel and have always felt that order rebels against and struggles against disorder, that order has an up-hill job, in gardens, experiments, suburbs, everything alike; from the very beginnings of my experience I discovered hostility to order, a constant escaping from control.

The current of living and contemporary ideas in which my mind was presently swimming made all in the same direction; in place of my mother's attentive, meticulous but occasionally extremely irascible Providence, the talk was all of the Struggle for Existence and the survival, not of the Best—that was nonsense—but of the fittest to survive.

The attempts to rehabilitate Faith in the form of the Individualist's *laissez faire* never won upon me. I disliked Herbert Spencer all my life until I read his autobiography, and then I laughed a little and loved him. I remember as early as the City Merchants' days how Britten and I scoffed at that pompous question-begging word " Evolution," having so to speak found it out. Evolution, some illuminating talker had remarked at the Britten lunch table, had led not only to man but to the liver-fluke and skunk, obviously it might lead anywhere; order came into things only through the struggling mind of man. That lit things wonderfully for us. When I went up to Cambridge I was perfectly clear that life was a various and splendid disorder of forces that the spirit of man sets itself to tame. I have never since fallen away from that persuasion.

I do not think I was exceptionally precocious in reaching these

conclusions and a sort of religious finality for myself by eighteen or nineteen. I know men and women vary very much in these matters, just as children do in learning to talk. Some will chatter at eighteen months and some will hardly speak until three, and the thing has very little to do with their subsequent mental quality. So it is with young people; some will begin their religious, their social, their sexual interests at fourteen, some not until far on in the twenties. I and Britten belonged to one of the precocious types and Cossington very probably to another. It wasn't that there was anything priggish about any of us; we should have been prigs to have concealed our spontaneous interests and ape the theoretical boy.

The world of man centred for my imagination in London, it still centres there; the real and present world that is to say, as distinguished from the wonderlands of atomic microscopic science and the stars and future time. I had traveled scarcely at all, I had never crossed the Channel, but I had read copiously and I had formed a very good working idea of this round globe with its mountains and wildernesses and forests and all the sorts and conditions of human life that were scattered over its surface. It was all alive, I felt, and changing every day; how it was changing, and the changes men might bring about, fascinated my mind beyond measure.

I used to find a charm in old maps that showed The World as Known to the Ancients, and I wish I could now without any suspicion of self-deception write down compactly the world as it was known to me at nineteen. So far as extension went it was I fancy very like the world I know now at forty-two; I had practically all the mountains and seas, boundaries and races, products and possibilities that I have now. But its intension was very different. All the interval has been increasing and deepening my social knowledge, replacing crude and second-hand impressions by felt and realized distinctions.

In 1895,—that was my last year with Britten, for I went up to Cambridge in September—my vision of the world had much the same relation to the vision I have to-day that an ill-drawn daub of a mask has to the direct vision of a human face. Britten and I looked at our world and saw—what did we see? Forms and colors side by side that we had no suspicion were interdependent. We had no concep-

tion of the roots of things nor of the reactions of things. It did not seem to us for example that business had anything to do with government or that money and means affected the heroic issues of war. There were no wagons in our war game, and where there were guns, there it was assumed the ammunition was gathered together. Finance again was a sealed book to us; we did not so much connect it with the broad aspects of human affairs as regard it as a sort of intrusive nuisance to be earnestly ignored by all right-minded men. We had no conception of the quality of politics, nor how "interests" came into such affairs; we believed men were swayed by purely intellectual convictions and were either right or wrong, honest or dishonest (in which case they deserved to be shot), good or bad. We knew nothing of mental inertia, and could imagine the opinion of a whole nation changed by one lucid and convincing exposition. We were capable of the most incongruous transfers from the scroll of history to our own times; we could suppose Brixton ravaged and Hampstead burnt in civil wars for the succession to the throne, or Cheapside a lane of death and the front of the Mansion House set about with guillotines in the course of an accurately transposed French Revolution. We rebuilt London by Act of Parliament, and once in a mood of hygienic enterprise we transferred its population *en masse* to the North Downs by an order of the Local Government Board. We thought nothing of throwing religious organizations out of employment or superseding all the newspapers by freely distributed bulletins. We could contemplate the possibility of laws abolishing whole classes; we were equal to such a dream as the peaceful and orderly proclamation of Communism from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, after the passing of a simply worded bill,—a close and not unnaturally an exciting division carrying the third reading. I remember quite distinctly evolving that vision. We were then fully fifteen and we were perfectly serious about it. We were not fools; it was simply that as yet we had gathered no experience at all of the limits and powers of legislation and conscious collective intention. . . .

I think this statement does my boyhood justice, and yet I have my doubts. It is so hard now to say what one understood and what one did not understand. It isn't only that every day changed one's general outlook, but also that a boy fluctuates between phases of quite

adult understanding and phases of tawdrily magnificent puerility. Sometimes I myself was in those tumbrils that went along Cheapside to the Mansion House, a Sydney Cartonesque figure, a white defeated Mirabeau; sometimes it was I who sat judging and condemning and ruling (sleeping in my clothes and feeding very simply), the soul and autocrat of the Provisional Government, which occupied, of all inconvenient places! the General Post Office at St. Martin's le Grand! . . .

I cannot trace the development of my ideas at Cambridge, but I believe the mere physical fact of going two hours' journey away from London gave that place for the first time an effect of unity in my imagination. I got outside London. It became tangible instead of being a frame almost as universal as sea and sky.

At Cambridge my ideas ceased to live in a duologue; in exchange for Britten, with whom, however, I corresponded lengthily, stylishly and self-consciously for some years, I had now a set of congenial friends. I got talk with some of the younger dons, I learnt to speak in the Union and in my little set we were all pretty busily sharpening each other's wits and correcting each other's interpretations. Cambridge made politics personal and actual. At City Merchants' we had had no sense of effective contact; we boasted, it is true, an under secretary and a colonial governor among our old boys, but they were never real to us; such distinguished sons as returned to visit the old school were allusive and pleasant in the best Pinky Dinky style, and pretended to be in earnest about nothing but our football and cricket, to mourn the abolition of "water" and find a shuddering personal interest in the ancient swishing block. At Cambridge I felt for the first time that I touched the thing that was going on. Real living statesmen came down to debate in the Union, the older dons had been their college intimates, their sons and nephews expounded them to us and made them real to us. They invited us to entertain ideas; I found myself for the first time in my life expected to read and think and discuss, my secret vice had become a virtue.

That combination-room world is at least larger and more populous and various than the world of schoolmasters. The Shoesmiths and Naylors who had been the aristocracy of City Merchants' fell into their place in my mind; they became an undistinguished mass on the more athletic side of Pinky Dinkyism, and their hostility to

ideas and to the expression of ideas ceased to limit and trouble me. The brighter men of each generation stay up; these others go down to propagate their tradition, as the fathers of families, as mediocre professional men, as assistant masters in schools. Cambridge which perfects them is by the nature of things least oppressed by them,—except when it comes to a vote in Convocation.

We were still in those days under the shadow of the great Victorians. I never saw Gladstone (as I never set eyes on the old Queen), but he had resigned office only a year before I went up to Trinity and the Combination Rooms were full of personal gossip about him and Disraeli and the other big figures of the gladiatorial stage of Parliamentary history, talk that leaked copiously into such sets as mine. The ceiling of our guest chamber at Trinity was glorious with the arms of Sir William Harcourt, whose Death Duties had seemed at first like a socialist dawn. Mr. Evesham we asked to come to the Union every year, Masters, Chamberlain and the old Duke of Devonshire; they did not come indeed, but their polite refusals brought us all as it were within personal touch of them. One heard of cabinet councils and meetings at country houses. Some of us, pursuing such interests, went so far as to read political memoirs and the novels of Disraeli and Mrs. Humphry Ward. From gossip, example and the illustrated newspapers one learnt something of the way in which parties were split, coalitions formed, how permanent officials worked and controlled their ministers, how measures were brought forward and projects modified.

And while I was getting the great leading figures on the political stage, who had been presented to me in my school-days not so much as men as the pantomimic monsters of political caricature, while I was getting them reduced in my imagination to the stature of humanity, and their motives to the quality of impulses like my own, I was also acquiring in my Tripos work a constantly developing and enriching conception of the world of men as a complex of economic, intellectual and moral processes. . . .

V

Socialism is an intellectual Proteus, but to the men of my generation it came as the revolt of the workers. Rodbertus we never heard

of and the Fabian Society we did not understand; Marx and Morris, the Chicago Anarchists, *Justice* and Social Democratic Federation (as it was then) presented socialism to our minds. Hatherleigh was the leading exponent of the new doctrines in Trinity, and the figure upon his wall of a huge muscled, black-haired toiler swaggering sledge-hammer in hand across a revolutionary barricade, seemed the quintessence of what he had to expound. Landlord and capitalist had robbed and enslaved the workers and were driving them quite automatically to inevitable insurrection. They would arise and the capitalist system would flee and vanish like the mists before the morning, like the dews before the sunrise, giving place in the most simple and obvious manner to an era of Right and Justice and Virtue and Well Being, and in short a Perfectly Splendid Time.

I had already discussed this sort of socialism under the guidance of Britten, before I went up to Cambridge. It was all mixed up with ideas about freedom and natural virtue and a great scorn for kings, titles, wealth and officials, and it was symbolized by the red ties we wore. Our simple verdict on existing arrangements was that they were "all wrong." The rich were robbers and knew it, kings and princes were usurpers and knew it, religious teachers were impostors in league with power, the economic system was an elaborate plot on the part of the few to expropriate the many. We went about feeling scornful of all the current forms of life, forms that esteemed themselves solid, that were, we knew, no more than shapes painted on the curtain that was presently to be torn aside. . . .

It was Hatherleigh's poster and his capacity for overstating things, I think, that first qualified my simple revolutionary enthusiasm. Perhaps also I had met with Fabian publications, but if I did I forget the circumstances. And no doubt my innate constructiveness with its practical corollary of an analytical treatment of the material supplied, was bound to push me on beyond this melodramatic interpretation of human affairs.

I compared that Working Man of the poster with any sort of working man I knew. I perceived that the latter was not going to change and indeed could not under any stimulus whatever be expected to change into the former. It crept into my mind as slowly and surely as the dawn creeps into a room that the former was not as

I had at first rather glibly assumed, an " ideal," but a complete misrepresentation of the quality and possibilities of things.

I do not know now whether it was during my school-days or at Cambridge that I first began not merely to see the world as a great contrast of rich and poor but to feel the massive effect of that multitudinous majority of people who toil continually, who are for ever anxious about ways and means, who are restricted, ill-clothed, ill-fed and ill-housed, who have limited outlooks and continually suffer misadventures, hardships and distresses through the want of money. My lot had fallen upon the fringe of the possessing minority; if I did not know the want of necessities I knew shabbiness, and the world that let me go on to a university education intimated very plainly that there was not a thing beyond the primary needs that my stimulated imagination might demand that it would not be an effort for me to secure. A certain aggressive radicalism against the ruling and propertied classes followed almost naturally from my circumstances. It did not at first connect itself at all with the perception of a planless disorder in human affairs that had been forced upon me by the atmosphere of my upbringing, nor did it link me in sympathy with any of the profounder realities of poverty. It was a personal independent thing. The dingier people one saw in the back streets and lower quarters of Bromstead and Penge, the drift of dirty children, ragged old women, street loafers, grimy workers that made the social background of London, the stories one heard of privation and sweating, only joined up very slowly with the general propositions I was making about life. We could become splendidly eloquent about the social revolution and the triumph of the Proletariat after the class war, and it was only by a sort of inspiration that it came to me that my Bedder, a garrulous old thing with a dusty black bonnet over one eye and an ostentatiously clean apron outside the dark mysteries that clothed her, or the cheeky little ruffians who yelled papers about the streets, were really material to such questions.

Directly any of us young socialists of Trinity found ourselves in immediate contact with servants or cadgers or gyps or bedders or plumbers or navvies or cabmen or railway porters, we became unconsciously and unthinkingly aristocrats. Our voices altered, our ges-

tures altered. We behaved just as all the other men, rich or poor, swatters or sportsmen or Pinky Dinkys, behaved, and exactly as we were expected to behave. On the whole it is a population of poor quality round about Cambridge, rather stunted and spiritless and very difficult to idealize. That theoretical Working Man of ours!—if we felt the clash at all we explained it I suppose by assuming that he came from another part of the country; Esmeer, I remember, who lived somewhere in the Fens, was very eloquent about the Cornish fishermen, and Hatherleigh who was a Hampshire man assured us we ought to know the Scottish miner. My private fancy was for the Lancashire operative because of his coöperative societies, and because what Lancashire thinks to-day England thinks to-morrow. . . . And also I had never been in Lancashire.

By little increments of realization it was that the profounder verities of the problem of socialism came to me. It helped me very much that I had to go down to the Potteries several times to discuss my future with my uncle and guardian; I walked about and saw Burslem Wakes and much of the human aspects of organized industrialism at close quarters for the first time. The picture of a splendid Working Man cheated out of his innate glorious possibilities and presently to arise and dash this scoundrelly and scandalous system of private ownership to fragments, began to give place to a limitless spectacle of inefficiency, to a conception of millions of people not organized as they should be, not educated as they should be, not simply prevented from but incapable of nearly every sort of beauty, mostly kindly and well meaning, mostly incompetent, mostly obstinate and easily humbugged and easily diverted. Even the tragic and inspiring idea of Marx that the poor were nearing a limit of painful experience, and awakening to a sense of intolerable wrongs, began to develop into the more appalling conception that the poor were simply in a witless uncomfortable inconclusive way—"muddling along"; that they wanted nothing very definitely nor very urgently, that mean fears enslaved them and mean satisfaction decoyed them, that they took the very gift of life itself with a spiritless lassitude, hoarding it, being rather anxious not to lose it than to use it in any way whatever.

The complete development of that realization was the work of many years. I had only the first intimations at Cambridge. But I

did have intimations. Most acutely do I remember the doubts that followed the visit of Chris Robinson. Chris Robinson was heralded by such heroic anticipations, and he was so entirely what we had not anticipated.

Hatherleigh got him to come, arranged a sort of meeting for him at Redmayne's rooms in King's and was very proud and proprietorial. It failed to stir Cambridge at all profoundly. Beyond a futile attempt to screw up Hatherleigh made by some inexpert duffers who used nails instead of screws and gimlets there was no attempt to rag. Next day Chris Robinson went and spoke at Bennett Hall in Newnham College, and left Cambridge in the evening amidst the cheers of twenty men or so. Socialism was at such a low ebb politically in those days that it didn't even rouse men to opposition.

And there sat Chris under that flamboyant and heroic Worker of the poster, a little wrinkled gray-bearded apologetic man in ready-made clothes, with watchful innocent brown eyes and a persistent and invincible air of being out of his element. He sat with his stout boots tucked up under his chair, and clung to a teacup and saucer and looked away from us into the fire, and we all sat about on tables and chair arms and window sills and boxes and anywhere except upon chairs after the manner of young men. The only other chair whose seat was occupied was the one containing his knitted woolen comforter and his picturesque old beach-photographer's hat. We were all shy and didn't know how to take hold of him now we had got him, and, which was disconcertingly unanticipated, he was manifestly having the same difficulty with us. We had expected to be gripped.

"I'll not be knowing what to say to these Chaps," he repeated with a north-country quality in his speech.

We made reassuring noises.

The Ambassador of the Workers stirred his tea earnestly through an uncomfortable pause.

"I'd best tell 'em something of how things are in Lancashire, what with the new machines and all that," he speculated at last with red reflections in his thoughtful eyes.

We had an inexcusable dread that perhaps he would make a mess of the meeting.

But when he was no longer in the unaccustomed meshes of refined

conversation but speaking with an audience before him, he became a different man. He declared he would explain to us just exactly what socialism was, and went on at once to an impassioned contrast of social conditions. "You young men," he said, "comes from homes of luxury; every need you feel is supplied—"

We sat and stood and sprawled about him, occupying every inch of Redmayne's floor space except the hearthrug-platform, and we listened to him and thought him over. He was the voice of wrongs that made us indignant and eager. We forgot for a time that he had been shy and seemed not a little incompetent, his provincial accent became a beauty of his earnest speech, we were carried away by his indignations. We looked with shining eyes at one another and at the various dons who had dropped in and were striving to maintain a front of judicious severity. We felt more and more that social injustice must cease and cease forthwith. We felt we could not sleep upon it. At the end we clapped and murmured our applause and wanted badly to cheer.

Then like a lancet stuck into a bladder, came the heckling. Denson, that indolent liberal-minded skeptic, did most of the questioning. He lay contorted in a chair with his ugly head very low, his legs crossed and his left boot very high, and he pointed his remarks with a long thin hand and occasionally adjusted the unstable glasses that hid his watery eyes. "I don't want to carp," he began. "The present system, I admit, stands condemned. Every present system always *has* stood condemned in the minds of intelligent men. But where it seems to me you get thin, is just where everybody has been thin, and that's when you come to the remedy."

"Socialism," said Chris Robinson as if it answered everything, and Hatherleigh said "Hear! Hear!" very resolutely.

"I suppose I *ought* to take that as an answer," said Denson, getting his shoulder blades well down to the seat of his chair; "but I don't. I don't, you know. It's rather a shame to cross-examine you after this fine address of yours"—Chris Robinson on the hearthrug made acquiescent inviting noises—"but the real question remains how exactly are you going to end all these wrongs? There are the administrative questions. If you abolish the private owner I admit you abolish a very complex and clumsy way of getting businesses

run, land controlled and things in general administered, but you don't get rid of the need of administration, you know."

"Democracy," said Chris Robinson.

"Organized somehow," said Denson. "And it's just the How perplexes me. I can quite easily imagine a socialist state administered in a sort of scrambling tumult that would be worse than anything we have got now."

"Nothing could be worse than things are now," said Chris Robinson. "I have seen little children—"

"I submit life on an ill-provisioned raft, for example, could easily be worse—or life in a beleaguered town."

Murmurs.

They wrangled for some time and it had the effect upon me of coming out from the glow of a good matinée performance into the cold daylight of late afternoon. Chris Robinson did not shine in conflict with Denson; he was an orator and not a dialectician and he missed Denson's points and displayed a disposition to plunge into untimely pathos and indignation. And Denson hit me curiously hard with one of his shafts. "Suppose," he said, "you found yourself prime minister—"

I looked at Chris Robinson, bright-eyed and his hair a little ruffled and his whole being rhetorical, and measured him against the huge machine of government muddled and mysterious. Oh! but I was perplexed!

And then we took him back to Hatherleigh's rooms and drank beer and smoked about him while he nursed his knee with hairy wristed hands that protruded from his flannel shirt, and drank lemonade under the cartoon of that emancipated Worker, and we had a great discursive talk with him.

"Eh! you should see our big meetings up north!" he said.

Denson had ruffled him and worried him a good deal, and ever and again he came back to that discussion. "It's all very easy for your learned men to sit and pick holes," he said, "while the children suffer and die. They don't pick holes up north. They mean business."

He talked, and that was the most interesting part of it all, of his going to work in a factory when he was twelve—"when you

chaps were all with your mammies"—and how he had educated himself of nights until he would fall asleep at his reading.

"It's made many of us keen for all our lives," he remarked, "all that clemming for education. Why! I longed all through one Winter to read a bit of Darwin. I must know about this Darwin if I die for it, I said. And I couldn't get the book."

Hatherleigh made an enthusiastic noise and drank beer at him with round eyes over the mug.

"Well, anyhow I wasted no time on Greek and Latin," said Chris Robinson. "And one learns to go straight at a thing without splitting straws. One gets hold of the Elementals."

(Well, did they? That was the gist of my perplexity.)

"One doesn't quibble," he said, returning to his rankling memory of Denson, "while men decay and starve."

"But suppose," I said suddenly dropping into opposition, "the alternative is to risk a worse disaster—or do something patently futile."

"I don't follow that," said Chris Robinson. "We don't propose anything futile, so far as I can see."

VI

The prevailing force in my undergraduate days was not Socialism but Kiplingism. Our set was quite exceptional in its socialistic professions. And we were all, you must understand, very distinctly Imperialists also, and professed a vivid sense of the "White Man's Burden."

It is a little difficult now to get back to the feelings of that period; Kipling has since been so mercilessly and exhaustively mocked, criticized and torn to shreds;—never was a man so violently exalted and then, himself assisting, so relentlessly called down. But in the middle nineties this spectacled and mustached little figure with its heavy chin and its general effect of *vehement* gesticulation, its wild shouts of boyish enthusiasm for effective force, its lyric delight in the sounds and colors, in the very odors of empire, its wonderful discovery of machinery and cotton waste and the under officer and the engineer and "shop" as a poetic dialect, became almost a national

symbol. He got hold of us wonderfully, he filled us with tinkling and haunting quotations, he stirred Britten and myself to futile imitations, he colored the very idiom of our conversation. He rose to his climax with his Recessional, while I was still an undergraduate.

What did he give me exactly?

He helped to broaden my geographical sense immensely, and he provided phrases for just that desire for discipline and devotion and organized effort the Socialism of our time failed to express, that the current socialist movement still fails, I think, to express. The sort of thing that follows for example, tore something out of my inmost nature and gave it a shape, and I took it back from him shaped and let much of the rest of him, the tumult and the bullying, the hysteria and the impatience, the incoherence and inconsistency, go uncriticized for the sake of it:—

"Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford,
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!"

And then again, and for all our later criticism, this sticks in my mind, sticks there now as quintessential wisdom:

"The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood and stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful; 'e leaves 'em all about,
An' then comes up the regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out.

"All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,
All along of *abby-nay, kul,* an' *hazar-ho,*
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!"

It is after all a secondary matter that Kipling, not having been born and brought up in Bromstead and Penge, and the war in South Africa being yet in the womb of time, could quite honestly entertain the now remarkable delusion that England had her side-arms at that time kept anything but "awful." He learnt better and we all learnt with him in the dark years of exasperating and humiliating

struggle that followed, and I do not see that we fellow learners are justified in turning resentfully upon him for a common ignorance and assumption. . . .

South Africa seems always painted on the back cloth of my Cambridge memories. How immense those disasters seemed at the time, disasters our facile English world has long since contrived in any edifying or profitable sense to forget! How we thrilled to the shouting newspaper sellers as the first false flush of victory gave place to the realization of defeat! Far away there our army showed itself human, mortal and human in the sight of all the world, the pleasant officers we had imagined would change to wonderful heroes at the first crackling of rifles, remained the pleasant, rather incompetent men they had always been, failing to imagine, failing to plan and coöperate, failing to grip. And the common soldiers too, they were just what our streets and country-side had made them, no sudden magic came out of the war bugles for them. Neither splendid nor disgraceful were they,—just ill-trained and fairly plucky and wonderfully good tempered men—paying for it.

All through my middle Cambridge period, the guns boomed and the rifles crackled away there on the veldt, and the horsemen rode and the tale of accidents and blundering went on. Men, mules, horses, stores and money poured into South Africa, and the convalescent wounded streamed home. I see it in my memory as if I had looked at it all through a window instead of through the pages of the illustrated papers; I recall as if I had been there, the wide open spaces, the ragged hillsides, the open order attacks of helmeted men in khaki, the scarce visible smoke of the guns, the wrecked trains in great lonely places, the burnt isolated farms, and at last the blockhouses and the fences of barbed wire uncoiling and spreading for endless miles across the desert, netting the elusive enemy until at last, though he broke the meshes again and again, we had him in the toils. If one's attention strayed in the lecture room it wandered to those battlefields.

(*To be continued*)

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THE INSECT'S HOMER*

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

ORANGE AND SÉRIGNAN, the latter a little Provence village that deserves to be as widely celebrated as Maillane,† have lately kept the eighty-seventh birthday of a man whose brow should be girt with a double and radiant crown. But fame —at least that which is not the true nor the great fame, but her illegitimate sister, and which creates more noise than durable work in the morning and evening papers—fame is often forgetful, negligent, behindhand or unjust; and the crowd is almost ignorant of the name of J. H. Fabre, who is one of the most profound and inventive scholars and also one of the purest writers and, I was going to add, one of the finest poets of the century that is just past.

J. H. Fabre, as some few people know, is the author of half a score of well-filled volumes in which, under the title of *Souvenirs Entomologiques*, he has set down the results of fifty years of observation, study and experiment on the insects that seem to us the best-known and the most familiar: different species of wasps and wild bees, a few gnats, flies, beetles and caterpillars; in a word, all those vague, unconscious, rudimentary and almost nameless little lives which surround us on every side and which we contemplate with eyes that are amused, but already thinking of other things, when we open our window to welcome the first hours of Spring, or when we go to the gardens or the fields to bask in the blue days of Summer.

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and copyright, 1910, by Maurice Maeterlinck.

† Maillane is the birthplace of Mistral, the Provençal poet.

II

We take up at random one of the bulky volumes and naturally expect to find first of all the very learned and rather dry lists of names, the very fastidious and exceedingly quaint specifications of those huge, dusty graveyards of which all the entomological treatises that we have read so far seem almost exclusively to consist. We therefore open the book without zest and without unreasonable expectations; and forthwith, from between the open leaves, there rises and unfolds itself, without hesitation, without interruption and almost without remission to the end of the four thousand pages, the most extraordinary of tragic fairy-plays that it is possible for the human imagination, not to create or to conceive, but to admit and to acclimatize within itself.

Indeed, there is no question here of the human imagination. The insect does not belong to our world. The other animals, the plants even, notwithstanding their dumb life and the great secrets which they cherish, do not seem wholly foreign to us. In spite of all, we feel a certain earthly brotherhood in them. They often surprise and amaze our thought, but do not upset it from top to bottom. The insect, on the other hand, has something that does not seem to belong to the habits, to the ethics, to the psychology of our globe. One would be inclined to say that it comes from another planet, more monstrous, more energetic, more insane, more atrocious, more infernal than ours. One would think that it was born of some comet that had lost its course and died mad in space. In vain does it seize upon life with an authority, a fecundity unequaled here below; we cannot accustom ourselves to the idea that it is a thought of that Nature of whom we fondly believe ourselves to be the privileged children and probably the ideal to which all the earth's efforts tend. Only the infinitely small disconcerts us more; but what, in reality, is the infinitely small other than an insect which our eyes do not see? There is, no doubt, in this astonishment and this lack of understanding a certain instinctive and profound uneasiness with which we are inspired by those existences incomparably better-armed, better-equipped than our own, by those creatures made up of a sort of

compressed energy and activity, in whom we suspect our most mysterious adversaries, our ultimate rivals and, perhaps, our successors.

III

But it is time to penetrate, under the conduct of an admirable guide, into the side-scenes of our fairy-play, in order to see near at hand the actors and the supernumeraries, loathsome or magnificent, as the case may be, grotesque or sinister, heroic or appalling, genial or stupid and almost always improbable and unintelligible.

And here, to begin with, taking the first that comes, is one of those persons, frequent in the South, where we can see it prowling around the abundant manna which the mule scatters indifferently along the white roads and the stony paths: I mean the Sacred Scarab of the Egyptians, or, more simply, the Dung-beetle, the brother of our northern Geotrupes, a fat Coleopteran all clad in black, whose mission in this world is to shape the more savory parts of the prize into an enormous ball which he must next roll to the subterranean dining-room where the incredible digestive adventure is to take its course. But destiny, jealous of all undiluted bliss, before admitting him to that spot of sheer delight, imposes upon the grave and probably sententious beetle tribulations without number, which are nearly always complicated by the arrival of an untoward parasite.

Hardly, then, has he begun, by dint of great efforts of his head-covering and of his bandy legs, to roll the toothsome sphere backward, when an indelicate colleague, who was waiting for the end of the work, appears and hypocritically offers his services. The other very well knows that, in this case, help and services, besides being quite unnecessary, will soon mean partition and dispossession; and he accepts the enforced collaboration without enthusiasm. But, so that their respective rights may be clearly marked, the legal owner invariably retains his original place, that is to say, he pushes the ball with his forehead, whereas the compulsory guest, on the other side, pulls it toward him. And thus it jogs along between the two gossips, amid interminable vicissitudes, flurried falls, grotesque tumbles, till it reaches the place chosen to be the receptacle of the treas-

ure and the hall of the banquet. On arriving, the owner sets about digging out the refectory, while the sponger pretends to go innocently to sleep on the top of the bolus. The excavation becomes visibly wider and deeper; and soon the first dung-beetle dives bodily into it. This is the moment for which the cunning auxiliary was waiting. He nimbly scrambles down from the blissful eminence and, pushing it with all the energy that a bad conscience gives, strives to gain the offing. But the other, who is rather distrustful, interrupts his laborious excavations, looks overboard, sees the sacrilegious rape and leaps out of the hole. Caught in the act, the shameless and dishonest partner makes untold efforts to play upon the other's credulity, turns round and round the inestimable orb and, embracing it and propping himself against it, with deceitful heroic exertions, pretends to be frantically supporting it on a non-existent slope. The two expostulate with each other in silence, gesticulate wildly with their mandibles and tarsi, and then, with one accord, bring back the ball to the burrow.

It is pronounced sufficiently spacious and comfortable. They introduce the treasure, they close the entrance to the corridor; and now, in the propitious darkness and the warm damp where the magnificent stercoral globe alone holds sway, the two reconciled messmates sit down face to face. Then, far from the light and the cares of the day and in the great silence of the hypogeous shade, commences solemnly the most fabulous banquet of which the abdominal imagination has ever evoked the absolute beatitudes.

For two whole months, they remain cloistered; and, with their paunches proportionately hollowing out the inexhaustible sphere, definite archetypes and sovereign symbols of the pleasures of the table and the gaiety of the belly, they eat without stopping, without interrupting themselves for a second, day or night. And, while they gorge, steadily with a movement perceptible and constant as that of a clock, at the rate of three millimeters a minute, an endless, unbroken ribbon unwinds and stretches itself behind them, fixing the memory and recording the hours, days and weeks of the prodigious feast.

IV

After the Dung-beetle, that fool of the company, let us greet, also in the order of the Coleoptera, the model household of the Minotaurus Typhæus, which is pretty well known and extremely gentle, in spite of its dreadful name. The female digs a huge burrow which is often more than a yard and a half deep and which consists of spiral staircases, landings, passages and numerous chambers. The male loads the earth on the three-pronged fork that surmounts his head and carries it to the entrance of the conjugal dwelling. Next, he goes into the fields in search of the harmless droppings left by the sheep, takes them down to the first story of the crypt and, with the aid of his trident, begins to reduce them to flour, while the mother, right at the bottom, collects and kneads it into enormous cylindrical loaves, which will presently become food for the little ones. For three months, until the provisions are thought sufficient, the unfortunate husband, without taking nourishment of any kind, exhausts himself in this gigantic work. At last, his task accomplished, feeling his end at hand, so as not to encumber the house with his wretched remains, he spends his last strength in leaving the burrow, drags himself laboriously along and, lonely and resigned, knowing that he is henceforth good for nothing, goes and dies far away amid the stones.

Here, on another side, are some rather strange caterpillars, the Processionaries, which are not rare; and, as it happens, a single string of them, five or six yards long, has just climbed down from my parasol-pines and is at this moment unfolding itself in the walks of my garden, carpeting the ground traversed with transparent silk, according to the custom of the race. To say nothing of the meteorological apparatus of unparalleled delicacy which they carry on their spine, these caterpillars, as everybody knows, have this remarkable quality, that they travel only in a troop, one after the other, like the blind of Breughel or those in the parable, each of them obstinately, indissolubly following her leader; so much so that, our author having one morning disposed the file on the edge of a large stone vase, thus closing the circuit, for seven whole days, during an atrocious

week, through cold, hunger and unspeakable weariness, the unhappy troop, on its tragic round, without rest, respite or mercy, pursued the pitiless circle until death arrived.

V

But I see that our heroes are infinitely too numerous and that we must not linger over our descriptions. We may at most, in enumerating the more important and familiar, bestow on each of them a hurried epithet, in the manner of old Homer. Shall I mention, for instance, the Leucospis, a parasite of the Mason Bee, who, to slay his brothers and sisters in their cradle, arms himself with a horn helmet and a barbed breastplate, which he doffs immediately after the extermination, the safeguard of a hideous right of primogeniture? Shall I tell of the marvelous anatomical knowledge of the Tachyte, of the Cerceris, of the Sand-wasp, of the Languedocian Sphex, who, according as they wish to paralyze or to kill their prey or their adversary, know exactly, without ever blundering, which nerve-centre to strike with their sting or their mandibles? Shall I speak of the art of the Eumenes, who transforms his stronghold into a complete museum adorned with shells and grains of translucid quartz; of the magnificent metamorphosis of the Pachytilus Cinerescens; of the musical instrument owned by the Cricket, whose bow numbers one hundred and fifty triangular prisms that set in motion simultaneously the four dulcimers of the elytron? Shall I sing the fairy-like birth of the nymphs of the Anthophagus, a transparent monster, with a bull's snout, that seems carved out of a block of crystal? Would you behold the Flesh-fly, the Common Blue-bottle, daughter of the Gentle, as she issues from the earth? Listen to our author:

"She disjoints her head into two movable halves, which, each swollen with its great red eye, by turns separate and come together again. In the interval, a voluminous glassy hernia rises and disappears, disappears and rises. When the two halves move asunder, with one eye forced back to the right and the other to the left, it is as though the insect were splitting her cranial cavity in order to

expel its contents. Then the hernia rises, blunt at the end and swollen into a large knob. Next, the forehead closes and the hernia retreats, leaving visible only a sort of indistinct muzzle. Finally, a kind of frontal pouch, with deep throbbings momentarily renewed, becomes the instrument of deliverance, the pestle with the aid of which the newly-opened diptera bruises the sand and causes it to crumble. Gradually, the legs push the rubbish back and the insect progresses to that extent towards the surface."

VI

And monster after monster passes, such as the imagination of Bosch and Callot never conceived! The larva of the Rosechafer, which, though it have legs under its belly, always travels on its back; the Blue-winged Locust, unluckier still than the Flesh-fly and possessing nothing wherewith to perforate the soil, to escape from the tomb and reach the light, but a cervical bladder, a viscous blister; and the Empusa, who, with her voluted belly, her great projecting eyes, her legs with knee-caps armed with cleavers, her halberd, her interminable mitre, would certainly be the most devilish goblin that ever walked the earth, if, beside her, the Praying-Mantis were not so frightful that her mere aspect deprives her victims of their power of movement when she assumes, in front of them, what the entomologists have called " the spectral pose."

One cannot mention, even casually, the numberless industries—nearly all of them enthralling—exercised in the rocks, underground, in the walls, on the branches, the grass, the flowers, the fruits and down to the very body of the subjects studied; for we sometimes find a treble superposition of parasites, as in the Oil-beetles; and we see the Gentle itself, the sinister guest at the last feast of all, feed some thirty brigands with its substance.

VII

Among the Hymenoptera, which represents the most intellectual class in the world which we are studying, the genius for building of our wonderful domestic bee is certainly equaled, in other orders of

architecture, by that of more than one wild and solitary bee and notably by the Megachile, or Leaf-cutter, a little insect who is not all outside show and who manufactures, to house her eggs, honey-pots formed of a multitude of discs and ellipses cut with mathematical precision from the leaves of certain trees. For lack of space, I am unable, to my great regret, to quote the beautiful and perspicuous pages which J. H. Fabre, with his usual conscientiousness, devotes to the exhaustive study of this admirable work; nevertheless, since the occasion offers, let us listen to his own words, though it be but for a moment and as regards a single detail:

"With the oval pieces, the question changes. What guide has the Megachile to cut into fine ellipses the delicate material of the Robinia? What ideal pattern guides her scissors? What measure dictates the dimensions? One would like to think of the insect as a living compass, capable of tracing an elliptic curve by a certain natural bending of the body, even as our arm traces a circle by swinging from the shoulder. A blind mechanism, the mere result of her organization, would in that case be responsible for her geometry. This explanation would tempt me, if the oval pieces of large dimensions were not accompanied by much smaller, but also oval pieces, to fill the empty spaces. A compass which changes its radius of itself and alters the degree of curvature according to the exigencies of a plan, appears to me an instrument somewhat difficult to believe in. There must be something better than that. The round pieces of the lid suggest it to us.

"If, by the mere flexion inherent in her structure, the Leaf-cutter succeeds in cutting out ovals, how does she manage to cut out rounds? Can we admit the presence of other wheels in the machinery for the new tracing, so different in shape and size? However, the real point of the difficulty does not lie there. Those rounds, for the most part, fit the mouth of the bottle with almost exact precision. When the cell is finished, the bee flies hundreds of yards further and goes to make the lid. She arrives at the leaf from which the rundle must be cut. What picture, what recollection has she of the pot to be covered? Why, none at all: she has never seen it; she works underground, in profound darkness! At the utmost, she can have the indications of touch: not actual indications, of course, for the pot is not there, but past indications, inefficient in a work of precision. And yet the rundle to be cut out must be of a fixed diameter: if it were too large, it would not fit in; if too narrow, it would close badly, it would smother the egg by sliding down upon the honey. How

shall it be given its correct dimensions without a pattern? The bee does not hesitate for a moment. She cuts out her disc with the same swiftness which she would display in detaching any shapeless lobe just useful for closing; and that disc, without further care, is of the size to fit the pot. Let whoso will explain this geometry, which in my opinion is inexplicable, even when we allow for recollection supplied by touch and sight."

Let us add that the author has calculated that, to form the cells of a congenerous Megachile, the Silky Megachile, exactly 1,064 of these ellipses and discs would be required; and they must all be collected and shaped in the course of an existence that lasts a few weeks.

VIII

Who would imagine that the Pentatomidæ, on the other hand, the poor and evil-smelling Bug of the woods, has invented a really extraordinary apparatus wherewith to leave the egg? And first let us state that this egg is a marvelous little box of snowy whiteness, which our author thus describes:

"The microscope discovers a surface engraved with dents similar to those of a thimble and arranged with delightful regularity. At the top and bottom of the cylinder is a wide belt of a dead black; on the sides, a large white zone with four big black spots symmetrically distributed. The lid, surrounded by snowy cilia and encircled with white at the edge, swells into a black cap with a white knot in the centre. Altogether, a dismal burial urn, with the sudden contrast between the dead black and the fleecy white. The earthenware of ancient Etruscan funerals would have found a magnificent model here."

The little Bug, whose forehead is too soft, covers her head, to raise the lid of the box, with a mitre formed of three trihedral rods, which is always at the bottom of the egg, at the moment of the delivery. Her limbs being sheathed like those of a mummy, she has nothing wherewith to put her triangles in motion except the pulsations produced by the rhythmical flow of her blood in her skull and acting after the manner of a piston. The rivets of the lid gradually

give way; and, as soon as the insect is free, she lays aside her mechanical helmet.

Another species of Bug, the Reduvius Personatus, which lives mostly in lumber rooms, where it lies hidden in a flock of dust, has invented a still more astonishing system of hatching. Here, the lid of the egg is not riveted, as in the case of the Pentatomidæ, but simply glued. At the moment of the liberation, the lid rises and we see:

"... a spherical vesicle emerge from the shell and gradually expand, like a soap-bubble blown through a straw. Driven further and further back by the extension of this bladder, the lid falls.

"Then the bomb bursts; in other words, the blister, swollen beyond the limits of its resistance, tears at the top. This envelope, which is an extremely tenuous membrane, generally remains clinging to the edge of the orifice, where it forms a high, white rim. At other times, the explosion loosens it and flings it outside the shell. In those conditions, it is a dainty cup, half spherical, with torn edges, lengthened out underneath into a delicate, winding stalk."

Now how is this miraculous explosion produced? J. H. Fabre assumes that:

"Very slowly, as the little animal takes shape and grows, this bladder-form reservoir receives the products of the work of respiration accomplished under the cover of the general membrane. Instead of being dispersed outside through the egg-shell, the carbonic gas, the incessant result of the vital oxidization, is accumulated in that sort of gasometer, inflates and distends it and presses upon the operculum. When the insect is ripe for hatching, a superadded activity in the respiration completes the inflation, which perhaps has been preparing since the first evolution of the germ. At last, yielding to the increasing push of the gaseous bladder, the operculum becomes unsealed. The chicken in her shell has her air-chamber; the young Reduvius has its bomb of carbonic gas: it frees itself in the act of breathing."

One would never weary of dipping greedily into these inexhaustible treasures. We believe, for instance, that, from seeing cobwebs so frequently displayed in all manner of places, we possess adequate notions as to the genius and methods of our familiar spiders. Far

from it: the realities of a scientific observation demand an entire volume crammed with revelations of which we have no idea. I will simply name, at random, the harmonious arcaded dwelling of the Clotho Spider, the astonishing funicular flight of the young of our Garden Spider, the diving-bell of the Water-Spider, the real telephonic wire which connects the web with the leg of the Cross-Spider hidden in her parlor and informs her whether the shaking of her snares comes from the capture of a prey or a freak of the wind.

IX

It is, therefore, impossible, short of disposing of unlimited pages, to do more than touch, as it were with the tip of the phrases, upon the miracles of maternal instinct, which, moreover, are confounded with those of high industry and form the luminous centre of the psychology of the insect. We should in the same way require several chapters to convey a summary idea of the nuptial rites which constitute the quaintest and most fabulous episodes of those unknown Arabian Nights.

The male of the Spanish-fly, among others, with the aid of his abdomen and his fists, begins by frenziedly beating his spouse, after which, with his arms crossed and quivering, he remains long in ecstasy. The newly-wedded Osmias clap their mandibles terribly, as though it were a matter rather of devouring each other; on the other hand, the largest of our moths, the Great Peacock, who is the size of a bat, when drunk with love finds his mouth so completely atrophied that it becomes no more than a vague image. But nothing equals the marriage of the Green Grasshopper, of which I cannot speak here, for it is doubtful whether even the Latin language possesses the words needed to describe it as it should be described.

All said, the marriage customs are dreadful and, contrary to what happens in every other world, here it is the female of the couple who stands for strength and intelligence and also for cruelty and tyranny, which appear to be their inevitable consequence. Almost every wedding ends in the violent and immediate death of the husband. Often, the bride first eats a certain number of suitors. The

type of these fantastic unions could be supplied by the Languedocian Scorpions, who, as we know, carry lobster-claws and a long tail supplied with a sting, the prick of which is extremely dangerous. They have a prelude to the festival in the shape of a sentimental stroll, claw in claw; then, motionless, with fingers still gripped, they contemplate each other blissfully, interminably; and day and night pass over their ecstasy, while they remain face to face, petrified with admiration. Next, the foreheads come together and touch; the mouths—if we can give the name of mouth to the monstrous orifice that opens between the claws—are joined in a sort of kiss; after which the union is accomplished, the male is transfixed with a mortal sting and the terrible spouse crunches and gobbles him down with relish.

But the Mantis, the ecstatic insect with the arms always raised in an attitude of supreme invocation, the horrible Mantis Religiosa or Praying-insect, does better still: she eats her husbands (for the insatiable creature sometimes consumes seven or eight running) while they press her passionately to their heart. Her inconceivable kisses devour, not metaphorically, but in an appallingly real fashion, the ill-fated choice of her soul or her stomach. She begins with the head, goes down to the thorax and does not stop till she comes to the hind-legs, which she deems too tough. She then pushes away the unfortunate remains, while a new lover, who was quietly awaiting the end of the monstrous banquet, heroically comes forward to undergo the same fate.

J. H. Fabre is indeed the revealer of this new world, for, strange as the admission may seem at a time when we think we know all that surrounds us, most of those insects minutely described in the vocabularies, learnedly classified and barbarously baptized, had hardly ever been observed in real life or questioned to the end, in all the phases of their belief and evasive appearances. He has devoted to surprising their little secrets, which are the reverse of our greatest mysteries, fifty years of a solitary existence, misunderstood, poor, often very near penury, but lit up every day by the joy which a truth brings, which is the greatest of all human joys. Petty truths, I shall be told, those presented by the habits of a spider or a grasshopper. There are no petty truths nowadays; there is but one truth, whose

looking-glass seems broken to our uncertain eyes, though its every fragment, whether reflecting the evolution of a planet or the flight of a bee, contains the supreme law.

And these truths thus discovered had the good fortune to be grasped by a mind which knew how to understand what they themselves can express only ambiguously, to interpret what they are obliged to conceal and to seize at the same time the shimmering beauty, almost invisible to the majority of mankind, that shines for a moment around all that exists, especially around that which still remains very close to Nature and has scarcely left its primeval obscurity.

To make of these long annals the generous and delightful masterpiece that they are and not the monotonous and arid register of little descriptions and insignificant acts that they threatened to be, various and so to speak conflicting gifts were needed. To the patience, the precision, the scientific minuteness, the protean and practical ingenuity, the energy of a Darwin in the face of the unknown, to the faculty of expressing what has to be expressed with order, clearness and certainty, the venerable anchorite of Sérignan adds many of those qualities which are not to be acquired, certain of those innate good poetic virtues which cause his sure and supple prose, devoid of artificial ornament and yet adorned with simple and as it were involuntary charms, to take its place among the excellent and durable prose of the day, prose of the kind that has its own atmosphere, in which we breathe gratefully and tranquilly and which we find only around the great works.

Lastly, there was needed—and this was not the least requirement of that work—a mind ever ready to cope with the riddles which, among those little objects, rise up at every step, as enormous as those which people the skies and perhaps more numerous, more imperious, more strange, as though Nature had here given a freer scope to her last wishes and an easier outlet to her secret thoughts. He is unequal to none of those unbounded interrogations which are persistently put to us by all the inhabitants of that tiny world, where mysteries are heaped up more compactly and more bewilderingly than in any other. He thus meets and faces, turn by turn, the redoubtable questions of the instinct and the intelligence, of the origin of

species, of the harmony or the accidents of the universe, of the life lavished upon the abysses of death, without counting the no less vast, but, so to speak, more human problems which, in the infinity of the others, are inscribed within the range, if not at the disposal of our intelligence: the parthenogenesis, the prodigious geometry of the wasps and bees; the logarithmic spiral of the Snail; the antennary sense; the miraculous force which, in absolute isolation, without the possible introduction of anything from the outside, increases tenfold on the spot the volume of the Minotaurus' egg and, during seven to nine months, nourishes with an invisible and spiritual food, not the lethargy, but the active life of the Scorpion and of the young of the Lycosa and of the Clotho Spider. He does not attempt to explain them with the help of one of those theories of all work, such as transformism, for instance, which, moreover, confines itself to shifting the ground of the darkness and which, it may be said in passing, issues in a rather mutilated plight from those severe confrontations with incontestable facts.

Waiting for chance or a god to enlighten us, he is able to preserve in the presence of the unknown the great religious and attentive silence which reigns alone in the best minds of to-day. There are those who say:

"Now that you have reaped a plentiful harvest of details, you ought to follow up analysis with synthesis and to generalize the genesis of the instincts in an all-embracing view."

To these he replies, with the humble and magnificent loyalty that illumines all his work:

"Because I have stirred a few grains of sand on the shore, am I in a position to know the depths of the ocean?

"Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be struck off the archives of the world before we possess the last word of a gnat. . . .

"Success is for the loud talkers, the imperturbable dogmatists; everything is admitted on condition that one makes a little noise. Let us cast off this fancy and recognize that, in reality, we know nothing about anything, if things are to be searched to the bottom. Scientifically, Nature is a riddle without a definite solution to satisfy the curiosity of men. Hypothesis is succeeded by hypothesis, the theoretical rubbish heaps up and the truth ever escapes us. To know how not to know might well be the last word of wisdom."

Evidently, this is hoping too little. In the frightful pit, in the bottomless funnel in which all these contradictory facts which are resolved in obscurity whirl, we know just as much as our cave-dwelling ancestor; but at least we know that we do not know. We survey the whole dark face of the riddles, we try to calculate their number, to class their darknesses, to acquire an idea of their place and their extent. That already is something, pending the day of the first gleams of light. In any case, it is doing in the presence of the mysteries all that the upright intelligence can do to-day; and this is what the author of this incomparable Iliad does, with more confidence than he professes. He gazes at them attentively. He wears out his life in surprising their most minute secrets. He prepares for them, in his thoughts and in ours, the field necessary for their evolutions. He increases the consciousness of his ignorance in proportion to their importance and learns to understand more profoundly that they are incomprehensible.

THE MEANING OF THE SPANISH CRISIS

ANDRÉ TRIDON

Spain is at present going through a crisis of tremendous import; but unless all signs fail, the spectacular features designated by historians as revolutionary disturbances will be almost entirely avoided; the few demonstrations Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, Bilbao and Gijon have witnessed lately lose much of their significance when one knows what allowance to make for Spain's latitude, geographical and mental. Under a tropical climate, the popular irritation which would elsewhere cause the gathering of prominent citizens in a hall to discuss matters and appoint, say, a committee of ten, sends an angry mob shouting along the streets and throwing stones into, generally, the wrong windows.

The present crisis is essentially neither political nor religious,—apart from the natural Carlist desire to exploit both aspects—but merely the outward symptom of an economic readjustment. To sum up the situation in a few words: the Spanish rulers and the Spanish nation no longer need the support of the Vatican; accordingly they are going to throw off the financial burden which close relations with Rome entail unavoidably.

The existence of a State religion means on one side an important financial outlay for the payment of salaries to the official clergy: on the other side, it means the presence in the country of thousands of individuals sharing in the common welfare without contributing a penny to their own support;—i. e., the congregations which, besides receiving constantly cash contributions from the faithful, engage in various kinds of business, never paying any taxes and accumulating wealth which is as useless to the nation at large as were the hoardings of the French peasants before the Franco-Prussian war.

It would be perfectly idle and unjust to blame such conditions on " Spanish superstition " or other superficial causes. Up to a few years ago Spain had to propitiate the Vatican at any cost. The existence of the reigning dynasty was overshadowed by the ever-present Carlist spectre; besides, republican sentiments pervaded the country so completely after the fall of the Second Empire in France

that a republican form of government actually superseded the monarchy for some ten months. The Concordat of 1851 was ostensibly the awarding of an indemnity to the Church for the damages inflicted to its property in 1837; in reality, it was Isabella's ransom, just as the French Concordat had been Napoleon's useless toll. In consideration of this ransom the Vatican engaged itself not to countenance the claims of the Carlist pretenders. It cannot be denied that the nation also derived some benefits from the alliance with Rome; the currents of public opinion favorable to Spain which the Vatican was able to create all over Europe through hundreds of bishops and thousands of priests were not a negligible factor in certain emergencies, —such, for instance, as the depreciation of the Spanish currency at the close of the war with the United States.

On the other hand, one must confess that the Popes never troubled themselves very seriously about observing the letter or even the spirit of the Spanish Concordat; according to that document two religious orders only were given a privileged position in the kingdom; a third one was to be agreed upon by representatives of the King and the Pope. The Primate of Spain and the bishops caviled their way out of this clause by pretending that by a third order, the Concordat did not mean one certain third order in Spain, but any third order in every diocese. Ten years ago there were in Spain some 25,000 nuns, 1,000 monks and 1,250 Jesuits living in illegal, unauthorized communities; since then over a hundred new religious communities have been established in direct violation of the Concordat, this increase in the number of delinquent houses being largely due to the measures taken against the congregations in France by Premier Combes. In several instances Spain's representatives at the Vatican endeavored to settle the points left open in the Concordat; the Secretary of State always managed to temporize until a ministerial crisis became imminent in Spain; and then the settlement was postponed *sine die*.

Not only did Rome disregard the Concordat, but the clergy tried to obtain further concessions a few months before the accession of Alfonso to the throne, by threatening to throw their influence on the side of Don Carlos. This proved rather disappointing for the monarchists at the time. A few years before, the Pope had already

fallen short of the expectations of the whole Spanish nation when he declined to intervene in the Spanish-American war for fear of offending the American Catholics, more numerous and powerful than their brothers in the Peninsula. The attitude of the clergy in the Philippines, especially of Monsignor Nozaleda, Archbishop of Manila, who never concealed his pro-American sympathies and threw many obstacles in General Blanco's way, excited very bitter comment. Later, when the same Nozaleda was appointed by Premier Maura, with the Pope's approval, Archbishop of Valencia, one of the most desirable Sees, anti-clerical feeling ran high. Several Parliamentary battles were waged on that issue and finally Maura's successor prevailed upon the *persona ingrata* to refuse the appointment. The impression left by the incident, however, was deep and lasting.

At the same time the power of the Papacy was diminishing from day to day. At the death of Leo XIII, it became an open secret that Pius IX owed his election solely to the fact that the Emperor Francis Joseph, at the instance of the Kaiser, had vetoed the nomination of Cardinal Rampolla. The Pope's prestige was bound to suffer in the dual monarchy and in the German Empire. Then the Catholic Church lost its foothold in France, and Spain saw that it would be useless to count any longer upon a powerless and not always faithful ally whose tyrannical demands were out of proportion with the services rendered.

The incident of the encyclical eulogizing Saint Carlo Borromeo —which the German Emperor's anger obliged Pius to withdraw— shows the exact position of the Papacy in the councils of Europe. In its competitive struggle with the banking houses for temporal supremacy, the Vatican has been losing ground steadily: we see now the results of a five century war which began with the first encounters between Rome and the banking house of Fugger in the sixteenth century.

Spain realized these conditions some time ago, but for many reasons could not alter too suddenly her relations with the Vatican. She was isolated, and too insignificant to be considered as a desirable ally, except by France, who owns and operates her railroads and her mines.

Now, however, the situation has changed. Spain, relieved of her costly and useless colonies, has been able, in spite of the Cuban debt

for which she was made responsible by the United States, to put her affairs on a sound business basis within a relatively short time.

Besides France, which offered substantial help at the end of the war, England is taking a keen interest in the development of the Peninsula. Following in the footsteps of his father, the young King has not only endeavored to cultivate the most cordial relations with the country that buys three-fourths of Spain's iron, copper and fruit, but he is looking up to the most progressive elements in the United Kingdom's political life for inspiration. His union with an English princess has greatly contributed to cement the *entente* between the two countries. Telegrams from London, Brussels and Paris announcing that the service on Spanish railroads is to be improved, that Spanish ports are to be provided with the latest devices, and that the interior and exterior debts are to be amortized within fifty years, prove that financial support is being liberally granted to the Peninsula.

Furthermore, instead of mourning over the loss of her colonies or trying to acquire distant outposts and coaling stations, Spain has been developing her trade relations with her natural customers, the Spanish-American nations. The reception accorded to the Infanta Isabella in Argentina, the applause which greeted the new president of that republic when he visited King Alfonso last month, show a very gratifying spirit of harmony and a good deal of business sense on both sides.

Not only can Alfonso afford to part company with Rome, but it has become a stern necessity for him to do so if he desires to retain in the hearts of his subjects the place he has won by his youthful energy and his good nature. Had he allowed the monarchical principle and the clerical idea to remain as indissolubly linked as they were in the time of Queen Isabella, his reign might have been of very short duration. For several years he remained neutral. When, five years ago, the Duchess of Bailen, the leader of the clerical agitation, waited upon him with a delegation of women from the aristocracy to protest against some liberal measures affecting the Church, he answered firmly: "I am a constitutional sovereign and national questions can only be solved by the Cortes upon the initiative of, or

in accord with, the cabinet. I cannot look personally into the case to which you refer nor express any opinion."

This year in his speech from the throne he has shown himself more outspoken and has supported boldly the supremacy of the civil power as against any religious interference from without, thus inaugurating a new era in Spanish politics.

The result of his attitude will be to safeguard the throne against any revolutionary agitation which may spread over the country. That the fate of the dynasty has been entirely dissociated from the fate of the Church is clearly shown by the fact that in several cities anti-clerical meetings are being organized under the joint auspices of the royalist, republican and socialist committees. For it may be said without exaggeration that the Spaniard of to-day does not want a republican form of government, any more than the Frenchman of the year 1789. The ideal form seems a constitutional monarchy of the English type. There are many broad-minded people in Spain who can conceive the continuance of the hereditary monarchy under a virtual republic or even a more advanced type of government. Premier Canalejas went as far a few days ago as declaring himself in favor of the principles of socialism, of the nationalization of natural resources of the land, etc., adding that he would endeavor so to democratize the monarchy as to make it acceptable even to socialists. This would sound paradoxical in a country like the United States, which vests in its presidents more authority than any modern European monarch has had, with the exception of the Czar before the advent of the Duma. In Europe, however, where rulers, presidents or sovereigns are practically figureheads, vaguely symbolizing the power of the people, the idea of some hereditary title of First Citizen, or something in that order, would not provoke too many smiles. In Spain, at least, it would encounter little opposition, for party lines and party principles are not drawn so definitely as in this country. Every party is divided into small groups differentiated by some special point of doctrine unimportant in itself but dear to some leader. Mr. So and So's democrats, Mr. So and So's republicans, are designations commonly met with in reports of Parliamentary proceedings.

Spain is not a country of extremes, but a country of *nuances*,

a fact which must be kept in mind while studying the present anti-clerical campaign. Anti-clericalism is not synonymous with irreligion. When Premier Canalejas visited Valencia the other day, he refused to kiss the Archbishop's ring, but he kneeled down before a famous statue of the Virgin. Spaniards are conceded to be religious, but no literature contains so many works in which priests and monks are held up to public derision. Again, there are *nuances* in a Spaniard's religion: a young recruit refused to take the oath of service, alleging that he did not believe in God; but he had no objection to swearing by the Virgin of his native hamlet.

Spanish women are commonly supposed in foreign countries to be the most faithful supporters of the clergy: yet, though the Duchess of Bailen prided herself some time ago upon having collected two hundred thousand signatures for a petition to the Crown protesting against Premier Canalejas's attitude to the Church, there are millions of working women or little bourgeoises who, while performing their devotions regularly, enjoy immensely the reading of anti-clerical papers and even take part in the election campaigns and anti-clerical riots.

Spanish women, those of the working classes especially, take more interest in politics than is generally thought and when the questions of the day are thrashed out on the street they display an activity which more than once has baffled the police or the regulars, loath to draw their swords against women, or to shoot at them. It is easy to recall the rôle they played at the time of the Cuban war and of the Moroccan affray, besieging the railroad stations, molesting the engineers of the military trains, throwing switches out of order, or lying down on the tracks to prevent regiments from being shipped to the scene of hostilities. Nor is their attitude in the present agitation dictated by sentimental considerations or unreasoned impulses. Some 2,000 women packed the Theatre Barbieri a few days ago when the Women's Anti-clerical League organized a demonstration. Two classes of arguments were used by the speakers in order to arouse the audience: quotations from the Fathers of the Church derogatory to women, and the fact that the monasteries are competing unfairly with women workers in the fields of lingerie, millinery, dressmaking, etc. Of the two, the latter produced by far the deeper impression.

It looks, therefore, as though Premier Canalejas's plans regarding the Church's status were bound to be put through. Thus far he has not pronounced himself publicly for an outright separation of the Church and State, but he is too close an imitator of Premier Briand of France not to reach finally the goal toward which Waldeck Rousseau and Combes set out some years ago.

The first chapter in the Spanish crisis is singularly like the first chapter of the French crisis. The only measures which Canalejas, in perfect accord with the King, has asked the Cortes to approve, should not have goaded the Vatican to such bitter opposition. They provide for:

1. Enforcing the provisions of the Concordat as to unauthorized congregations.

2. Enforcing Article II of the Constitution which grants equal freedom to all the recognized cults, Catholic, Hebrew and Protestant.

Cardinals Merry del Val and Vives, both Spaniards, are held responsible for the intransigeant view the Vatican is taking of the present situation. The same causes producing the same effects, we may look forward to a Spanish replica of the events which took place in France under Combes, Clemenceau and Briand. Pope Pius will find himself once more in a position from which only a clever diplomat like Leo XIII could have extricated himself. The Ferrer case, which is to be reopened shortly (a good parallel for the Dreyfus case), will undoubtedly supply the excitement upon which the anticlericals count to further their plans. The King is said to have no objections whatever to a new discussion of this burning question, as he resented having his hand forced by the Maura cabinet.

The present agitation is bringing about a change in interior politics which cannot but exert a beneficial influence on the country. A few years ago separatism was rampant in the various provinces, especially in Catalonia. Catalonia, the garden of Spain, with its agriculture, its thriving industries and its active and prosperous port, was growing weary of the burdens which the apathy of the other provinces laid on its shoulders. The Catalonian language was being revived; the Catalonian anthem, *Els Segadors,* was sung instead of the royal hymn; the *Veu de Catalonia* and the *Cut-Cut,* two important Catalonian organs, published insulting articles on the Spanish army;

the cry of "Down with Spain" was heard very often in Barcelona. When Alfonso visited that city, he was addressed in Catalonian, not in Spanish; his sense of humor saved the day, however, and with a boyish laugh, he alluded to himself as the King of Catalonia.

Now Catalonians, Andalusians, Biscayans, fraternize once more on the common ground of anti-clericalism; we hardly ever hear of the famous *bloque*, the separatist group in the Cortes.

For anti-clericalism means to all of them the entrance anew of Spain into the ranks of active, wide-awake nations, relying no longer for her existence and prosperity on a sentimental, expensive and paralyzing alliance with Rome, but instead on commercial and financial coöperation with the great banking nations, England and France, and with the most progressive republic of South America, Argentina.

Just as travel is the best educator for the individual man, world politics, the rubbing of elbows with the traders and financiers of several continents, are the best tonic for a growing nation, the best remedy against petty, self-centred bickerings in Parliament, which result in waste of time and money and jeopardize the nation's credit abroad. This is what Canalejas, a practical economist, wanted to convey when he translated into Spanish Gambetta's famous saying: "Clericalism, there is the enemy."

SHADOWS AND THE MOON

MADISON CAWEIN

I

THE WOOD POOL

Heat-whirling flies, whose whine is like a sting,
Bred of the water where all day the snake
Rippled or wreathed, no longer rage and sing,
And near the wood-pool nothing is awake
Except the moth that, like a flower's ghost,
Searches the shadows for some dream it lost.

Then in the dusk strange lights define themselves,
Glimmer on glimmer, and green glow on glow,
Like some fantastic revel of the elves,
The fireflies flit their lanterns to and fro;
Twinkling in faëry fête a drowsy dance,
That takes the pool with starry necromance.

Then to the pool is given a voice, a throat,
A word of wonder, hoarsening the night;
Toad-tongued and jarring darkness with its note,
Making the silence raucous as with fright;
Until the owlet from its tree replies,
And the mad bat in wilder circles flies.

And now the wood gives answer, fine and sharp,
Shrilling an insect tongue in every weed,
Protesting fiercely. Like some strident harp
The darkness hums, where, like insistent seed,
Or notes of fire, the fireflies flash and flame,
And the dark whip-poor-will cries wild its name.

Then in the east a glow; and all around
A pause, and rumor mid expectant trees;
A wind that whispers low of something found,
Beauty, long lost, and veiled in mysteries:
And then upon the hilltop, lo! the moon,
Diana-like, breasting the winds of June.

II

THE WOOD STREAM

As night drew on, around the quiet stream
The wildflower heads leaned closer, and the trees
Muttered a little, as if half in dream;
And through the wood, trailing sweet robes, a breeze,—
Like some dim elfin gathering perfume,—
Faltered a moment ere it sank in gloom.

Then all was still—except that one small stone
Protested, whimpering, in the water's way;
Petulant, resistant, where the cascade shone,
Wrapping its tumult in a gown of spray,
Like some pale mother who would put to rest
Her child, a starbeam brooching her bright breast.

More careful of the nest upon its arm,
That hugged the wildbird, seemed each bush and tree:
And in its heart, securing it from harm,
Each wildflower seemed to clasp more close its bee:
And even earth with more protection seemed
To hide the things that in her bosom dreamed.

Save for the stream, to which the hush gave heed,
And little winds that sighed and whispering rose,
And donned their rustling robes with infant speed,
Tip-toe, regardful of the wood's repose,
The night was still. And then, as if aware
That all was ready, radiance filled the air.

Godiva-like, the moon rode into sight,
Cautious, yet confident that no one sees;
The naked moon, astonishing the night,
Brightening the thoroughfares of all the trees:
Holding her course unfaltering and sure,
Knowing herself as beautiful as pure.

OREADS

A Fairy Fantasy

MAURICE HEWLETT

My house at Broad Chalke stands in a narrow valley, which a little stream waters more than enough. This valley is barely a mile broad throughout its length, and in my village scarcely half so much. I can be in the hills in a quarter of an hour, and in five-and-twenty minutes find myself deeply involved, out of sight of man or his contrivances. The downs in South Wilts are nowhere lofty, and have none of the abrupt grandeur of those which guard the Sussex coast and Weald; but they are of much larger extent, broader, longer, more untrodden, made much more intricate by the numberless creeks and friths which, at some dim crisis of antiquity, the sea, ebbing gradually to the great Avon delta, must have graved. Beautiful, with quiet and a solemn peacefulness of their own, they always are. They endure enormously, *in sæcula sæculorum*. Storms drive over them, mists and rains blot them out; rarely, they are shrouded in a fleece of snow. In Spring the clouds and the light hold races up their flanks; in Summer they seem to drowse like weary monsters in the still and fervent heat. They are never profoundly affected by such changes of Nature's face; grow not awful, sharing her wrath, nor dangerously fair when she woos them with kisses to love. They are the quiet and sober spokesmen of Earth, clad in quaker grays and drabs. They show no crimson at sunset, no gilded livery at dawn. The gray deepens to cool purple, the brown glows to russet at such festal times. Early in the Spring they may drape themselves in tender green, or show their sides dappled with the white of sheep. Flowers they bear, but secretly: little curious orchids, bodied like bees, eyed like spiders, flecked with the blood-drops of Attis or Adonis or some murdered shepherd-boy; pale scabious, pale cowslip, thyme that breathes sharp fragrance, "aromatic pain," as you crush it, potentilla, lady's slipper, cloudy blue milkwort, toad-flax that shows silver to the wind. Such as these they flaunt not, but

wear for niceness. You would not see them unless you knew them there. For denizens they have the hare, the fox and the badger. Red-wings, wheatears, peewits and airy kestrels are the people of their skies.

I love above all the solitude they keep, and to feel the pulsing of the untenanted air. The shepherd and his sheep, the limping hare, lagging fox, wheeling, wailing plover; such will be your company: you may dip deeply into valleys where the others will be by, hear the sound of your own heart, or the shrilling of the wind in the upland bents. I have heard, indeed, half a mile above me, the singing of the great harps of wire which stretch from Sarum to Shaftesbury along the highest ridge; but such a music is no disturbance of the peace; rather, it assures you of solitude, for you would not hear it were you not ensphered with it alone. There's a valley in particular, lying just under Chesilbury, where I choose most to be: Chesilbury, a huge grass encampment, three hundred yards square, with fosse and rampart still sharp, with a dozen gateways and three mist-pools within its ambit, which stands upon the ancient road and dominates two valleys. Below that, coming up from the south, is my charmed valley. There, I know, the beings whom I call Oreads, for want of a homelier word, haunt and are to be seen now and then. I know, because I myself have seen them.

I must describe this Oread valley more particularly, I believe. East and west, above it, runs the old road we call the Race-Plain—the highest ground hereabouts, rising from Harnham by Salisbury to end at Shaftesbury in Dorset. North of this ridge is Chesilbury Camp; immediately south of that is the valley. Here the falling flood as it drained away must have sucked the soil sharply at two neighboring points, for this valley has two heads, and between them stands a grass-grown bluff. The western vale-head is quite round, but very steep. It faces due south and has been found grateful by thorns, elders, bracken and even heather. But the eastern head is sharper, begins almost in a point. From that it sweeps out in a huge demilune of cliff; the outer chord being the east, the inner hugging the bluff. Facing north from the valley, facing these two heads, you see the eastern of them like a great amphitheatre, its steep, embayed side so smooth as to seem the work of men's hands. It is too steep

for turf; it is gray with marl, and patchy where scree of flint and chalk has run and found a lodgment. Ice-worn it may be, man-wrought it is not. No red-deer picks have been at work there, no bright-eyed, scrambling hordes have toiled their shifts or left traces through the centuries as at the Devil's Dyke. This noble arena is Nature's. Here I saw her people more than once. And the first sign I had of them was this.

I

I was here alone one Summer's night; a night of stars, but without a moon. I lay within the scrub of the western valley-head and looked south. I could just see the profile of the enfolding hills, but only just; could guess that in the soft blackness below me, filling up the foreground like a lake, the valley was there indeed; realize that if I stepped down, perhaps thirty yards or so, my feet would sink into the pile of the turf-carpet, and feel the sharp benediction of the dew. About me surged and beat an enormous silence. The only sound at all—and that was fitful—came from a fern-owl which, from a thorn-bush above me, churred softly and at intervals his content with the night.

The stars were myriad, but sky-marks shone out: the Bear, the Belt, the Chair, the dancing sister Pleiades. Low in the southeast burned a great planet, now red, now green. The Galaxy was like a snow-cloud; startlingly, by one, by two, meteors flared a short course and died. You never feel lonely when you have the stars; yet they do not pry upon you. You can hide nothing from them, and need not seek to hide. If they have fore-knowledge, they nurse no afterthought.

Now, to-night, as I looked and wondered at their beauty, I became aware of a phenomenon untold before. Yet so quietly did it come, and so naturally, that it gave me no disturbance, nor forced itself upon me. A luminous ring, a ring of pale fire, in shape a long, narrow, and fluctuating oval, became discernible in the sky, south of my standpoint, midway (I thought) between me and the south.

It was diaphanous, or diaphanous to strong light behind it. At one time I saw the great beacon of the south-west (Saturn, I think)

burning through it; not within the ring, but from behind the litten vapor of which the ring was made. Lesser fires than his were put out by it. It varied very much in shape as it spread or drew out, as a smoker's blue rings are varied by puffs of wind. Now it was a perfect round, now so long as to be less a hoop than a fine oblong. Sometimes it was pear-shaped, sometimes amorphous; bulbous here, hollow there. And there seemed movement; I thought now and again that it was spiral as well as circular, that it might, under some stress of speed, writhe upward like dust in a whirlwind. It wavered, certainly, in elevation, lifting, sinking, wafted one way or another with the ease of a cloud of gnats. It was extraordinarily beautiful and exciting. I watched it for an hour.

At times I seemed to be conscious of more than appearance. I cannot speak more definitely than that. Music was assuredly in my head, very shrill, piercing, continuous music. No air, no melody; but the expectancy of an air, preparation for it, a prelude to melodious issues. You may say, the overture to some vast aërial symphony: I know not what else to call it. I was never more than alive to it, never certain of it. It was as furtive, secret and tremulous as the dawn itself. Now, just as under that shivering and tentative opening of great music you are conscious of the fierce energy of violins, so was I aware, in this surmise of music, of wild forces which made it. I thought not of voices, but of wings. I was sure that this ring of flame whirled as well as floated in the air; the motion and the sound, alike indecipherable, were one and the same to me.

I watched it, I say, for an hour: it may have been for two hours. By and by it came nearer, gradually very near. It was now dazzling, not to be looked at full; but its rate of approach was inappreciable, and as it came on I was able to peer into it, and see nothing but its beauty. There was a core of intensity, intolerably bright; about that, lambency but no flame, in which I saw leaves and straws and fronds of fern flickering, spiring, heeling over and over. That it whirled as well as floated was now clear, for a strong wind blew before and after it as it rushed by. This happened as I sat there. Blinding, but not burning, heralded by a keen wind, it came by me and passed; a swift wind followed it as it went. It swept out toward the hollow of the eastern valley-head, seemed to strike upon that and

glance upward; thence it swept gladly up, streaming to the zenith; grew thin, fine and filmy, and seemed to melt into the utmost stars. I had seen wonders, and went home full of thought.

II

I first saw an Oread in this place in a snowstorm which, driven by a north-westerly gale, did havoc to the lowlands, but not to the folded hills. I had pushed up the valley in the teeth of the storm to see it under the white stress. It was hard work for me and my dog: I had to wade knee-deep, and he to jump, like a cat in long grass, through the drifts. But we reached our haven, and found shelter from the weather. High above us where we stood the snowflakes tossed and rioted, but before they fell upon us, being out of the wind, they drifted idly down, "*come . . . in Alpe senza vento.*" The whole valley was purely white, its outlines were blurred by the slant-driving snow. There was not a living creature to be seen, and my dog, a little sharp-nosed black beast, shivered as he looked about, with wide eyes and quick-set ears, for a friendly sight, and held one paw tentatively in air, as if he feared the cold.

Suddenly he yelped once, and ran, limping on three legs or scuttling on all four, over the snow toward the great eastern escarpment, but midway stopped and looked with all his might into its smoothed hollow. His jet-black ears stood sharp as a hare's; through the white scud I was conscious that he trembled. He gazed into the sweep of the curving hill, and following the direction he gave me, all my senses quick, I gazed also—but for a while saw nothing.

Very gradually, without alarm on my part, a blur of color seemed to form itself and centre in one spot, halfway up the concave of the down: very pale yellow, a soft lemon color. At first scarcely more than a warm tinge to the snow, it took shape as I watched it, and then body also. It was now opaque within semi-transparency; one would trace an outline, a form. Then I saw a woman dressed in yellow; a slim woman, tawny-haired, in a thin smock of lemon yellow which flacked and bellied in the gale. Her hair blew out to it in snaky streamers, sideways. Her head was bent to meet the cold, her bare

white arms were crossed, and hugged her shoulders, as if to keep her bosom warm. From mid-thigh downward she was bare and very white—yet distinct upon the snow. That was the white of chilled flesh, I could see. Though she wore but a single garment, and that of the thinnest and shortest, though she suffered cold, hugged herself and shivered, she was not of our nature, to die of such exposure. Her eyes, as I could guess, were long-enduring and steadfast. Her lips were not blue, though her teeth seemed to chatter; she was not rigid with the stiffening that precedes frozen death. Drawing near her by degrees, coming within fifteen yards of where she stood and passioned, though she saw me, waited for me, in a way expected me, she showed neither fear, nor embarrassment, nor appealed by looks for shelter. She was, rather, like a bird made tame by Winter, that finds the lesser fear swallowed up in a greater. For myself, as when one finds oneself before a new thing, one stands and gazes, so was I before this being of the wild. I would go no nearer, speak I could not. But I had no fear. She was new to me, not strange. I felt that she and I belonged to worlds apart; that as soon might I hope to be familiar with fox or marten as with her. My little black dog was of the same mind. He was glad when I joined him, and wagged his little body—tail he has none—to say so. But he had no eyes for me, nor I for him. We stood together for company, and filled our eyes with the tenant of the waste. How long we watched her I have no notion; but the day fell swiftly in and found us there.

She was, I take it, quite young; she was slim and of ordinary proportions. When I say that I mean that she had nothing inhuman about her stature, was neither giant nor pigmy. Whether she was what we call good-looking or not I find it impossible to determine, for when strangeness is added so to beauty as to absorb and transform it, our standards are upset and balances thrown out. She was pale, to the lips; had large, fixed and patient eyes. Her arms and legs showed grayish in the white storm, but where the smock was cut off the shadows it made upon her were faintly warm. One of her knees was bent, the foot supported only by the toes. The other was firm upon the ground: she looked, to the casual eye, to be standing on one leg. Her eyes, in a stare, covered me, but were not concerned to see me so near. They had the undiscerning look of one whose mind

is numbed, as hers might well be. Shelter—a barn, a hayrick—lay within a mile of her; and yet she chose to suffer the cold, and was able to endure it. She knew it, I supposed, for a thing not to be avoided; she took it as it came—as she would have taken the warmth and pleasure of the sun. We humankind, with our wits forever turned inward to ourselves, grieve or exult as we bid ourselves: she, like all other creatures else, was not in that self-relation; her parts were closer-knit, and could not separate to envisage each other. So at least I read her—that she lived as she could and as she must, neither looked back with regret, nor forward with longing. Time present, the flashing moment, was all her being. That state will never be ours again.

I discovered before nightfall what she waited for, there alone in the cruel weather. A moving thing emerged from the heart of the white fury; came up the valley along the shelving down: a shape like hers, free-moving, thinly clad, suffering yet not paralyzed by the storm. It shaped as a man, a young man, and her mate. Taller, darker, stoutlier made, his hardy legs were browner, and so were his arms—crossed like hers over his breast and clasping his shoulders. His head was bare, dark and crisply covered with short hair. His smock whipped about him before, as the wind drove it; behind him it flacked and fluttered like a flag. Patiently forging his way, bowing his head to the gale, he came into range; and she, aware of him, waited.

He came directly to her. They greeted by touchings. He stretched out his hands to her, touched her shoulders and sides. He touched both her cheeks, her chin, the top of her head—all with the flat of the palm. He stroked her wet and streaming hair. He held her by the shoulders and peered into her face, then put both arms about her and drew her to him. She, who had so far made no motions of her own, now uncrossed her arms, and daintily touched him in turn. She put both her palms flat upon his breast; next on his thighs; next, being within the circle of his arms, she put up her hands and cupped his face. Then, with a gesture like a sigh, she let them fall to his waist, fastened them about him, and let her head lie on his bosom. She shut her eyes, seemed contented and appeased. He clasped her, with a fine, protecting air upon him, looking down tenderly at her

resting head. So they stood together in the dusk, while the wind tore at their thin covering, and the snow, lying, made a broad patch of white upon his shoulder.

Breathless, I looked at them; and my dog forgot to be cold. High on his haunches, with lifted forepaw and sharp-cocked ears, he watched, trembled and whined.

After a while,—impatient, as it appeared, of the ravaging storm —the male drew the female to the ground. They used no language, as we understand it, and made no sign that I could see, but rather sank together to get the shelter of the drift. He lay upon the snow, upon the weather side; she close beside him. They crouched like two birds in a storm, and hid their heads under their interlacing arms. He gave the weather his back, and raised himself on his elbow, the better to shield her. Within his arm she lay, and cuddled to him snugly. I can describe his action no more closely than by saying that he covered her as a hen her chick. As a partridge grouts with her wings in a dusty furrow, so he worked in the powdered snow to make her a nest. When the night fell upon them, with its promise of bitter frost in the unrelenting wind, she lay screened against its rigors by the shelter of him. They were very still. Their heads were together, their cheeks touched. I believe that they slept.

III

In the Autumn—in harvest time—I saw her with a little one. She was lying now, deeply at ease, in the copsewood of the valley-head, within a nest of brakefern, and her coloring was richer, more in tune with the glory of the hour. She had a burnt glow in her cheeks; her hair showed the hue of the corn which, not a mile away, our people were reaping afield. From where we were, she and I, one could hear the rattle of the machine as it swept down the tall and serried wheat. It was the top of noon when I found her; the sun high in heaven, but so fierce in his power that you saw him through a mist of his own making, and the sky all about him white as a sea-fog. The Oread's body was sanguine brown; only her breast, which I saw half-revealed through a slit in her smock, was

snowy white. It was the breast of a maiden, not of a mother with a young child.

She leaned over it and watched it asleep. Once or twice she touched its head in affection; then presently looked up and saw me. If I had had no surprise, coming upon her, neither now had she. Her eyes took me in, as mine might take in a tree not noticed before, or a flowering bush, or a finger-post. Such things might well be there, and might well not be: I had no particular interest for her, and gave her no alarm. Nothing assures me so certainly of her remoteness from myself, and of my kinship with her too, as this absence of shock.

She allowed me to come nearer, and nearer still; to stand close over her and examine the child. She did not lift her head, but I knew that she was aware of me; for her eyelids lifted and fell quickly, and showed me once or twice her watchful eyes. She was indeed a beautiful creature, exquisite in make and finish. Her skin shone like the petals of certain flowers. There is one especially, called *Sisyrinchium*, whose common name of Satin-flower describes a surface almost metallic in its lustre. I thought of that immediately: her skin drank in and exhaled light. I could not hit upon the stuff of which her shift was made. It looked like coarse silk, had a web, had fibres or threads. It may have been flax, but that it was much too sinuous. It seemed to stick to the body where it touched, even to seek the flesh where it did not touch, that it might cling like gossamer with invisible tentacles. In color it was very pale yellow, not worn, nor stained. It was perfectly simple, sleeveless, and stopped halfway between the hip and the knee. I looked for, but could not discover, either hem or seam. Her feet and hands were very lovely, the toes and fingers long and narrow, rosy-brown. I had full sight of her eyes for one throbbing moment. Extraordinarily bright, quick and pulsing, waxing and waning in intensity (as if an inner light beat in them); of the gray color of a chipped flint-stone. The lashes were long, curving and very dark; they were what you might call smut-color, and gave a blurred effect to the eyes which was strange. This, among other things, was what set her apart from us—this and the patient yet palpitating stare of her regard. She looked at me suddenly, widely and full, taking

in much more than me, yet making me the centre of her vision. It gave me the idea that she was surprised at my nearness and ready for any attack, but did not seek to avoid it. There I was overstanding her and her offspring—and what was, must be.

Of the little one I could not see much. It was on its side in the fern, fast asleep. Its arms were stretched up the slope, its face was between them. Its knees were bent and little feet tucked up to touch its body. Quite naked, brown all over, it was as plump and smooth and tender as a little pig. But it was not pink; it was very brown.

All Nature seemed at the top of perfection that wonderful day. A hawk soared high in the blue, bees murmured all about, the distance quivered. I could see under the leaves of a great mullein the bright eyes, then the round body of a mouse. Afar off the corn-cutter rattled and whirred, and above us on the ridgeway some workmen sat at their dinner under the telegraph wires. Men were all about us at their affairs with Nature's face; and here stood I, a man of themselves; and at my feet the Oread lay at ease and watched her young. There was food for wonder in all this, but none for doubt. Who knows what his neighbor sees? Who knows what his dog? Every species of us walks secret from the others; every species of us the centre of his universe, its staple of measure, and its final cause. And if at times one is granted a peep into new heavens and a new earth, and can get no more, perhaps the best thing we win from that is the conviction that we must doubt nothing and wonder at everything. Here, now, was I, common, blundering, trampling, makeshift man, peering upon my Oread—fairy of the hill, whatever she was—and tempted to gauge her by my man-taught balances of right and wrong, and use-and-wont. Was that young male who had sheltered her in the snow her mate in truth, the father of her young one? Or what sort of mating had been hers? What wild love? What mysteries of the night? And where was he now? And was he one, or were they many? And would he come if I waited for him? And would he share her watch, her quiet content, her still rapture?

Idle, man-made questions, custom-taught! I did wait. I sat by her waiting. But he did not come.

IV

A month later, in October, I saw a great assembling of Oreads, by which I was able to connect more than one experience. I could now understand the phenomenon of the luminous ring.

I reached the valley by about six o'clock in the evening. It was twilight, not yet dusk. The sun was off the hollow, which lay in blue mist, but above the level of the surrounding hills the air was bathed in the sunset glow. The hush of evening was over all, the great cup of the down absolutely desert; there were no birds, nor voices of birds; not a twig snapped, not a leaf rustled. Imperceptibly the shadows lengthened, faded with the light; and again behind the silence I guessed at, rather than discerned, a preparatory, gathering music. So finally, by twos and threes they came to their assembling.

Once more, I never saw them come. Out of the mist they drifted together. There had been a moment when they were not there; there was a moment when I saw them. I saw three of them together, two females and a male. They formed a circle, facing inward, their arms intertwined. The pale color of their garments, the gray tones in their flesh were so perfectly in tone with the hazy light, it would have been impossible, I am certain, to have seen them at all at a hundred yards' distance. I could not determine whether they were conversing or not: if they were, it was without speech. I have never heard an articulate sound from any one of them, and have no provable reason for connecting the unvoiced music I have sometimes discerned with any act of theirs. It has accompanied them, and may have proceeded from them—but I don't know that. Of these three linked together, I remember that one of them threw back her head till she faced the sky. She did not laugh, or seem to be laughing: there was no sound. It was rather as if she were bathing her face in the light. She threw her head back so far that I could see the gleam in her wild eyes; her hair streamed downward, straight as a fall of water. The other two regarded her, and the male presently withdrew one of his arms from the circle and laid his hand upon her. She let it be so; seemed not to notice.

Imperceptibly others had come about these three. If I took my eyes off a group for a moment, they were attracted to other groups or single shapes. Some lay at ease on the sward, resting on elbow, some prone, on both elbows. Some seemed asleep, their heads on molehill pillows; some sat huddling together, with their chins upon their knees; some knelt face to face and held each other fondly; some were teasing, some chasing others, winding in and out of the scattered groups. But everything was doing in complete silence. Now and again one, flying from another, would rise in the air, the pursuer following. They skimmed, soared, glided like swallows, in long sweeping curves—there was no noise in their flight.

One pretty sight I saw. A hare came lolloping over the valley bottom, quite at his ease. In the midst of the assembly he stopped to nibble, then reared himself and cleaned his face. He saw them, and they him, without concern on either side.

The valley filled up; I could not count the shifting, crossing, restless shapes I saw down there. Presently, without call or signal, as if by one consent the Oreads joined hands and enclosed the whole circuit in their ring. The effect in the dusk was of a pale glow, as of the softest fire, defining the contour of the valley; and soon they were moving, circling round and round. Shriller and louder swelled the hidden music, and faster span the ring. It whirled and wavered, lifted and fell—but so smoothly, with such inherent power of motion, that it was less like motion visible than motion heard. Nothing was distinguishable now but the belt of pale fire. That which I had seen before they had now become—a ring of flame intensely swift. As if sucked upward by centrifugal force, it rose in the air. Wheeling still with a sound incredibly shrill it rose to my level, swept by me heralded by a keen wind, and was followed by a draught which caught leaves and straws of grass and took them swirling along. Round and up, and ever up it went, narrowing and spiring to the zenith. There, looking long after it, I saw it diminish in size and brightness till it became filmy as a cloud, then melted into the company of the stars.

THE AMERICAN PICTURE WORLD

Its Shows ana Shams

SADAKICHI HARTMANN

Foreigners of discernment, visiting this country, are astonished at the scarcity of American paintings on public exhibition. They wonder if the United States, so advanced in other things important to civilization, has as yet produced an art as distinctively American as the painters of the Barbizon School are distinctively French. America has no Luxembourg, no representative collection of pictures by American painters, and the chance of acquiring such a national treasure seems remote for years to come.

There is no doubt that we have done some big things in art, that we have produced some big men in painting, sculpture, illustration and other æsthetic pursuits, that the era of 1875-1900 has produced a group of men (as Inness, Homer Martin, Winslow Homer, A. P. Ryder, Abbott Thayer, St. Gaudens) of which any country could well be proud. But we Americans do not seem to value its significance or to be able to impress it on the European mind. We lack the graces of self-assertion in appreciation and enthusiasm. We consider æsthetic accomplishments inferior to attainments that directly benefit vital needs.

Americans have the reputation of being the most generous picture buyers in the world. Donations are readily made, and art museums crop up everywhere. This very year three huge buildings, involving an investment of millions of dollars, are under construction in Kansas City, Toledo, Ohio, and Worcester, Massachusetts. But the American collector has not yet learned to buy art for art's sake. He patronizes art for self-aggrandizement, for the sake of direct advertisement, of notoriety, of speculation, of crude and selfish reasons. It is with him not a healthy demand for needed things, but just a gambling device. He treats art as a mere sport and delights in the reports of phenomenal prices that he paid for a single painting. And so the average citizen gets the erroneous idea that

art is not for such as he, that the only pictures worthy the name are the few famous ones in the galleries of the rich, and that, like diamonds, automobiles and race horses, they represent a luxury, a superfluity beyond the reach of an ordinary income.

There is a type of American picture buyer who is interested solely in art collections of established international fame. In my possession is a letter from a well-known financier, in which he makes the curious statement that he is not interested "in individual efforts, but solely in art collectively." A man's indulgence in art, of course, is his own affair; yet to pay, for instance, $350,000 for a mediocre, in no way representative Gainsborough like *The Duchess of Devonshire*, seems curiously extravagant. And does it not sound like the mad prodigality of a Caligula to hear that $50,000 were invested in a single peachblow vase? Do not such transactions retard the distribution and appreciation of works by living artists, as it would be possible to purchase the finest collections of American paintings for the price of one single picture like Rembrandt's *Gilder*, bought by H. O. Havemeyer for the phenomenal price of $100,000! Is this one portrait of some mediæval personality of no particular interest—remarkable as it is as a work of art—more important than a dozen masterpieces of American painters?

Prices like these denote the sensationalism of sudden wealth: the soul of good is not in them. They will never enjoy the approval of the judicious. The only excuse for purchases of this kind lies in the difficulty of determining the actual monetary value of a work of art. A painting has no fixed value. It is worth what it brings. Its value is comparative, it continually fluctuates and its market price is produced artificially. Renouf's well-known "pot-boiler," *The Helping Hand*—a sunny-faced little girl, playfully helping an old fisherman at his oar—was originally imported for $1,800. George E. Seney was induced to buy it for $12,000. A few years later it was secured by the Corcoran Art Gallery for $7,500. Which is the price approximately accurate? Where is the true standard of its valuation? There is none.

Picture buying depends almost entirely on individual trust and personal magnetism. The average collector, who has little knowledge of art and is often even doubtful as to what is best for him

to buy, can do nothing but accept the word and blindly abide in the judgment of the salesman. The latter is all powerful. If he has once succeeded in securing the confidence of a customer, he has but himself to blame should he forfeit it.

The salesman of the large metropolitan establishments is shrewdness personified. Suave and self-possessed, he applies the kid-glove treatment to all prospective buyers. He is very dignified in deportment. He knows how to arouse the hush of expectancy. A vocabulary as picturesque as that of a poet accompanies the manners of a Chesterfield.

It is the credulity of the *nouveau riche* which has proved such a faithful source of revenue to the art dealer that, from small beginnings dating back to the civil war, he has risen to absolute control of the picture market. His methods show at times a striking similarity to the stock jobbing of Wall Street. Picture dealers work up an artificial demand for the productions of those artists they control. They "bear" prices on all pictures that lack the popular, salable quality, and "bull" those of which they control the supply. By misrepresentation and a nimble juggling of facts they unload worthless canvases upon confiding "lambs" after the fashion set by Wall Street with watered stocks. The ludicrous height to which the prices of Inness landscapes soared after the artist's death can only be compared to the shrewd operations in Spring wheat.

Although dealers must realize how largely personal trust enters into their operations, they adhere to a code of ethics on a lower scale than that of any high class store. There are few picture shops to-day in New York City which are run upon the theory that it is wisest to handle the best goods only and at fixed prices. The majority with cheerful complacency will handle the cheapest trash, the most unsightly daubs, as long as it puts money into their pockets. A jeweller who would sell a gold article of 14 K. as 18 K. would be branded as a swindler. In the picture trade the sale of a poor canvas worth a hundred dollars for a thousand dollars or more is viewed in the light of a clever deal.

The European artist still entertains the opinion that everything is good enough for the American collector, and Dutch painters like Neuhuys, Blommers, Pieters, whose pictures are so sought after at

present, reserve a special day of the week to dash off some inferior daubs for the American market. Besides, every dusty attic and storeroom in Europe is ransacked for Old Masters. Later these questionable accumulations will, no doubt, make their appearance in New York, be advertised as rarities and probably be sold at enormous prices.

Everywhere imposture thrives apace. We all remember the *Blue Boy* which Mr. A. G. Hearn was reported to have bought for a genuine Gainsborough while the original hung serenely at Grosvenor House, London, as a cherished possession of the Duke of Westminster. Like poor old Luther Marsh, who accepted machine-made daubs as the genuine spirit productions of a Raphael or a Rembrandt, this gentleman must have been sadly duped—or did he try to fool the public, and fail in a most dismal manner? Whatever may have been the reason, the picture was suddenly withdrawn and has never again been exposed to the public gaze. The *Holy Family* of Rubens, purchased at the Mattheson sale for $50,000 and now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, looked embarrassingly crude after it had passed through the restorer's hand. It is at its best a very doubtful picture. Also the early Gothic harness from the Spitzer sale at the same museum has been pronounced a gross imitation.

But whose testimony would prove such assertions beyond dispute? The American buyer of Old Masters is helpless. There may be experts on ceramics, numismatics, Japanese prints, in this country; but America cannot boast of a single expert on Old Masters. Unlike De Quincy, they never know, but always suppose. The art patrons of the Senator Clarke and Vanderbilt type, who devote themselves largely to modern masters, labor under similar difficulties. They are willing to pay for a name and pride themselves on paying high prices. Their love for art does not soar beyond the picture's pedigree and value. And although many of the finest canvases of the Modern French and European schools are owned by Americans, the credulity of some of these collectors is astounding. In most private galleries we find, side by side with masterpieces, veritable nightmares in oils that no affidavit, no signature, no coat of varnish, protecting glass or shadow box, could rob of their fraudulent appearance.

Every person acquainted with the ins and outs of American art life knows the existence of studios where well-known canvases are counterfeited and famous names are forged. The inferior kind that bring $25-$100 in the cheap picture shops of White, Vesey, and Cedar Streets, are fabricated in New York. But the superior grade of fraudulent pictures, whose detection is difficult, comes from abroad, and a comparative study of European and American galleries would produce the most astonishing results.

Under these conditions, as may be readily imagined, the American painter who is truly devoted to raising the standard of American art finds himself in a rather helpless position. He is seldom a good business man, capable of furthering his own interests. His actions are swayed by his temperament, and the pursuit of his vocation does not allow him to concentrate his mind upon money-making devices. True enough, a painter only needs half a dozen well-meaning patrons and his livelihood is assured. But how can he secure this valuable assistance when his name is unknown?

The fate of A. P. Ryder's *Flying Dutchman* is typical of the vicissitudes of the American artist. The artist parted with the canvas for a few hundred dollars. After a few years it brought over thirteen hundred at an auction; it is now valued at four thousand and may some day be purchased by a museum for ten thousand. It is the old story continually repeating itself. The ten thousand dollar mark is seldom reached and the three or four thousand price is commanded but by few artists. The majority of painters practise the so-called "what it will fetch methods" of selling. Few are able to stick to the prices quoted at exhibitions. Necessity forces them to undersell, and the patron, if he does not prefer to get the credit of having bought a picture at a high price when he actually paid a mere trifle for it, will relate with special pride and peculiar unction the fact that he secured the valuable production at some ridiculously small price because the "poor devil of an artist was in such desperate financial straits."

What other resource is open to the painter in his fight for recognition? He may be induced to coöperate with a middleman. He will not fare much better. We occasionally hear that an artist has sold a picture for a thousand dollars. This sounds big, but what

does it really mean to him? Twenty-five per cent. is deducted for commission, and the frame furnished by the dealer may cost him another hundred and fifty dollars. This leaves the artist six hundred. Few artists command an annual sale of four and five pictures at this figure, and, even if the improbable should happen, it could hardly be called a lucrative income.

The majority of art dealers are not overfond of handling American art, and if they indulge in it, they devote themselves with preference to the exploitation of one man. But comparatively few painters are offered the chance to enter upon such a business relationship with dealers. The works of the majority merely help to fill the galleries. There is not the slightest hope for their sale. The picture dealer means little to the average artist, and, in many instances, is the one serious obstacle in the way of a more sympathetic understanding between the buyer and producer. In indignation and disgust the young artist turns away from the dealer and decides to try his luck with exhibitions. Disappointment is sure to follow.

The annual exhibitions mean little financially. Exhibitions of local work, be they ever so interesting, are treated by the public with almost utter indifference. The attendance of one night when Caruso sings at the Metropolitan Opera House is larger than the total number of visitors during an exhibition at the Academy. It seems that most exhibitions are conducted on the policy of exclusive associations and serve merely as salesrooms for the few men who have prospective customers on hand. As the Academicians and members of the juries enjoy the privilege of hanging several of their own pictures, there is scarcely any room for outside work. Their pictures are exempt from going before the jury, and the Academy has about two hundred and forty members. Each one is entitled to have a canvas on the line. The catalogue of the annual exhibition seldom contains more than three hundred numbers. The facts speak for themselves. It is absolutely unscrupulous of those institutions to send out thousands of invitations to artists all over the country when there is not the slightest chance to accept their work. Besides, there are *cliques* who control the situation. There is no use for anybody to try to win a prize until he is on an exceptionally good footing with several influential members of the jury.

They prefer to hand these honors to each other alternately: one year one painter helps another to get the prize, and next year the prize winner is under a moral obligation to return the compliment. Struggling genius encountering obstacles on all sides finally puts all its hope in the public museum.

An appeal to patriotism has been made in various quarters; and funds for the acquisition of works by native artists have been established. They are invariably permanent funds, and only the interest is available. What is actually accomplished by these cash donations? Do the artists really profit by them? One would have to be very sanguine to answer in the affirmative. At the rate with which American paintings are acquired at present—one, two, three annually—it will take generations before any city will own a representative collection. The purchases are not, and perhaps cannot be, made judiciously. The artist, who originally would be satisfied with two hundred dollars, will ask a thousand for the same picture as soon as he hears that a museum might buy it. The director is forced to appeal to the middleman and the results are pictures with an inflated price by men of reputation.

In Europe, municipalities accumulate a collection before acquiring a suitable structure to shelter it. We, however, first erect a most expensive and elaborate building, and then try to fill it with donations. To walk through the empty exhibition halls of a museum in the Middle West is, indeed, a sad and melancholy pastime.

Art museums seem to have become necessary adjuncts to civilization. If people of ordinary means could afford to patronize art, there would be little use for museums. A certain educational value cannot be denied to them, although an actual influence like that of the Parthenon Frieze on modern English art is seldom noticeable. The only museum picture in America I know that can claim this distinction is Whistler's *Sarasate* at the Pittsburg Carnegie Institute. The tendency for dark tonality and the triumphs of pictorial photography have received a considerable impetus from this canvas. The majority of these accumulations are so tentative, so incomplete, badly arranged and meaningless, that one might come to the conclusion that museums serve no purpose but that of a morgue—for dead pictures which nobody wants.

The main objection that can be raised to museum management is the waste of maintenance. Museum positions are largely sinecures. The less an official does, the less he is open to criticism. There is no inducement for enthusiasm or over-exertion. To attend to an occasional exhibition and the pay-rolls of the numerous employees, furnishes the main occupation. With half empty halls it seems ludicrous to maintain a staff of secretary and assistant secretaries, a dozen stenographers, custodians of different departments, gallery guards whose duties consist largely in changing about the permanent exhibitions, messengers, cleaners, movers, etc., and finally a young person to write out checks for all these various functionaries of art. Few museums are run on such a lavish scale, but, with an increase of income, they are all apt to carry out this policy of dignified pretension. Even a fund for the acquisition of American paintings is apt to need the services of a special administrator. Thus the interest of the fund dwindles down to a mere nothing, and the artist waits in vain for the honor of being represented in some public gallery.

The last resource of the American artist is the auction room. It is synonymous with professional suicide. It may save his life, but it will kill his art. Deliberate "fake" sales are arranged for painters in distress. They must be sure of two or three purchases, whereupon the whole auction is arranged to make these sales. All the other pictures that pass under the hammer are bought back by the artist himself, who has to pay the auctioneer a commission on each picture.

Transactions of this nature, however, are merely of minor consideration to the auctioneer. He is principally the helpmate of the picture speculator. He is the distributor of large collections, and uses the sales to establish prices for the influential dealers. Few auction sales represent fair and open rivalry among *bona fide* bidders. The prices are forced by mock bids and the burden of deciding on the merit of the different objects devolves wholly upon the purchasers. Customers at a distance unable to attend personally are sent catalogues with printed forms for authorizing the auctioneer to bid a certain sum for given works. That these out-of-town buyers ever secured a canvas at less than the authorization

price, I believe, is not on record. Of great value to the dealer is the auctioneer's skill in handling the surplus of supply, the "dead stock" that has accumulated in storerooms. Nearly all sales are artificially inflated by dealers with all sorts of unsalable truck, announced as the "few rare examples from the collection of some well-known amateur." Some of these pictures and *objets d'art* nobody seems to want, and they turn up regularly every year at some auction room. I have greeted some convases as old acquaintances at least five or six times within the last few years.

A painting attracts wide public attention only when shown in a spectacular way and advertised after the showman's fashion. The adventures of Munkacsy's *Christ Before Pilate* furnished a sad commentary on the intelligence of our art public. It seems ready to believe any showman's assertion as to what is famous, to translate famous as meaning good, and to promise ample patronage to anything sensationally advertised. Other paintings that were shown in the same sensational fashion and enjoyed a passing vogue with the public were *The Death of Mozart*, by Munkacsy; *The Russian Wedding Feast* and *Choosing the Bride*, by Makowsky—to advertise a jewelry store; *Diana's Hunting Party*, by Markart, and the *Turko-Russian War* pictures by Verestchagin, who had the audacity to send replicas to this country, as the originals were bought years previously by the Tretyakeff brothers of Moscow. Art reputation to-day does not seem to depend on merit but on inflated prices and the empty announcements of a name.

No wonder that the painter, who longs for fame and success, calls in the services of the press agent to proclaim his talents and his wares. Foreigners seems to be best versed in this art of self-assertion. They hire a studio at four thousand a year amid a blare of newspaper announcements, entertain lavishly to impress the prospective buyer, and their game is a golden one. A well-known painter of insidious flattering likenesses, received five thousand dollars for each portrait. True enough, he had to pay three thousand dollars commission per portrait, of which one half went to the dealer who had imported him and the other half to the second middleman who actually secured the order. Even two thousand dollars is an excessive price for his products, and reveals an utter demoralization in the field of art.

But the serious artist, who wants to assert his talents and feels sufficiently strong to combat and conquer adverse conditions, is forced also to resort to the methods of the showman. After all, he has some excuse for fictitious advertising. He is a much neglected personality. Not one person out of a hundred knows who built the Metropolitan tower. A sculptor's name is scarcely mentioned when his monument is unveiled. In Paris almost every cabman knows a Meissonnier or Gérôme by sight. The same can hardly be said of our foremost artists, men like De Forrest Brush, Dewing, Tryon, Abbott Thayer, A. P. Ryder, Winslow Homer, who, like true dwellers in the tents of art, live far away from the multitude.

And yet it is to men like these that we must look for further developments. They represent a living force that steadily grows. Their paintings breathe the true spirit, and their work alone could place American Art on its proper pedestal. A representative collection of the masterpieces of these men would triumph over all the shows and shams of the present picture world, and we should in the future see more clearly in which way lie truth and purity in the Art of America.

JOHN DAVIDSON: POET OF ANARCHY

MILTON BRONNER

I

"When a Scotsman finds himself at cross-purposes with life, what course does he follow? He may say to himself, 'I will go and walk about the downs.' Or he may say, 'I will write a great poem;' or 'I will go and preach in Hyde Park.'"

What John Davidson wrote in *A Rosary* five years ago, very largely applied to himself. He was a Scotsman who found himself at cross-purposes with life; he went frequently to Nature for inspiration; he did try to write great poems; and he certainly preached, if not in Hyde Park, at least in his later books, his *Testaments*, of which he was so proud.

His whole life was a march away from the faiths and beliefs of his boyhood down into the slough of despair and revolt. He might have been a great nature-poet, and indeed always he remained a sad Antæus whose fairest moments were spent in contact with earth and its beauties. But he had to come to London to earn a livelihood, and being large-hearted and loving, he saw the struggles of the very poor. He might have become the supreme modern singer of the sorrows of the lowly, of the toilers at the forge and the loom.

Davidson himself realized his opportunity, for we find him saying: "The offal of the world is being said in statistics, in prose fiction: it is besides going to be sung. There it is in the streets, the hospitals, the poor-houses, the prisons; it is a flood that surges about our feet; it rises breast-high. And it will be sung in all keys and voices. Poetry has other functions, other aims; but this also has become its province."

For a time it seemed that Davidson would be the true singer about the humble laborer. But it was merely a phase of his life, a side issue. In reality the goal towards which he steadily progressed was towards a Nietzschean anarchy, a proclamation of individualism, the worship of the Ego. The seeds of it are found in his early dramas, written and published while he was still teaching school in

Scotland. They were reiterated in his *Fleet Street Eclogues* and his *Ballads and Songs*, which first gave him prominence. They came to full fruition in the *Testaments* which he prepared for an astonished, if limited public, and which disappointed those who had hoped he would grow into the legitimate successor of Tennyson and Swinburne as primate of English song.

In re-reading his books, it is astonishing to find how largely autobiographical this writer was. In the light of after events, it seems as if he were always portraying himself, so that we could not possibly mistake his aims and beliefs. Thus, as early as the time when he wrote the play called *Smith*, we find the poet Hallowes saying, when told not to pursue the phantom Fame:

> "Give me to dream dreams all would love to dream,
> To tell the world's truth; hear the world tramp time
> With satin slippers and with hob-nailed shoes
> To my true singing: fame is worth its cost,
> Blood-sweats and tears, and haggard, homeless lives."

Smith asks:

> "But if the world won't shout
> Till he be dead?"

To which Hallowes responds:

> "Let him address the street:
> No subtle essences, ethereal tones
> For senses sick, bed-ridden in the down
> Of culture and its stifling curtains."

Precisely! Davidson aspired at first to be the poet of democracy, the poet of men not too intensely absorbed in their own individualities, the men whose lives were too busy for culture. In aiming at the suffrages of such men, he discarded the finer artifices; he sought a direct attack upon their attention; he often gave the verse the air of improvization. To quote the poet himself, to give him another chance of revealing his own thought, he said in an article on the art of poetry: "Liberty of utterance, spontaneity,

is the mark of the highest poetry. To be spontaneous is the whole art of poetry and especially distinguishes it from the artifice of poetry."

It is not surprising to hear him say this. As in philosophy we shall find he did not have the genius for perfected thought, so in versification he did not have the genius for finish. Hence the ballad form was a favorite with him by reason of its impetuous, spontaneous movement, its ability to tell a story by leaps and bounds, rather than by carefully and closely constructed narrative. In his efforts at spontaneity he too often also evinced a strained desire for a false simplicity. He spoiled his ballads with colloquial lines. His blank verse was often marred by the too obvious, and by the common parlance of the street. He was apt to lapse into the grotesque; he was prone to overstate things, to mouth where he would fain be most impressive. He was sometimes so deaf to verbal music and so blind to a sense of the ridiculous that he called such a passage as this poetry, where he spoke of watching debate:

> "Lixiviate matters till the recrement
> Appeared, the perfect, smooth, exhausted sludge
> That blinds the electorate and chokes it off."

But where the spontaneity is successful, he sometimes performs little acts of verbal magic, as in the famous quatrain in *The Ballad of a Nun;* he brings new notes also into our literature. Kipling alone rivals him in his happy introduction of the common things of our workaday world, in the wizardry which makes of it the proper stuff of poetry:

> "Midnight beat out upon suburban bells
> A drowsy madrigal from tower to tower."

Or

> "The wild east mouths the chimney-tops,
> The Pandean pipes of the wind."

Or

> ". . . this gray town
> That pipes the morning up before the lark
> With shrieking steam, and from a hundred stalks
> Lacquers the sooty sky."

Or the intense and superb realism of this, so finely felt and so finely phrased:

"He set his teeth and saw his mother die.
Outside a city reveller's tipsy tread
Severed the silence with a jagged rent;
The tall lamps flickered through the sombre street,
With yellow light hiding the stainless stars;
In the next house a child awoke and cried;
Far off a clank and clash of shunting trains
Broke out and ceased, as if the fettered world
Started and shook its irons in the night."

Nor was it the workaday world alone which could inspire him to his finest bits. In reading criticisms of Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts*, one has heard a great deal about the "cosmic vision" of the author. Nothing in the three laboriously constructed volumes surpasses this for cosmic vision, for inner beauty, for wide sweep of imagination:

"The green and sapphire earth embossed with studs
Of crystal snow at either lonely pole;
With orient dawn, with sunset in the west,
The sumptuous rubies of its girdle clasped;
And wearing gallantly, day in, day out,
Its azure mantle of ethereal dust,
That turns at night a sable domino
With stars embroidered."

The same power that enables him to write this also helps him to scatter through his works such lovely lyrics as the tribute to the daisy in the *Eclogues*, the superb *Serenade*, the boat song in *Scaramouch*, and such perfect songs of a moment's fleeting mood as the following:

"The wind that stirs the Fleet Street wires,
And roams and quests about the Park,
That wanders all across the shires,
Humming the song of many a lark—

The wind—it is the wind, whose breath,
Perfumed with roses, wakes in me
From shrouded slumbers deep as death
A yet unfaded memory."

The poet of spontaneity thus sometimes flashes upon us treasurable songs that sound like far-flung melodies from Heine, like sister lyrics to those of which Henley held the secret.

II

THE MIDDLE PERIOD

Davidson first came into prominence in 1895 when his *Fleet Street Eclogues* and *Ballads and Songs* were given to the world. Prior to this, in *The Yellow Book* he had won some notoriety of the moment by *The Ballad of a Nun*, a poem which is in many ways the most successful of his ballads, most resplendent in its verse magic, at the same time shocking to people of piety, and leading superficial critics to class him for all time with the English decadent school of poets. Here, for the first time, Davidson showed his tendency to use the holy things of the New Testament as so many myths to be applied to poetic uses.

In his book of *Ballads and Songs*, we find clearly shown the three strains in him, or rather the three strings of the lute which he was to use the most. In his four poems of the seasons and his song of *Romney Marsh*, we find certain proofs of his deep-seated Scottish love of Nature. In his *Loafer*, *Thirty Bob a Week* and tunes *To the Street Piano*, we find his sympathies with the poor, the menial, and the downtrodden. In his *Ballad on the Making of a Poet* and his *Ballad on the Exodus from Houndsditch*, we find him the poet of revolt. Similarly, we find the three strains in the *Fleet Street Eclogues*. In these modern poems we find no Vergilian shepherds sweetly discoursing of flocks and flowers. His speakers and singers are hard-working, hard-driven journalists; men who have read the books on philosophy; who have toiled so long they no longer have reverence for their own work; men who, coming from the four cor-

ners of England, Scotland and Ireland, tired of London sights and smells, weary of London fog and noise, dream of the open country where flowers laugh in the sun, where the tinkle of brooks is softest music, where birds are singing matin raptures. So there is never an eclogue where the trend of the thought is not interrupted by references to the country. As one of the Fleet Street workers says, he is besieged by things that he has seen on a holiday, memories of rivers and woods and meads, recollections of mountains and winds and seas, by the magic of sun and moon and stars. So English flowers are described with a poet's passionate love; English birds are praised by their human brothers: the *Eclogues* form a diary of the seasons, month by month. Here are the fruits of long rambles in Scotch highlands and over English meadows; here are exact pictures of all the poet has seen and loved:

"As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,
I saw above the Downs' low crest
The crimson brands of sunset fall,
Flicker and fade from out the west.

Night sank: like flakes of silver fire
The stars in one great shower came down;
Shrill blew the wind; and shrill the wire
Rang out from Hythe to Romney Town."

When Davidson turned from the world of Nature to the world of men, he stopped his smiling. His verse was no longer blithe. The lights went out, the colors faded. He dealt with a universe of blacks and duns and grays. He saw only the loafers whose shoulders burnish the walls against which they lean; the men who try to support wife and bairns on "thirty bob a week"; the pale, slatternly women whose husbands come home drunk and beat them; the dreary suburbs.

"With shelves for rooms the houses crowd,
Like draughty cupboards in a row:
Ice-chests, when wintry winds are loud:
Ovens, when summer breezes blow."

His heart goes out to all those poor ones who must fulfil

> "Dull tasks in uncongenial spheres,
> Who toil through dread of coming ill,
> And without hope of happier years."

With tear-dimmed eyes he sings of the submerged tenth:

> "Within unfriendly walls
> We starve—or starve by stealth.
> Oxen fatten in their stalls:
> You guard the harrier's health:
> They never can be criminals,
> And can't compete for wealth.
> From the mansion and the palace
> Is there any help or hail
> For the tenants of the alleys,
> Of the workhouse and the jail?"

Even the sprightliest of these songs of labor has in it the pain of tired limbs, the sad music of sighs and sobs:

> "Now the furnaces are out,
> And the aching anvils sleep:
> Down the road a merry rout
> Dances homeward, twenty deep.
> Piper play! Piper play!
> Wearied people though we be,
> Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
> For a little we are free!"

He is in his socialistic mood. At this time the poor are his brothers. A wave of hot anger sweeps over him. He is dissatisfied with the world, with its rulers, with those in the seats of the mighty. He no longer wonders that there are loafers; he no longer censures the wastrels and drunkards; he does not scorn the pitiable daughters of the pavement. All of these poor astrays on life's high-roads are the victims of circumstances, of this modern grind-

ing life where man's inhumanity to man is the rule; where the factories squeeze the best out of a man's best years, then toss him aside as so much waste; where the finer virtues are tittered at; where the higher things of the intellect, the heart, and the soul are at a discount, and where gold is king. He recurs again and again to this mood of savage satire and invective against the powers that be. In one place he symbolizes his feelings where the "Merchantman" cries his wares:

"I come from the elfin king's demesne
With chrysolite, hyacinth, tourmaline:
I have emeralds here of living green;
I have rubies, each like a cup of wine;
And diamonds, diamonds that never have been
Outshone by eyes the most divine!"

But the "Market-haunters" have no use for the things of the spirit thus symbolized. 'Tis a matter-of-fact and practical world, and these lovers of the flesh pots reply:

"Jewelry?—Baubles; bad for the soul:
Desire of the heart and lust of the eye!
Diamonds, indeed! We wanted coal.
What else do you sell? Come, sound your cry!
Our money is hot;
The night draws nigh;
What have you got
That we want to buy?"

The angry poet puts the case more bluntly in these words from *The Testament of a Prime Minister:*

"Get Gold, get Gold; and be the Golden Age!
So signals Matter from the ends of the earth
Where'er her chosen people pitch their tents.
Religion, chivalry, crusade, romance,
Or war for war's own sake, or art for art,
Freedom for Man, and Justice for the World,
Are not; or are contained in this—get Gold!"

Both by actual performance and by what is here foreshadowed and indicated, one sees what a powerful poet of the masses Davidson might have become had his attention remained concentrated on this phase of existence. It is conceivable that he might have written successors to Hood's *Song of a Shirt* and *One More Unfortunate.* But there was a difference in the men. Hood did not rebel against the established order of things. Coupled with his undying sense of humor, was his divine pity for the poor and the lowly, whose lives were wrecked or whose souls were ruined. His heart ached and out of that ache grew poems the world will never willingly let die.

Davidson's heart ached too. He felt himself brother to these loafers and drunkards, to these hard-pressed workmen whom, sadly satirical, he describes in his scientific way as

> "All unfit
> For anything except survival."

But the Scotch poet soon dried his tears. The ache in his heart gave place to rage. As the fruit of his ill-balanced philosophy, of his ill-digested reading, of his skeptical tendencies, he revolted against the established order of things which wrought such misery among humans. He revolted against society, against modern laws and codes of morals, against Christianity, against Godhead itself. Although the seeds of this tendency are to be found in his earliest work, although they are repeated in *Ballads and Songs* and the *Eclogues,* this side of him is after all the final phase, the phase which took him away from his sounding Nature poems, from his brave, marching ballads, from his sympathetic labor verses. It was the phase of the *Testaments,* those ill-balanced books in which he often seemed merely to rave, albeit he had lucid intervals where the poet once more gained the mastery and made himself felt.

III

THE LAST PHASE

In the past sixty or seventy years, the doctrine of individualism, of egoism, of the I, has been largely proclaimed. Max Stirner and

Nietzsche, who followed him in point of time, though not always in doctrine, were the philosophers of this new propaganda. Ibsen was its dramatist and, in some phases, so is George Bernard Shaw. Whitman and Davidson must be accounted its poets. Whitman proclaimed the sacredness of the body and put forth the dream of the superman. Davidson gave us rather the anarchical phase of Nietzschean philosophy. He is the smasher of things as they are, the pessimist dissatisfied with the present, the optimist dreaming of the larger and nobler to-morrows. His position was the direct result of his temperament, of his own struggles for success in a heedless world, of his wrath and tears over the sufferings of the submerged tenth, of his reading of the advanced thinkers.

There is internal evidence in the poems themselves that Davidson's revolt began in his own home. There is reason to believe that his *Ballad in Blank Verse of the Making of a Poet*, is quite autobiographical. The Scotch home therein described may well have been his own. The religious father may well have been the Scotch parson who was Davidson's sire. The struggle in that home between the reverent man and his wife, and the roving restless lad with his imagination fired by dreams of Greek goddesses, may well have been the struggle Davidson himself had known. At any rate, there is a tone of sincerity in the poem that makes it as a leaf from a life.

From mere revolt, he progressed to open disbelief, to a song of the New Testament as a book of myths with which to garnish ballads of Heaven and Hell. Going still farther, he became openly atheistical, denying Christianity, denying Godhead, proclaiming "a material soul in a material universe." There are statements of these beliefs in the *Ballads* and the *Eclogues*, but they came to the climax in the series of *Testaments* which caused some of the critics to say for the first time that he was waxing blasphemous. They forgot or overlooked the earlier work in which we find such startling lines as these:

> "Henceforth I shall be God; for consciousness
> Is God: I suffer; I am God, this Self,
> That all the universe combines to quell,
> Is greater than the universe; and I
> Am that I am. To think and not be God—?

It cannot be! Lo! I shall spread this news,
And gather to myself a band of Gods."

In one of the *Testaments* he confesses:

"A doubter always, I; and doubt is death."

It was indeed! It was the death of every vestige of religious belief. It resulted in the egomania that bordered on the verge of insanity. At first, it manifested itself in the milder form of Nietzschean teaching, as in *The Testament of a Man Forbid*, where he says:

"It has been said: Ye must be born again.
I say to you: Men must be what they are."

From this it was not far to the madness of *The Testament of a Prime Minister*, with its declaration

"That with the death of Christ there also died
The two insane ideas, God and Sin."

It was a mere step to descant upon

". . . a Material Soul
At one with the Material Universe."

The final darkness of the madman seems to come over him when he has a vision of a hereafter where the rich, the cruel, the powerful, all those denounced in the Gospels, are sent to the right hand, while the Son of God and His elect, the poor in spirit, the mourners and the meek, the merciful and the pure in heart, are sent to the left hand. And this, because they sought to transform the rule of the material world,—the will to live, the will to power,—into the will to death. In other words, in order to get at the anti-religious phase of the *Testaments*, you take one part atheism, one part pure materialism, one part extract of Nietzsche's discourses upon the will to power, mix it with the wild phantasy of a madman, serve it up in blank

verse often incoherent and leading nowhere, and you have the Davidson of the last phase.

Such a condition of mind left the poet totally at sea. The atheist and the anarch in him clashed with the New Catechist of his pious Scotch ancestors. It led him to deny everything that men hold sacred or for the good of society. It led him to destructive criticism without any definite plans for upbuilding from the ruins of what he sought to demolish. As early as in the days of *Smith*, he referred sneeringly to

> " The hydra-headed creeds, the Sciences
> That deem the thing is known when it is named;
> And Literature, Thought's palace-prison fair;
> Philosophy, the grand inquisitor
> That racks ideas and is fooled with lies;
> Society, the mud wherein we stand . . . "

Continuing the same thought years later in the preface to *The Testament of a Vivisector* in which he vivisects himself, he proclaims that his *Testament* is addressed to all who are willing to place all ideas in the crucible and are not afraid to fathom what is subconscious in themselves; who are willing to live as if Christianity, as if certain conventions of morals and laws, had never existed. He recurs to this in the later *Testament of a Man Forbid*, wherein he tells of the human race toiling in the mills and mines and ruled by those who " balance libraries upon their polls." He says to these toilers:

> " Good people, honest people, cast them off
> And stand erect, for few are helped by books.
> What! will you die crushed under libraries?
> Lo! thirty centuries of literature
> Have curved your spines and overborne your brains!
> Off with it—all of it! Stand up; behold
> The earth; life, death, and day and night.
> Think not the things that have been said of these;
> But watch them and be excellent, for men
> Are what they contemplate."

If you insist that all this is overdone, is crazy in essence, Davidson's own works will confirm you in your stand, for you find him saying in an early play:

"You are right—one must become
Fanatic—be a wedge, a thunderbolt
To smite a passage through the close-grained world."

Let us glance briefly at the things he wishes the new generations of men to proclaim or to deny. In the first place, as we have already seen, he is as confirmed an egomaniac as Nietzsche or Stirner of *The Ego and His Own*. So infatuated is the poet that even the beggars, drunkards and wastrels in *The Testament of a Prime Minister* stand in the slums and glibly boast:

"All things disappear
Before the Sovereign Me."

Again speaking *in propria persona* in an epilogue to the drama *The Triumph of Mammon*, he says:

"For half a century I have survived in a world unfitted for me, and having known both the Heaven and the Hell thereof, and being without a revenue and an army and navy to compel the nations, I begin definitely in my Testaments and Tragedies to destroy this unfit world and make it over again in my own image."

His parable, introducing *The Testament of an Empire Builder*, tells us he is preaching a new gospel to the world, but it is not new at all. The altruism and the tenderness of the socialist are gone. He no longer cares for the poor, the weak and downtrodden. He is interested now in his own ego and in the superman. Like Nietzsche, he deals with the necessity and function of pain in the world. He proclaims that the strong egoist alone is happy on earth and that his happiness is purchased by the sufferings of the weak and the altruistic. Even in the *Eclogues* we find the Zarathustra idea about the far-famed Beyond-man, superman, set forth in verse:

"So let us think we are the tortured nerves
Of Being in travail with a higher type.

I know that I shall crumble back to dust
And cease for evermore from sense and thought,
But this contents me well in my distress:—
I, being human, touch the highest reach
Attained by matter, and within me feel
The motion of a loftier than I:
Out of the beast came man; from man comes God."

In similar manner, idea after idea advanced by Nietzsche could be shown to have been adopted by Davidson or set forth simultaneously. Either he was a convert, or the philosophy of the former fell in with the long preconceived notions of the latter. At any rate, after such passages as we have been quoting, it is somewhat singular to see him vigorously combating the idea that he is a worshiper of matter, or that he is a follower of the singer of Zarathustra.

"There has been talk in connection with my writings," he says, "of a worship of matter. We cannot worship matter. The lover will worship his mistress, the young mother her baby; but in an uncreated world intelligence cannot worship anything: the Universe is matter, and man being the Universe become conscious, will not worship himself."

All of which looks very much like arguing in a circle. So too with the later denial:

"The gist of Nietzsche, so far as I know him, will be found in my play *Smith*, written in 1886, long before I had heard the name of Nietzsche. It is true that in the conversation of the beasts in *The Testament of an Empire Builder*, the hackney quotes directly from that 'insane belov'd philosopher' (*The Genealogy of Morals*, if I remember rightly); but it will be observed that it is the hackney who does so. I cannot understand why an intelligent being should be, or should be suffered to be, the disciple of anyone. I should like to say also that it is not necessary to identify me with the speakers in my Testaments. In the dramatic presentation of any character, if it is to be vital at all, there must be an alloy of the personality of the writer; to that extent, I shall be found in my Testaments."

Davidson either was not frank, or did not understand himself. We have shown how, early in his career, certain ideas took hold of

him. With the years and with his reading of the philosophers of ego-worship, these ideas became more fixed and took more definite form until at the end he seemed as insane as Nietzsche himself.

Nor can his plea about not being identified with the speakers in his *Testaments* be granted. As a rule, a poet is not held responsible for the beliefs expressed by the characters in his poems. It would be manifestly absurd in the case of a man like Browning, who created a hundred characters with a hundred different ways of looking at things. But with Davidson it was different. He created dozens of characters with but one way of looking at things. They were anarchs who assailed Christianity, who attacked modern society, who wished to create things anew in their own image. They were individualists who proclaimed the supremacy of the ego. And the same things they expressed, were declared in the first person singular by Davidson in his various prefaces, parables, epilogues, and letters to the press.

An anarch, he performed the final act of anarchy. Without faith, in revolt against both God-made and man-made laws, without any guiding lights, ill, disappointed and suffering, he went out into the dark by his own hand, confirming what he said with singular autobiographical aptness, all his works teeming with this unconscious self-revelation:

> "My source of strength, though never to myself
> Confessed before, had been the lurking thought
> That poison, or a bullet, or the waves
> Could stop the unendurable ecstasy
> Of pain or pleasure, at whichever pole
> Of passion I determined to forsake
> The orb of life, on my acceptance thrust
> In ignorance and disregard of me . . . "

Thus ended the life of one who might have been one of England's greatest poets. Before he became a confirmed egomaniac, his interests were absorbed by the beauties of Nature and by the sufferings of the lowly. He wrote enough about both to give him a permanent place in the annals of the literature of his time. He might have gone on from *Cinque Port*, *Romney Marsh* and *Serenade*, from cer-

tain of the *Eclogues*, from *Waiting*, from *A Loafer*, from *Piper Play*, to still more perfect and lovely songs of Nature, to more appealing and tear-compelling pleas for the poor, the helpless, and the maimed. But a decadent philosophy warped his mind and ruined his life, and he went out into the ultimate dark and cold, disappointed, defeated and embittered. He who might have had so much baggage for posterity, now leaves but a small fardel for Time to toy with.

THE CONSERVATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL

RICHARD COLE NEWTON, M.D.

That the study of the individual man with a view to his conservation is worthy of the most serious attention, not merely of governments and institutions of learning, but of the man himself, is only of late years beginning to be generally acknowledged. The wonder is, that in these highly practical and commercial days the study of the promotion and conservation of the energy of the individual has not made more progress than other studies of economics, instead of lagging far behind them.

Mr. Weston's recent performances in walking from New York to San Francisco in 105 days, and from Los Angeles to New York in about 75 days, when over 70 years of age, may well fill the scientific world with wonder. Is he an extraordinary, in fact, an entirely unique person, and has he done something which no other man may expect to equal?

The answers to these questions are really fraught with the most serious meaning for all mankind. If we say that Weston is possessed of unique and extraordinary power, and that no one need expect to equal his feats of endurance, we quite clearly beg the question, because not enough persons of his age have tried such experiments with their bodies as he has tried with his to afford conclusive answers to the questions we have just propounded.

It can be safely asserted that the average man has practically no conception of the bodily or mental capacity which he might individually develop by the proper training. He only knows, or fancies that he knows, that certain habits and indulgences seem to injure him, and certain others seem to benefit him. These practices, however, are, generally speaking, only matters of the moment. That a person is under any obligation so to order his life that he may develop a high degree of efficiency in the present and retain it in years to come, and that he may by this means prolong his years and increase his usefulness, seems to be a matter about which the average man knows little and cares less.

Although it is unfortunately true that in some respects we have

not as yet been able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the man in the street a complete series of rules by which he may regulate his life habits, still some notable experiments have been carried out from which much may be learned with regard to the endurance and capacity of the human body. Mr. Weston's last walk of about 3,500 miles in 75 walking days, or an average of about 46 miles a day, stands as probably the greatest walk in history. Were it not that the evidence is irrefutable, that he actually did accomplish all that he asserts that he did, we might well doubt the truth of his claims.

Admitting, however, that these are well founded, certain questions at once confront us, e. g., whether it is possible for other men to do with their bodies what he has done with his, and whether there is reason to suppose that he can make good his boast that he will be able to walk upon his one hundredth birthday.

I have long been convinced that the well-trained human body is a dynamo or magneto which manufactures its energy according to the demand, and does not, like a storage battery, contain a fixed quantity of stored up energy or power. A little reflection upon the great adaptability of the body to many varying conditions of existence tends strongly to confirm this view. It is well known that no other animal can exist under such a variety of climates and conditions, and upon such a diversity of foods, as man. But it is not so well known, for example, that no other animal possesses the endurance and capacity for labor which man possesses. Yet it is inconceivable that any other animal than man could have performed Mr. Weston's task in the time he accomplished it. Whenever a horse's endurance has been tried against man's, the victory has seemed to lodge with the biped.

The average man's endurance of fatigue, like his endurance of heat and cold, fasting and feasting, great exertion and absolute rest, can be almost indefinitely increased. The only satisfying explanation of this phenomenon is the preponderating influence of his spiritual nature. Man can train his body to do his bidding to a degree hitherto considered impossible, and evidently far beyond the capacity of a brute. As a test of my theory in this regard, I determined to try an experiment upon myself. To restate the theory, it is that the body, when properly trained, manufactures the energy it needs as it

expends it. Our energy is not stored up within us to be drawn off as a man draws water out of a cask, nor is our so-called vitality a fixed quantity. Great bodily strength, huge muscles and a deep chest do not necessarily indicate endurance, or a capacity for long sustained exertion. These attributes merely indicate the muscular and osseous foundations upon which an athlete's prowess may be developed. Man trains himself to great physical or mental efficiency by practice and care. He succeeds in endurance tests largely by will power.

I might state, parenthetically, that I have frequently noticed that my own endurance on any particular occasion is largely determined by my mental attitude. If I say to myself as I start out to take a bicycle ride that I will ride a distance of 12 or 14 miles, I accomplish the feat and feel just about as tired as I do when I have selected and ridden a journey twice or thrice as long. The crucial thing is making up the mind to go a certain distance. In other words, my bodily energy is developed and expended in obedience to my will, and my body having done what it was told to do, be the journey long or short, protests against further exertion after the task is fulfilled. Mr. Roosevelt's wonderful energy was originally, at least, unquestionably far more a mental than a physical attribute, although, of course, the iron will begets the iron muscles.

As a corollary to the theory just enunciated, it can be successfully maintained that this dynamic quality which we call endurance, or energy, can be developed and increased, in varying degrees, at any age of a man's life. A man's endurance really should increase long after so-called middle life; just as Mr. Weston's has done. He was able to walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago in 1907 in 16½ hours less time than it took him to walk the same distance forty years before, and his recent walk in his 72nd year has eclipsed anything that he had previously done, showing a marked increase in "staying power." This is not because Mr. Weston is any stronger than he was some years ago, but because by exercise and careful attention to his body, he has increased its efficiency as a machine. Like a skilful mechanician, he knows just how to handle the machine in such a way as to get the most power out of it.

Anyone may do this to an extent hitherto considered impossible,

if he be willing to pay the price. The latter includes a careful consideration and adjustment of the entire method of life down to its minutest details. No one expects good work from an automobile that is not most carefully looked after; the lubricating oil and the gasoline used must be of the best quality and must be supplied in just the requisite amounts; the machinery must be carefully inspected at frequent intervals and the adjustment and bearing of every bolt and every nut must be right. Why should the human body, which is a far more complicated machine than an automobile, not receive the same careful and unremitting attention?

Having studied the problems of personal hygiene in my own case for a number of years, and having adopted the method of life found to be most conducive to health and efficiency, I discovered, to my great satisfaction, that my endurance was gradually increasing, which led me to determine upon an endurance test, such as I had never previously undertaken. As walking is the safest and most convenient exercise for most people, and as I had always been something of a pedestrian, I decided to attempt to walk from Newark to Philadelphia in 24 hours. This I was able to do on the 12th and 13th days of last May. I was at the time 58 years and 9 months, and had hitherto considered that a day's walk of 35 to 40 miles was my limit.

That an occasional man has been able to display great energy and staying power at a so-called advanced age is nothing new. For example, Moses Cleveland, an uncle of Grover Cleveland, won a half mile foot race at 82. Many such instances can be given, all of which go to prove that man's athletic prowess may last far longer than it is ordinarily expected to do. But that it can be increased in old age is not usually believed.

A discussion of the intake and excretion of food, the physiology of digestion and assimilation, the functions of the skin and the glands, the building up and waste of the body, would be out of place in this paper. The laboratories have taught us a great deal. They have not taught us the essential and fundamental truth that the *fons et origo* of human efficiency is an indomitable spirit which controls the body and uses it as an instrument; that the body develops energy as it spends it, and that training of the body is preparing it by exer-

cise and by the utmost attention to food, drink, fresh air, sunlight and bathing, so that it will develop, when called upon, the requisite quantity of energy.

The ordinary training for physical contests is merely an improvement in metabolism brought about by exercise, diet, massage, deep breathing, etc., so that assimilation and elimination are nicely balanced and extraordinarily large intakes of food can be assimilated and converted into energy as required.

Good and careful training is simply bringing the body to that state of efficiency in which there are no stoppages or hitches in its machinery, when all the food ingested is assimilated and put to good use. As Parkes has said, "training is simply another name for healthy and vigorous living." Instead of being looked upon as an ordeal to be endured for a few weeks or a few months for a special purpose, training should be our habit of life. Mr. Weston's recent performance has proved that this state of bodily efficiency can be produced at an advanced age. In fact, it is entirely reasonable to assume that with the acknowledged great adaptability and elesticity of our bodily functions, we can train ourselves to endurance at any age. If a man of 72 instead of lying down and dying, as is generally expected of him, can perform a feat, never hitherto accomplished by any man, young or old, why cannot the average man so train his body as to make himself far more efficient, far longer lived and far happier than he now is?

Even if the price of this efficiency does seem a little high at first, the result is worth a thousand times more than the effort. No man or woman can be said to have ever truly lived who has not developed the body and learned to control it, and who has not experienced the satisfaction of the bodily and mental uplift thereby acquired. A great many people have learned by prayer and fasting to control their passions and emotions, yet very few have learned like Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Weston so to control their bodies that they can do at a comparatively advanced age much more than they could accomplish as younger men.

While we compare our bodies to machines, they differ from mechanical contrivances in this important particular, that they are developed and perfected by use, and the more they are used in any

manifestation of skill and endurance, the more perfectly adapted they become for that especial work. Every teacher of instrumental music, every swordsman, billiard player and wing shot knows that the greatest skill in these pursuits is usually only acquired by those who take them up in childhood, while the nerves that control coördination are growing, and are especially plastic. Yet the great truth that the endurance of the body in exercises to which it is already well accustomed, like walking, can be indefinitely increased up to and beyond seventy years of age, is not generally believed. This physical excellence will be accompanied by a capacity for sustained intellectual effort and by a state of mental alertness and cheerfulness unattainable by any other means.

THREE DAYS IN THE VILLAGE*

LEO TOLSTOY

THE FIRST DAY

TRAMPS

Something entirely new, unseen and unheard-of formerly, has lately shown itself in our country districts. To our village, consisting of eighty homesteads, from half-a-dozen to a dozen cold, hungry, tattered tramps come every day, wanting a night's lodging.

These people—ragged, half-naked, barefoot, often ill, and extremely dirty—come into the village and go to the village policeman. That they should not die in the street of hunger and exposure, he quarters them on the inhabitants of the village, regarding only the peasants as "inhabitants." He does not take them to the squire, who, besides his own ten rooms, has ten other apartments: office, coachman's room, laundry, servants' and upper-servants' hall, and so on; nor does he take them to the priest or deacon or shopkeeper, in whose houses, though not large, there is still some spare room; but he takes them to the peasants, whose whole family—wife, daughters-in-law, unmarried daughters, and big and little children, all live in one room—sixteen, nineteen, or twenty-three feet long. And the master of the hut takes the cold, hungry, stinking, ragged, dirty man, and not merely gives him a night's lodging, but feeds him as well.

"When you sit down to table yourself," an old peasant householder told me, "it's impossible not to invite him too, or your own soul accepts nothing. So one feeds him and gives him a drink of tea."

Those are the nightly visitors. But during the day, not two or three, but ten or more such visitors call at each hut, and again it is: "Why, it is impossible . . . " etc.

* This authorized translation by L. and A. Maude makes its first appearance in The Forum, but in accordance with Count Tolstoy's principles no rights are reserved.

And for almost every tramp the housewife cuts a slice of bread, thinner or thicker according to the man's appearance—though she knows her rye will not last till next harvest.

"If you were to give to all who come, a loaf [the big peasant loaf of black bread] would not last a day," some housewives said to me. "So sometimes one hardens one's heart and refuses!"

And this goes on every day, all over Russia. An enormous yearly-increasing army of beggars, cripples, administrative exiles, helpless old men, and, above all, unemployed workmen, lives—that is to say, shelters itself from cold and wet, and is actually fed—by the hardest worked and poorest class—the country peasants.

We have Workhouses,* Foundlings' Hospitals, Boards of Public Relief, and all sorts of philanthropic organizations in our towns; and in all those institutions, in buildings with electric light, parquet floors, neat servants, and various well-paid attendants, thousands of helpless people of all sorts are sheltered. But however many such there may be, they are but a drop in the ocean of the enormous (unnumbered but certainly enormous) population which now tramps destitute over Russia, and is sheltered and fed apart from any institutions, solely by the village peasants, whose own Christian feelings induce them to bear this heavy and gigantic tax.

Just think what people who are not peasants would say, if—even once a week—such a shivering, starving, dirty, lousy tramp were placed in each of their bedrooms! But the peasants not only house them, but feed them and give them tea, because "one's own soul accepts nothing unless one has them to table."

In the more remote parts of Sarátof, Tambóf and other Provinces, the peasants do not wait for the policeman to bring these tramps, but always receive them and feed them of their own accord.

And, as is the case with all really good deeds, the peasants do this without knowing that they are doing a good deed; and yet it it not merely a good deed "for one's soul," but is of enormous importance for the whole of Russian society. It is of such importance for Russian society because, but for this peasant population and the Christian feeling that lives so strongly in it, it is difficult to

* Not in the English sense, for there is no Poor Law system entitling the destitute to demand maintenance.

imagine what the fate would be, not only of these hundreds of thousands of unfortunate, houseless tramps, but of all the well-to-do and especially of the wealthy who have their houses in the country.

It is only necessary to see the state of privation and suffering to which these homeless tramps have come or have been brought, and to imagine the mental condition they must be in, to realize that it is only this help rendered to them by the peasants that restrains them from committing violence, which would be quite natural in their position, upon those who possess in superfluity all the things these unfortunates lack to keep themselves alive.

So that it is not the philanthropic organization, not the Government with its police and all its judicial institutions that protects us, the well-to-do, from being attacked by those who wander, cold, hungry and homeless, after having sunk—or for the most part having been brought—to the lowest depths of poverty and despair; but we are protected, as well as fed and supported, by that same basic strength of the Russian nation—the peasantry.

Yes! Were it not that there is among Russia's vast peasant population a deep religious consciousness of the brotherhood of all men, not only would these homeless people, having reached the last stages of despair, have long since destroyed the houses of the rich, in spite of any police force (there are and must be so few of them in country districts), but they would even have killed all who stood in their way. So that we ought not to be horrified or surprised when we hear or read of people being robbed, or killed that they may be robbed; but we should understand and remember that if such things happen as seldom as they do, we owe this to the unselfish help rendered by the peasants to this unfortunate tramping population.

Every day from ten to fifteen people come to our house to beg. Some among them are regular beggars, who for some reason have chosen that means of livelihood, and having clothed and shod themselves as best they might, and having made sacks to hold what they collect, have started out to tramp the country. Among them some are blind and some have lost a leg or an arm; and sometimes, though rarely, there are women and children among them. But these are only a small part. The majority of the beggars that come now are passers-by, without a beggar's sack, mostly young, and not crip-

pled. They are all in a most pitiable state, barefoot, half-naked, emaciated, and shivering with cold. You ask them: "Where are you going?" Their answer is always the same: "To look for work," or, "Have been looking for work, but found none, and am making my way home. There's no work; they are shutting down everywhere." Many of these people are returning from exile.

A few days ago I was barely awake when our servant, Ilyá Vasílyevitch, told me:

"There are five tramps waiting near the porch."

"Take some money there is on the table, and give it them," said I.

Ilyá Vasílyevitch took it, and, as is the custom, gave each of them five copecks [about five farthings]. About an hour passed. I went out into the porch. A dreadfully tattered little man with a sickly face, swollen eyelids, restless eyes, and boots all falling to pieces, began bowing, and held out a certificate to me.

"Have you received something?"

"Your Excellency, what am I to do with five copecks? . . . Your Excellency, put yourself in my place! Please, Your Excellency, look . . . please see!" and he shows me his clothing. "Where am I to go to, Your Excellency?" (It is "Excellency" after every word, though his face expresses hatred.) "What am I to do? Where am I to go?"

I tell him that I give to all alike. He continues to entreat, and demands that I should read his certificate. I refuse. He kneels down. I ask him to leave me.

"Very well! That means, it seems, that I must put an end to myself! That's all that's left me to do. . . . Give me something, if only a trifle!"

I give him twenty copecks, and he goes away, evidently angry.

There are a great many such peculiarly insistent beggars, who feel they have a right to demand their share from the rich. They are literate for the most part, and some of them are even well-read persons on whom the Revolution has had an effect. These men, unlike the ordinary, old-fashioned beggars, look on the rich, not as on people who wish to save their souls by distributing alms, but as on highwayman and robbers who suck the blood of the working

classes. It often happens that a beggar of this sort does no work himself and carefully avoids work, and yet considers himself, in the name of the workers, not merely justified, but bound, to hate the robbers of the people— that is to say, the rich—and to hate them from the depths of his heart; and if instead of demanding from them, he begs, that is only a pretence.

There are a great number of these men, many of them drunkards, of whom one feels inclined to say, "It's their own fault"; but there are also a great many tramps of quite a different type: meek, humble, and very pathetic, and it is terrible to think of their position.

Here is a tall, good-looking man with nothing on over his short tattered jacket. His boots are bad and trodden down. He has a good, intelligent face. He takes off his cap and begs in the ordinary way. I give him something, and he thanks me. I ask him where he comes from and where he is going.

"From Petersburg, home to our village in Toúla Government."

I ask him: "Why on foot?"

"It's a long story," he answers, shrugging his shoulders.

I ask him to tell it me. He relates it with evident truthfulness.

"I had a good place in an office in Petersburg, and received thirty roubles [fifteen dollars] a month. Lived very comfortably. I have read your books: *War and Peace* and *Anna Karénina*," says he, again smiling a particularly pleasant smile.

"Then my folks at home got the idea of migrating to Siberia, to the Province of Tomsk." They wrote to him asking whether he would agree to sell his share of land in the old place. He agreed. His people left, but the land allotted them in Siberia turned out worthless. They spent all they had, and came back. Being now landless, they are living in hired lodgings in their former village, and work for wages. It happened, just at the same time, that he lost his place in Petersburg. It was not his doing. The firm he was with became bankrupt, and dismissed its employees. "And just then, to tell the truth, I came across a seamstress." He smiled again. "She quite entangled me. . . . I used to help my people, and now see what a smart chap I have become! . . . Ah well, God is not without mercy; maybe I'll manage somehow!"

He was evidently an intelligent, strong, active fellow, and only a series of misfortunes had brought him to his present condition.

Take another: his legs swathed in strips of rag; girdled with a rope; his clothing quite threadbare and full of small holes, evidently not torn, but worn-out to the last degree; his face, with its high cheek-bones, pleasant, intelligent and sober. I give him the customary five copecks, and he thanks me and we start a conversation. He has been an administrative exile in Vyátka. It was bad enough there, but it is worse here. He is going to Ryazán, where he used to live. I ask him what he has been. "A newspaper man. I took the papers round."

"For what were you exiled?"

"For selling forbidden literature."

We began talking about the Revolution. I told him my opinion, that the evil was all in ourselves; and that such an enormous power as that of the Government cannot be destroyed by force. "Evil outside ourselves will only be destroyed when we have destroyed it within us," said I.

"That is so, but not for a long time."

"It depends on us."

"I have read your book on Revolution."

"It is not mine, but I agree with it."

"I wished to ask you for some of your books."

"I should be very pleased. . . . Only I'm afraid they may get you into trouble. I'll give you the most harmless."

"Oh, I don't care! I am no longer afraid of anything. . . . Prison is better for me than this! I am not afraid of prison. . . . I even long for it sometimes," he said sadly.

"What a pity it is that so much strength is wasted uselessly!" said I. "How people like you destroy your own lives! . . . Well, and what do you mean to do now?"

"I?" he said, looking intently into my face.

At first, while we talked about past events and general topics, he had answered me boldly and cheerfully, but as soon as our conversation referred to himself personally and he noticed my sympathy, he turned away, hid his eyes with his sleeve, and I noticed that the back of his head was shaking.

And how many such people there are!

They are pitiable and pathetic, and they too stand on the threshold beyond which begins a state of despair that makes even a kindly man ready to go all lengths.

"Stable as our civilization may seem to us," says Henry George, "disintegrating forces are already developing within it. Not in deserts and forests, but in city slums and on the highways, the barbarians are being bred who will do for our civilization what the Huns and Vandals did for the civilization of former ages."

Yes! What Henry George foretold some twenty years ago, is happening now, before our eyes, and in Russia most glaringly—thanks to the amazing blindness of our Government, which carefully undermines the foundations on which alone any and every social order stands or can stand.

We have the Vandals foretold by Henry George quite ready among us in Russia. And, strange as it may seem to say so, these Vandals, these doomed men, are specially dreadful here among our deeply religious population. I repeat, they are specially dreadful here, because we have not the restraining principles of convention, propriety and public opinion, that are so strongly developed among the European nations. We have either real, deep religious feeling, or—as in Sténka Rázin and Pougatchéf—a total absence of any restraining principle; and dreadful to say, this army of Sténkas and Pougatchéfs is growing greater and greater, thanks to the Pougatchéf-like conduct of our Government in these later days, with its horrors of police violence, insane banishments, imprisonments, exiles, fortresses and daily executions.

Such actions release the Sténka Rázins from the last remnants of moral restraint. "If the learned gentlefolk act like that, God himself permits us to do so," they say and think.

I often receive letters from that class of men, chiefly exiles. They know I have written something about not resisting evil by violence, and for the greater part they retort ungrammatically, though with great fervor, that what the Government and the rich are doing to the poor, can and must be answered only in one way: "Revenge, revenge, revenge!"

Yes! The blindness of our Government is amazing. It does

not and will not see that all it does to disarm its enemies, merely increases their number and energy. Yes! these people are terrible: terrible for the Government and for the rich, and for those who live among the rich.

But besides the feeling of terror these people inspire, there is also another feeling, much more imperative than that of fear, and one we cannot help experiencing toward those who, by a series of accidents, have fallen into this terrible condition of vagrancy. That feeling is one of shame and sympathy.

And it is not fear, so much as shame and pity, that should oblige us, who are not in that condition, to respond in one way or another to this new and terrible phenomenon in Russian life.

THE SECOND DAY

THE LIVING AND THE DYING

As I sat at my work, Ilyá Vasílyevitch entered softly and, evidently reluctant to disturb me, told me that some wayfarers and a woman had been waiting a long time to see me.

"Here," I said, "please take this and give it them."

"The woman has come about some business."

I told him to ask her to wait awhile, and continued my work. By the time I came out, I had quite forgotten about her, till I saw a young peasant woman with a long, thin face, and clad very poorly and too lightly for the weather, appear from behind a corner of the house.

"What do you want? What is the matter?"

"I've come to see you, Your Honor."

"Yes . . . what about? What is the matter?"

"To see you, Your Honor."

"Well, what is it?"

"He's been taken wrongfully. . . . I'm left with three children."

"Who's been taken, and where to?"

"My husband . . . sent off to Krapívny."

"Why? What for?"

"For a soldier, you know. But it's wrong—because, you see, he's the breadwinner! We can't get on without him. . . . Be a father to us, sir!"

"But how is it? Is he the only man in the family?"

"Just so . . . the only man!"

"Then how is it they have taken him, if he's the only man?"

"Who can tell why they've done it? . . . Here am I, left alone with the children! There's nothing for me but to die. . . . Only I'm sorry for the children! My last hope is in your kindness, because, you see, it was not right!"

I wrote down the name of her village, and her name and surname, and told her I would see about it and let her know.

"Help me, if it's only ever so little! . . . The children are hungry, and, God's my witness, I haven't so much as a crust! The baby is worst of all . . there's no milk in my breasts. If only the Lord would take him!"

"Haven't you a cow?" I asked.

"A cow? Oh no! . . . Why, we're all starving!" said she, crying, and trembling all over in her tattered coat.

I let her go, and prepared for my customary walk. It turned out that the doctor who lives with us was going to visit a patient in the village the soldier's wife had come from, and another patient in the village where the District Police-Station is situated, so I joined him, and we drove off together.

I went into the Police-Station, while the doctor attended to his business in that village.

The District Elder was not in, nor the clerk, but only the clerk's assistant, a clever lad whom I knew. I asked him about the woman's husband and why, being the only man in the family, he had been taken as a conscript.

The clerk's assistant looked up the particulars, and replied that the woman's husband was not the only man in the family: he had a brother.

"Then why did she say he was the only one?"

"She lied! They always do," replied he, with a smile.

I made some enquiries about other matters I had to attend to, and then the doctor returned from visiting his patient, and we drove

toward the village in which the soldier's wife lived. But before we were out of the first village, a girl of about twelve came quickly across the road toward us.

"I suppose you're wanted?" I said to the doctor.

"No, it's Your Honor I want," said the girl to me.

"What is it?"

"I've come to Your Honor, as Mother is dead, and we are left orphans . . . five of us. Help us! . . . Think of our needs!"

"Where do you come from?"

The girl pointed to a brick house, not badly built.

"From here . . . that is our house. Come and see for yourself!"

I got out of the sleigh, and went toward the house. A woman came out and asked me in. She was the orphans' aunt. I entered a large, clean room. All the children were there: four of them, besides the eldest girl—two boys, a girl, and another boy of about two. Their aunt told me all about the family's circumstances. Two years ago the father had been killed in a mine. The widow tried to get compensation, but failed. She was left with four children; the fifth was born after her husband's death. She struggled on alone as best she could, hiring a laborer at first to work her land. But without her husband things went worse and worse. First, they had to sell their cow, then the horse, and at last only two sheep were left. Still, they managed to live somehow; but two months ago the woman herself fell ill and died, leaving five children, the eldest twelve years old.

"They must get along as best they can. I try to help them, but can't do much. I can't think what's to become of them! I wish they'd die! . . . If one could only get them into some orphanage—or at least some of them!"

The eldest girl evidently understood, and took in the whole of my conversation with her aunt.

"If at least one could get little Nicky placed somewhere! It's awful: one can't leave him for a moment," said she, pointing to the sturdy little two-year-old urchin, who with his little sister was merrily laughing at something or other, and evidently did not at all share his aunt's wish.

I promised to take steps to get one or more of the children into

an orphanage. The eldest girl thanked me, and asked when she should come for an answer. The eyes of all the children, even of Nicky, were fixed on me, as on some fairy being capable of doing anything for them.

Before I had reached the sleigh after leaving the house, I met an old man. He bowed, and at once began speaking about these same orphans.

"What misery!" he said; "it's pitiful to see them. And the eldest little girlie, how she looks after them—just like a mother! Wonderful how the Lord helps her! It's a mercy the neighbors don't forsake them, or they'd simply die of hunger, the dear little things! . . . They are the sort of people it does no harm to help," he added, evidently advising me to do so.

I took leave of the old man, the aunt, and the little girl, and drove with the doctor to the woman who had been to see me that morning.

At the first house we came to, I enquired where she lived. It happened to be the house of a widow I know very well: she lives on the alms she begs, and has a particularly importunate and pertinacious way of extorting them. As usual, she at once began to beg. She said she was just now in special need of help to enable her to rear a calf.

"She's eating me and the old woman out of house and home. Come in and see her."

"And how is the old woman?"

"What about the old woman? . . . She's hanging on. . . . "

I promised to come and see, not so much the calf as the old woman, and again enquired where the soldier's wife lived. The widow pointed to the next hut but one, and hastened to add that no doubt they were poor, but her brother-in-law "does drink dreadfully!"

Following her instructions, I went to the next house but one.

Miserable as are the huts of all the poor in our villages, it is long since I saw one so dilapidated as that. Not only the whole roof, but the walls were so crooked that the windows were aslant.

Inside, it was no better than outside. The brick oven took up one-third of the black, dirty little hut, which to my surprise was full of people. I thought I should find the widow alone with her chil-

dren: but here was a sister-in-law; a young woman with children, and an old mother-in-law. The soldier's wife herself had only just returned from her visit to me, and was warming herself on the top of the oven. While she was getting down, her mother-in-law began telling me of their life. Her two sons had lived together at first, and they all managed to feed themselves.

"But who remain together nowadays? All separate," the garrulous old woman went on. "The wives began quarreling, so the brothers separated, and life became still harder. We had little land, and only managed to live by their wage-labor; and now they have taken Peter as a soldier! So where is she to turn to with her children? She's living with us now, but we can't manage to feed them all! We can't think what we are to do. They say he may be got back."

The soldier's wife, having climbed down from the oven, continued to implore me to take steps to get her husband back. I told her it was impossible, and asked what property her husband had left behind with his brother, to keep her and the children. There was none. He had handed over his land to his brother, that he might feed her and the children. They had had three sheep, but two had been sold to pay the expenses of getting her husband off, and there was only some old rubbish left, she said, besides a sheep and two fowls. That was all she had. Her mother-in-law confirmed her words.

I asked the soldier's wife where she had come from. She came from Sergíevskoe. Sergíevskoe is a large, well-to-do village, some thirty miles off. I asked if her parents were alive. She said they were alive, and living comfortably.

"Why should you not go to them?" I asked.

"I thought of that myself, but am afraid they won't have the four of us."

"Perhaps they will. Why not write to them? Shall I write for you?"

The woman agreed, and I noted down her parents' address.

While I was talking to the woman, the eldest child—a fat-bellied girl—came up to her mother, and pulling at her sleeve, began asking for something, probably food. The woman went on talking to me, and paid no attention to the girl, who again pulled and muttered something.

"There's no getting rid of you!" exclaimed the woman, and with a swing of her arm struck her on the head. The girl burst into a howl.

Having finished my business there, I left the hut and went back to the widow.

She was outside her house, waiting for me, and again asked me to come and look at her calf. I went in, and in the passage there really was a calf. The widow asked me to look at it. I did so, feeling that she was so engrossed in her calf that she could not imagine that anyone could help being interested in seeing it.

Having looked at the calf, I stepped inside, and asked:

"Where is the old woman?"

"The old woman?" the widow repeated, evidently surprised that after having seen the calf, I could still be interested in the old woman.

"Why, on the top of the oven! Where else should she be?"

I went up to the oven, and greeted the old woman.

"Oh . . . oh!" answered a hoarse, feeble voice. "Who is it?"

I told her, and asked how she was getting on.

"What's my life worth?"

"Are you in pain?"

"Everything aches! Oh . . . oh!"

"The doctor is here with me; shall I call him in?"

"Doctor! . . . oh . . . oh! What do I want with your doctor? . . . . My doctor is up there . . . oh . . . oh!"

"She's old, you know," said the widow.

"Not older than I am," replied I.

"Not older? Much older! People say she is ninety," said the widow. "All her hair has come out. I cut it all off the other day."

"Why did you do that?"

"Why, it had nearly all come out, so I cut it off!"

"Oh . . . oh!" moaned the old woman; "oh! God has forgotten me! He does not take my soul. If the Lord won't take it, it can't go of itself! Oh . . . oh! It must be for my sins! . . . I've nothing to moisten my throat. . . . If only I had a drop of tea to drink before I die . . . oh! . . . oh!"

The doctor entered the hut, and I said good-bye, and went out into the street.

We got into the sleigh, and drove to a small neighboring village to see the doctor's last patient who had sent for him the day before. We went into the hut together.

The room was small, but clean; in the middle of it a cradle hung from the ceiling, and a woman stood rocking it energetically. At the table sat a girl of about eight, who gazed at us with surprised and frightened eyes.

"Where is he?" the doctor asked.

"On the oven," replied the woman, not ceasing to rock the cradle.

The doctor climbed up, and leaning over the patient, did something to him.

I drew nearer, and asked about the sick man's condition.

The doctor gave me no answer. I climbed up too, and, gazing through the darkness, gradually began to discern the hairy head of the man on the oven-top. Heavy, stifling air hung about the sick man, who lay on his back. The doctor was holding his left hand to feel the pulse.

"Is he very bad?" I asked.

Without answering me, the doctor turned to the woman.

"Light a lamp," he said.

She called the girl, told her to rock the cradle, and went and lit a lamp and handed it to the doctor. I got down, so as not to be in his way. He took the lamp, and continued to examine the patient.

The little girl, staring at us, did not rock the cradle strongly enough, and the baby began to cry piercingly and piteously. The mother, having handed the lamp to the doctor, pushed the girl angrily aside and again began to rock the cradle.

I returned to the doctor, and again asked how the patient was.

The doctor, still occupied with the patient, softly whispered one word.

I did not hear, and asked again.

"The death-agony," he repeated, purposely using a non-Russian word, and got down and placed the lamp on the table.

The baby did not cease crying in a piteous and angry voice.

"What's that? Is he dead?" said the woman, as if she had understood the foreign word the doctor had used.

"Not yet, but there is no hope!" replied he.

"Then I must send for the priest," said the woman in a dissatisfied voice, rocking the screaming baby more and more violently.

"If only my husband was at home! . . . but now, who can I send? They've all gone to the forest for firewood."

"I can do nothing more here," said the doctor, and we went away.

I heard afterwards that the woman found someone to send for the priest, who had just time to administer the Sacrament to the dying man.

We drove home in silence, both, I think, experiencing the same feeling.

"What was the matter with him?" I asked, at length.

"Inflammation of the lungs. I did not expect it to end so quickly. He had a very strong constitution, but the conditions were deadly. With 105 degrees of fever, he went and sat outside the hut, where there were only 20 degrees."

Again we drove on in silence for a long time.

"I noticed no bedding or pillow on the oven," said I.

"Nothing!" replied the doctor. And, evidently knowing what I was thinking about, he went on:

"Yesterday I was at Kroutoe to see a woman who has had a baby. To examine her properly, as was necessary, she should have been placed so that she could lie stretched out full length, but there was no place in the whole hut where that could be done."

Again we were silent, and again we probably both had the same thoughts. We reached home in silence. At the porch stood a fine pair of horses, harnessed tandem to a carpet-upholstered sleigh. The handsome coachman was dressed in a sheepskin coat, and wore a thick fur cap. They belonged to my son, who had driven over from his estate.

* *

And here we are sitting at the dinner-table, laid for ten persons. One of the places is empty. It is my little granddaughter's. She is not quite well to-day, and is having her dinner in her room with her nurse. A specially hygienic dinner has been prepared for her: beef-tea and sago.

At our big dinner of four courses, with two kinds of wine, served

by two footmen, and eaten at a table decorated with flowers, this is the kind of talk that goes on:

"Where do these splendid roses come from?" asks my son.

My wife tells him that a lady, who will not divulge her name, sends them from Petersburg.

"Roses like these cost three shillings each," says my son, and goes on to relate how at some concert or play, such roses were showered on a performer till they covered the stage. The conversation passes on to music, and then to a man who is a very good judge and patron of music.

"By the by, how is he?"

"Oh, he is always ailing. He is again going to Italy. He always spends the Winter there, and his health improves wonderfully."

"But the journey is very trying and tedious."

"Oh, no! Not if one takes the express—it is only thirty-nine hours."

"All the same, it is very dull."

"Wait a bit! We shall fly before long!"

THE THIRD DAY

TAXES

Besides my ordinary visitors and applicants, there are to-day some special ones. The first is a childless old peasant who is ending his life in great poverty. The second is a poor woman with a crowd of children. The third is, I believe, a well-to-do peasant.

All three have come from our village, and all have come about the same business. The taxes are being collected before the New Year, and the old man's samovár, the woman's only sheep, and one of the well-to-do peasant's cows, have been noted down for seizure in case of non-payment. They all ask me to defend them or assist them, or to do both.

The well-to-do peasant, a tall handsome elderly man, is the first to speak. He tells me that the Village Elder came, noted down the cow, and demands twenty-seven roubles. This levy is for the obliga-

tory Grain Reserve Fund, and ought not, the peasant thinks, to be collected at this time of year. I know nothing about it, and tell him that I will enquire in the District Government Office, and will let him know whether the payment of the tax can be postponed or not.

The second to speak is the old man, whose samovár has been noted. The small, thin, weakly, poorly clad man relates, with pathetic grief and bewilderment, how they came, took his samovár, and demand three roubles and seventy copecks of him, which he has not got and can't get.

I ask him what the tax is for.

"Some kind of Government Tax . . . who can tell what it is? Where am I and my old woman to get the money? As it is, we hardly manage to live! . . . What kind of laws are these? Have pity on our old age, and help us somehow!"

I promise to enquire, and to do what I can; and I turn to the woman. She is thin and worn-out. I know her, and know that her husband is a drunkard, and that she has five children.

"They have seized my sheep! They come and say: 'Pay the money!' 'My husband is away, working,' I say. 'Pay up!' say they. But where am I to find it? I only had one sheep, and they are taking it!" And she begins to cry.

I promise to find out, and to help her if I can. First, I go to the Village Elder to find out what the taxes are, and why they are collecting them so rigorously.

In the village street, two other petitioners stop me. Their husbands are away at work. One asks me to buy some of her home-woven linen, and offers it for two roubles. "Because they have seized my hens! I had just reared them, and live by selling the eggs. Do buy it, it is good linen. I would not let it go for three roubles, if I were not in great need!"

I send her away, promising to consider matters when I return—perhaps I may be able to arrange about the tax.

Before I reach the Elder's house, a woman comes to meet me: a quick-eyed, black-eyed, ex-pupil of mine—Ólga, now already an old woman. She is in the same plight: they have seized her calf.

I come to the Elder. He is a strong, intelligent-looking peasant, with a grizzly beard. He comes out into the street to me. I ask

him what taxes are being collected, and why so rigorously. He replies that he has had very strict orders to get in all arrears before the New Year.

"Have you had orders to confiscate samovárs and cattle?"

"Of course!" replies the Village Elder, shrugging his shoulders. "The taxes must be paid. . . . Take Abakóumof now, for instance . . ." said he, referring to the well-to-do peasant whose cow had been taken in payment of some Grain Reserve Fund. "His son is an isvóstchik; they have three horses. Why shouldn't he pay? He's always trying to get out of it."

"Well, suppose it is so in his case," say I; "but how about those who are really poor?" and I name the old man whose samovár they are taking.

"Yes; they really are poor, and have nothing to pay with. But just as if such things got considered up there!"

I name the woman whose sheep was taken. The Elder is sorry for her too, but, as if excusing himself, explains that he must obey orders.

I enquire how long he has been an Elder, and what pay he gets.

"How much do I get?" he says, replying not to the question I ask, but to the question in my mind, which he guesses: namely, why he takes part in such proceedings. "Well, I do want to resign! We get thirty roubles a month, but are obliged to do things that are wrong."

"Well, and will they really confiscate the samovárs and sheep and fowls?" I ask.

"Why, of course! We are bound to take them, and the District Government will arrange for their sale."

"And will the things be sold?"

"The folk will somehow manage to pay up."

I go to the woman who came to me about her sheep. Her hut is tiny, and in the passage outside is her only sheep, which is to go to support the Imperial Budget. Seeing me, she, a nervous woman, worn out by want and overwork, begins to talk excitedly and rapidly, as peasant women do.

"See how I live! They're taking my last sheep, and I myself and these brats are barely alive!" She points up at the bunks and

the oven-top, where her children are. "Come down! . . . Now then, don't be frightened! . . . There now, how's one to keep oneself and them naked brats?"

The brats, almost literally naked, with nothing on but tattered shirts—not even any trousers—climb down from the oven and surround their mother.

The same day I go to the District Office, to make enquiries about this way of exacting taxation, which is new to me.

The District Elder is not in. He will be back soon. In the Office several persons are standing behind the grating, also waiting to see him.

I ask them who they are, and what they have come about. Two of them have come to get passports, in order to be able to go out to work at a distance. They have brought money to pay for the passports. Another has come to get a copy of the District Court's decision, rejecting his petition that the homestead—where he has lived and worked for twenty-three years, and which has belonged to his uncle, who adopted him—now that his uncle and aunt are dead, should not be taken from him by his uncle's granddaughter. She, being the direct heiress, and taking advantage of the law of the 9th November, is selling the freehold of the land and homestead on which the petitioner lived. His petition has been rejected, but he cannot believe that this is the law, and wants to appeal to some higher Court —though he does not know what Court. I explain that there is such a law, and this provokes disapproval, amounting to perplexity and incredulity, among all those who are present.

Hardly have I finished talking with this man, when a tall peasant with a stern, severe face, asks me for an explanation of his affairs. The business he has come about, is this. He and his fellow villagers have, from time immemorial, been getting iron ore from their land; and now a decree has been published prohibiting this. "Not dig on one's own land? What laws are these? We only live by digging the iron! We have been trying for more than a month, and can't get anything settled. We don't know what to think of it; they'll ruin us completely, and that will be the end of the matter!"

I can say nothing comforting to this man, and turn to the Elder —who has just come back—to enquire about these vigorous meas-

ures which are being taken to exact payment of arrears of taxation in our village. I ask under what clauses of the Act the taxes are being levied. The Elder tells me that there are seven different kinds of rates and taxes, the arrears of all of which are now being collected from the peasants: 1, the Imperial Taxes; 2, the Local Government Taxes; 3, the Insurance Taxes; 4, the Arrears of Former Grain Reserve Funds; 5, New Grain Reserve Funds in lieu of contributions in kind; 6, Communal and District Taxes, and 7, Village Taxes.

The District Elder tells me, as the Village Elder had done, that the taxes were being collected with special rigor by order of the Higher Authorities. He admits that it is no easy task to collect the taxes from the poor, but he shows less sympathy than the Village Elder did. He does not venture to censure the Authorities; and, above all, he has hardly any doubt of the usefulness of his office, or of the rightness of taking part in such activity.

"One can't, after all, encourage . . . "

Soon after, I had occasion to talk about these things with a Zémsky Natchálnik.* He had very little compassion for the hard lot of the poverty-stricken folk whom he scarcely ever saw, and just as little doubt of the morality and lawfulness of his activity. In his conversation with me he admitted that, on the whole, it would be easier not to serve at all; but he considered himself a useful functionary, because other men in his place would do even worse things. "And once one is living in the country, why not take the salary, small as it is, of a Zémsky Natchálnik?"

The views of a Governor, on the collection of taxes necessary to meet the needs of those who are occupied in arranging for the nation's welfare, were entirely free from any considerations as to samovárs, sheep, homespun linen, or calves taken from the poorest inhabitants of the villages; and he had not the slightest doubt as to the usefulness of the activity.

And finally, the Ministers, and those who are busy managing the Liquor traffic, those who are occupied in teaching men to kill one another, and those who are engaged in condemning people to exile, to

* A Zémsky Natchálnik is a salaried official placed in authority in a district. He is often selected from among the local gentry, and wields very considerable authority.

prison, to penal servitude, or to the gallows—all the Ministers and their assistants are quite convinced that samovárs and sheep and linen and calves taken from beggars, are put to their best use in producing vódka (which poisons the people), weapons for killing men, the erection of gaols and lock-ups, and, among other things, in paying to them and to their assistants the salaries they require to furnish drawing-rooms, to buy dresses for their wives, and for journeys and amusements which they undertake as relaxations after fulfilling their arduous labors for the welfare of the coarse and ungrateful masses.

A LAST SONG

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Kirkland hills wear their Autumn glory;
Summer's story
  The winds have told;
The wood-ways soon will be sere and hoary,
  Rimed with the touch of cold.

But ere the earth owns the Winter master,
And every aster
  To death belong,
Ere the snowflakes gather and eddy faster,
  Let there be one more song!—

Let there be one more choric greeting,
One last repeating
  Of lovely things,
For all too fading and all too fleeting
  Is the rapture beauty brings!

Fain were we of the rose and lily,
In starlight stilly,
  In noon's warm gleam;
Fain are we now of the mead-paths hilly
  Wrapt in their Autumn dream!

The golden-rod is a swaying censer
Where intenser
  The sumach burns,
And deeper the maple glows where denser
  Cluster the russet ferns.

There are crimson heaps in the orchard closes
Where drones or dozes
  The lone late bee,
And the sweet flute-note that the wood-thrush knows is
  Borne from the poplar tree.

Ah, would, we cry, that the ripe rich wonder
Over and under
  Might linger long!—
From the heart at flood, ere the sad days sunder,
  Let there be one more song!

CELT AND SAXON

GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XV

THE MATTOCK FAMILY

That evening's report of the demeanor of the young Irish secretary in harness was not so exhilarating as John Mattock had expected, and he inclined to think his sister guilty of casting her protecting veil over the youth. It appeared that Mr. O'Donnell had been studious of his duties, had spoken upon no other topic, had asked pertinent questions, shown no flippancy, indulged in no extravagances. He seemed, Jane said, eager to master details. A certain eagerness of her own in speaking of it sharpened her clear features as if they were cutting through derision. She stated it to propitiate her brother, as it might have done but for the veracious picture of Patrick in the word "eager," which pricked the skepticism of a practical man. He locked his mouth, looking at her with a twinkle she refused to notice. "Determined to master details" he could have accepted. One may be determined to find a needle in a dust-heap; one does not with any stiffness of purpose go at a dust-heap eagerly. Hungry men have eaten husks; they have not yet betrayed eagerness for such dry stuff. Patrick's voracity after details exhibited a doubtfully genuine appetite, and John deferred his amusement until the termination of the week or month when his dear good Jane would visit the office to behold a vacated seat, or be assailed by the customary proposal. Irishmen were not likely to be far behind curates in besieging an heiress. For that matter, Jane was her own mistress and could very well take care of herself; he had confidence in her wisdom.

He was besides of an unsuspicious and an unexacting temperament. The things he would strongly object to he did not specify to himself because he was untroubled by any forethought of them. Business, political, commercial and marine, left few vacancies in his mind other than for the pleasures he could command and enjoy. He

surveyed his England with a ruddy countenance, and saw the country in the reflection. His England saw much of itself in him. Behind each there was more, behind the country a great deal more, than could be displayed by a glass. The salient features wore a resemblance. Prosperity and heartiness; a ready hand on, and over, a full purse; a recognized ability of the second-rate order; a stout hold of patent principles; inherited and embraced, to make the day secure and supply a somniferous pillow for the night; occasional fits of anxiety about affairs, followed by an illuminating conviction that the world is a changing one and our construction not of granite, nevertheless that a justifiable faith in the ship, joined to a constant study of the chart, will pull us through, as it has done before, despite all assaults and underminings of the common enemy and the particular; these, with the humorous indifference of familiarity and constitutional annoyances, excepting when they grew acute and called for drugs, and with friendliness to the race of man of both colors, in the belief that our Creator originally composed in black and white, together with a liking for matters on their present footing in slow motion, partly under his conductorship, were the prominent characteristics of the grandson of the founder of the house, who had built it from a spade.

The story of the building was notorious; popular books for the inciting of young Englishmen to dig to fortune had a place for it among the chapters, where we read of the kind of man and the means by which the country has executed its later giant strides of advancement. The first John Mattock was a representative of his time; he moved when the country was moving, and in the right direction, finding himself at the auspicious moment upon a line of rail. Elsewhere he would have moved, we may suppose, for the spade-like virtues bear their fruits; persistent and thrifty, solid and square, will fetch some sort of yield out of any soil; but he would not have gone far. The Lord, to whom an old man of a mind totally Hebrew ascribed the plenitude of material success, the Lord and he would have reared a garden in the desert; in proximity to an oasis, still on the sands, against obstacles. An accumulation of upwards of four hundred thousand pounds required, as the moral of the popular books does not sufficiently indicate, a moving country, an ardent sphere, to pro-

duce the sum: and since, where so much was done, we are bound to conceive others at work as well as he, it seems to follow that the examplar outstripping them vastly must have profited by situation at the start, which is a lucky accident; and an accident is an indigestible lump in a moral tale, real though the story be. It was not mentioned in the popular books: nor did those worthy guides to the pursuit of wealth contain any reminder of old John Mattock's dependence upon the conjoint labor of his fellows to push him to his elevation. As little did they think of foretelling a day, generations hence, when the empty heirs of his fellows might prefer a modest claim (confused in statement) to compensation against the estate he bequeathed: for such prophecy as that would have hinted at a tenderness for the mass to the detriment of the individual, and such tenderness as that is an element of our religion, not the drift of our teaching. He grumbled at the heavy taxation of his estate during life: yearly this oppressed old man paid thousands of pounds to the Government. It was poor encouragement to shoulder and elbow your way from a hovel to a mansion!

He paid the money, dying sour; a splendid example of energy on the road, a forbidding one at the terminus. And here the moral of the popular books turned aside from him to snatch at humanity for an instance of our frailness and dealt in portentous shadows:—we are, it should be known, not the great creatures we assume ourselves to be. Six months before his death he appeared in the garb of a navvy, humbly soliciting employment at his own house-door. There he appealed to the white calves of his footmen for a day's work, upon the plea that he had never been a democrat.

The scene had been described with humanely moralizing pathos in the various books of stories of Men who have come to Fortune, and it had for a length of seasons an annual position in the foremost rank (on the line, facing the door) in our exhibition of the chosen artists, where, as our popular works should do, it struck the spectator's eye and his brain simultaneously with pugilistic force: a reference to the picture in the catalogue furnishing a recapitulation of the incident. "*I've worked a good bit in my time, gentlemen, and I baint done yet*":—See Professor Summit's "Men Who Have Come to Fortune." There is, we perceive at a glance, a contrast

in the bowed master of the Mansion applying to his menials for a day's work at the rate of pay to able-bodied men:—which he is not, but the deception is not disingenuous. The contrast flashed with the rapid exchange of two prize-fighters in a ring, very popularly. The fustian suit and string below the knee, on the one side, and the purple plush breeches and twinkling airy calves (fascinating his attention as he makes his humble request to his own, these domestic knights) to right and left of the doorway and in front, hit straight out of the canvas. And as quickly as you perceive the contrast you swallow the moral. The dreaded thing is down in a trice, to do what salutary work it may within you. That it passed into the blood of England's middle-class population, and set many heads philosophically shaking, and filled the sails of many a sermon, is known to those who lived in days when Art and the classes patronizing our Native Art existed happily upon the terms of venerable School-Dame and studious pupils, before the sickly era displacing Exhibitions full of meaning for tricks of color, monstrous atmospherical vagaries that teach nothing, strange experiments on the complexion of the human face divine—the feminine hyperætherially. Like the first John Mattock, it was formerly of, and yet by dint of sturdy energy, above the people. They learnt from it; they flocked to it thirsting and retired from it thoughtful, with some belief of having drunk of nature in art, as you will see the countless troops of urchins about the one cow of London, in the Great City's Green Park.

A bequest to the nation of the best of these pictures of Old John, by a very old Yorkshire collector, makes it milk for all time, a perpetual contrast, and a rebuke. Compared with the portrait of Jane Mattock in her fiery aureole of hair on the walls of the breakfast-room, it marks that fatal period of degeneracy for us, which our critics of Literature as well as Art are one voice in denouncing, when the complex overwhelms the simple, and excess of signification is attempted, instead of letting plain nature speak her uncorrupted tongue to the contemplative mind. Degeneracy is the critical history of the Arts. Jane's hair was of a reddish gold-inwoven cast that would, in her grandfather's epoch, have shone unambiguously as carrots. The girl of his day thus adorned by Nature, would have been shown wearing her ridiculous crown with some decent sulkiness; and

we should not have had her so unsparingly crowned; the truth would have been told in a dexterous concealment—a rope of it wound up for a bed of the tortoise-shell comb behind, and a pair of tight cornucopias at the temples. What does our modern artist do but flare it to right and left, lift it wavily over her forehead, revel in the oriental superabundance, and really seem to swear we shall admire it, against our traditions of the vegetable, as a poetical splendor. The head of the heiress is in a Jovian shower. Marigolds are in her hand. The whole square of canvas is like a meadow on the borders of June. It causes blinking.

Her brother also is presented: a fine portrait of him, with clipped red locks, in blue array, smiling, wearing the rose of briny breezes, a telescope under his left arm, his right forefinger on a map, a view of Spitzbergen through a cabin-window: for John had notions about the northwest passage, he had spent a winter in the ice, and if an amateur, was not the less a true sailor.

With his brass-buttoned blue coat, and his high-colored cheeks, and his convict hair—a layer of thick brick-dust—and his air of princely wealth, and the icebergs and hummocks about him, he looks for adventure without a thought of his heroism—the country all over.

There he stands, a lover of the sea, and a scientific seaman and engineer to boot, practical in every line of his face, defying mankind to suspect that he cherishes a grain of romance. On the wall, just above his shoulder, is a sketch of a Viking putting the lighted brand to his ship in mid sea, and you are to understand that his time is come and so should a Viking die: further, if you will, the subject is a modern Viking, ready for the responsibilities of the title. Sketches of our ancient wooden walls and our iron and plated defences line the panellings. These degenerate artists do work hard for their money.

The portrait of John's father, dated a generation back, is just the man and little else, phantomly the man. His brown coat struggles out of the obscurity of the background, but it is chiefly background clothing him. His features are distinguishable and delicate; you would suppose him appearing to you under the beams of a common candle, or cottage coalfire—ferruginously opaque. The object of the artist (apart from the triumph of tone on the canvas) is to

introduce him as an elegant and faded gentleman, rather retiring into darkness than emerging. He is the ghost of the painter's impasto. Yet this is Ezra Mattock, who multiplied the inheritance of the hundreds of thousands into millions, and died, after covering Europe, Asia, and the Americas with iron rails, one of the few Christians that can hold up their heads beside the banking Jew as magnates in the lists of gold. The portrait is clearly no frontispiece of his qualities. He married an accomplished and charitable lady, and she did not spoil the stock in refining it. His life passed quietly; his death shook the country: for though it had been known that he had been one of our potentates, how mightily he was one had not entered into the calculations of the public until the will of the late Ezra Mattock, cited in our prints, received comments from various newspaper articles. A chuckle of collateral satisfaction ran through the empire. All England and her dependencies felt the state of cousinship with the fruits of energy; and it was an agreeable sentiment, coming opportunely, as it did, at the tail of articles that had been discussing a curious manifestation of late: to wit, the awakening energy of the foreigner—a prodigious apparition on our horizon. Others were energetic too! We were not, the sermon ran, to imagine we were without rivals in the field. We were possessed of certain positive advantages; we had coal, iron, and an industrious population, but we were, it was to be feared, by no means a thrifty race, and there was reason for doubt whether in the matter of industry we were quite up to the mark of our forefathers. No deterioration of the stock was apprehended, still the nation must be accused of a lack of vigilance. We must look round us, and accept the facts as they stood. So accustomed had we become to the predominance of our position that it was difficult at first to realize a position of rivalry that threatened our manufacturing interests in their hitherto undisputed lead in the world's markets. The tale of our exports for the last five years conveys at once its moral and its warning. Statistics were then cited.

As when the gloomy pedagogue has concluded his exhortation, statistics birched the land. They were started at our dinner-tables, and scourged the social converse. Not less than in the articles, they were perhaps livelier than in the preface; they were distressing nevertheless; they led invariably to the question of our decadence. Car-

thage was named: a great mercantile community absolutely obliterated! Senatorial men were led to propose in their thoughtfullest tones that we should turn our attention to Art. Why should we not learn to excel in Art? We excelled in Poetry. Our Poets were cited: not that there was a notion that poems would pay as an export but to show that if we excel in one of the Arts we may in others of them. The poetry was not cited, nor was it necessary, the object being to inflate the balloon of paradox with a light-flying gas, and prove a poem-producing people to be of their nature born artists; if they did but know it. The explosion of a particular trade points to your taking up another. Energy is adapted to flourish equally in every branch of labor. It is the genius of the will, commanding all the cross-roads. A country breeding hugely must prove its energy likewise in the departments of the mind, or it will ultimately be unable to feed its young—nay, to feast its aldermen! Let us be up and alive.—Such was the exhortation of a profound depression. Outside these dismal assemblies, in the streets, an ancient song of raven recurrence croaked of "Old England a-going down the hill"; for there is a link of electricity between the street-boy and the leading article in days when the Poles exchange salutations.

Mr. Ezra's legacy of his millions to son and daughter broke like a golden evening on the borders of the raincloud. Things could not be so bad when a plain untitled English gentleman bequeathed in the simplest manner possible such giant heaps, a very Pelion upon Ossa, of wealth to his children. The minds of the readers of journals were now directed to think of the hoarded treasures of this favored country. They might approximately be counted, but even if counted they would be past conception, like the sidereal system. The contemplation of a million stupefies: consider the figures of millions and millions! Articles were written on Lombard Street, the world's gold-mine, our granary of energy, surpassing all actual and fabulous gold-mines ever spoken of: Aladdin's magician would find his purse contracting and squeaking in the comparison. Then, too, the store of jewels held by certain private families called for remark and an allusion to Sindbad the sailor, whose eyes were to dilate wider than they did in the valley of diamonds. Why, we could, if we pleased, lie by and pass two or three decades as jolly cricketers and scullers, and

resume the race for wealth with the rest of mankind, hardly sensible of the holiday in our pockets. Though we were the last people to do it, we were the sole people that had the option. Our Fortunatus' cap was put to better purposes, but to have the cap, and not to be emasculated by the possession, might excuse a little reasonable pride in ourselves.

Thus did Optimism and Pessimism have their turn, like the two great parties in the State, and the subsiding see-saw restored a proper balance, much to the nation's comfort. Unhappily, it was remembered, there are spectators of its method of getting to an equipoise out of the agitation of extremes. The peep at our treasures to regain composure had, we fear, given the foreigner glimpses, and whetted the appetite of our masses. No sooner are we at peace than these are heard uttering low howls, and those are seen enviously glaring. The spectre, Panic, that ever dogs the optimistic feast, warns us of a sack under our beds, and robbers about to try a barely-bolted door. Then do we, who have so sweetly sung our senses to sleep, start up, in their grip, rush to the doctor and the blacksmith, ring alarums, proclaim ourselves intestinally torn, defenceless, a prey to foes within and without. It is discovered to be no worse than an alderman's dream, but the pessimist frenzy of the night has tossed a quieting sop to the Radical, and summoned the volunteers to a review. Laudatory articles upon the soldierly "march past" of our volunteers permit of a spell of soft repose, deeper than prudent, at the end of it, India and Ireland consenting.

So much for a passing outline of John Bull—the shadow on the wall of John Mattock. The unostentatious millionaire's legacy to his two children affected Mr. Bull thrillingly, pretty nearly as it has here been dotted in lining. That is historical. Could he believe in the existence of a son of his, a master of millions, who had never sighed (and he had only to sigh) to die a peer, or a baronet, or simple knight? The downright hard-nailed coffin fact was there; the wealthiest man in the country had flown away to Shadowland a common Mr.! You see the straight deduction from the circumstances: —we are, say what you will, a Republican people! Newspaper articles on the watch sympathetically for Mr. Bull's latest view of himself, preached on the theme of our peculiar Republicanism. Soon

after he was observed fondling the Crown Insignia. His bards flung out their breezy columns, reverentially monarchial. The Republican was informed that they were despised as a blatant minority. A maudlin fit of worship of our nobility had hold of him next, and English aristocracy received the pæan. Lectures were addressed to democrats; our House of Lords was pledged solemnly in reams of print. We were told that "blood" may always be betted on to win the race; blood that is blue will beat the red hollow. Who could pretend to despise the honor of admission to the ranks of the proudest peerage the world has known! Is not a great territorial aristocracy the strongest guarantee of national stability? The loudness of the interrogation, like the thunder of Jove, precluded thought of an answer.

Mr. Bull, though he is not of lucid memory, kept an eye on the owner of those millions. His bards were awake to his anxiety, and celebrated John Mattock's doings with a trump and flourish somewhat displeasing to a quietly-disposed commoner. John's entry into Parliament as a Liberal was taken for sign of steersman who knew where the tide ran. But your Liberals are sometimes Radicals in their youth, and his choice of parties might not be so much sagacity as an instance of unripe lightheadedness. A young conservative millionaire is less disturbing. The very wealthy young peer is never wanton in his politics, which seems to admonish us that the heir of vast wealth should have it imposed on him to accept a peerage, and be locked up as it were. A coronet steadies the brain. You may let out your heels at the social laws, you are almost expected to do it, but you are not to shake that young pate of yours restively under such a splendid encumbrance. Private reports of John, however, gave him credit for sound opinions: he was moderate, merely progressive. When it was added that the man had the habit of taking counsel with his sister, he was at once considered as fast and safe, not because of any public knowledge of the character of Jane Mattock. We pay this homage to the settled common sense of women. Distinctly does she discountenance leaps in the dark, wild driving, and the freaks of Radicalism.

John, as it happened, had not so grave a respect for the sex as for the individual Jane. He thought women capable of acts

of foolishness; his bright-faced sister he could thoroughly trust for prudent conduct. He gave her a good portion of his heart in confidence, and all of it in affection. There were matters which he excluded from confidence, even from intimate communication with himself. These he could not reveal; nor could she perfectly open her heart to him, for the same reason. They both had an established ideal of their personal qualities, not far above the positive, since they were neither of them pretentious, yet it was a trifle higher and fairer than the working pattern; and albeit they were sincere enough, quite sincere in their mutual intercourse, they had, by what each knew at times of the thumping organ within them, cause for doubting that they were as transparent as the other supposed, and they were separately aware of an inward smile at one another's partial deception; which did not thwart their honest power of working up to the respected ideal. The stroke of the deeper self-knowledge rarely shook them; they were able to live with full sensations in the animated picture they were to the eyes best loved by them. This in fact was their life. Anything beside it was a dream, and we do not speak of our dreams—not of every dream. Especially do we reserve our speech concerning the dream in which we had a revelation of the proud frame deprived of a guiding will, flung rudderless on the waves. Ah that abject! The dismantled ship has the grandeur of the tempest about it, but the soul swayed by passion is ignominiously bare-poled, detected, hooted by its old assumption. If instinct plays fantastical tricks when we are sleeping, let it be ever behind a curtain. We can be held guilty only if we court exposure. The ideal of English gentleman and gentlewoman is closely Roman in the self-repression it exacts, and that it should be but occasionally difficult to them shows an affinity with the type. Do you perchance, O continental observers of the race, call it hypocritical? It is their nature disciplined to the regimental step of civilization. Socially these island men and women of a certain middle rank are veterans of an army, and some of the latest enrolled are the stoutest defenders of the flag.

Brother and sister preserved their little secrets of character apart. They could not be expected to unfold what they declined personally to examine. But they were not so successful with the lady governing

the household, their widowed maternal aunt, Mrs. Lackstraw, a woman of decisive penetration, and an insubordinate recruit of the army aforesaid. To her they were without a mask; John was passion's slave, Jane the most romantic of Eve's daughters. She pointed to incidents of their youth; her vision was acutely retrospective. The wealth of her nephew and niece caused such a view of them to be, as she remarked, anxious past endurance. She had grounds for fearing that John, who might step to an alliance with any one of the proudest houses in the Kingdom, would marry a beggar-maid. As for Jane, she was the natural prey of a threadbare poet. Mrs. Lackstraw heard of Mr. Patrick O'Donnell, and demanded the right to inspect him. She doubted such perfect disinterestedness in any young man as that he should slave at account-keeping to that Laundry without a prospect of rich remuneration, and the tale of his going down to the city for a couple of hours each day to learn the art of keeping books was of very dubious import in a cousin of Captain Con O'Donnell. "Let me see your prodigy," she said, with the emphasis on each word.

Patrick was presented at her table. She had steeled herself against an Irish tongue. He spoke little, appeared simple, professed no enthusiasm for the Laundry. And he paid no compliments to Jane: of the two he was more interested by the elder lady, whose farm and dairy in Surrey he heard her tell of with a shining glance, observing that he liked thick cream: there was a touch of home in it. The innocent sensuality in the candid avowal of his tastes inspired confidence. Mrs. Lackstraw fished for some account of his home. He was open to flow on the subject; he dashed a few sketches of mother and sisters, dowerless girls, fresh as trout in the stream, and of his own poor estate, and the peasantry, with whom he was on friendly terms. He was an absentee for his education. Sweet water, pure milk, potatoes and bread, were the things he coveted in plenty for his people and himself, he said, calling forth an echo from Mrs. Lackstraw, and an invitation to come down to her farm in the Spring. "That is, Mr. O'Donnell, if you are still in London."

"Oh, I'm bound apprentice for a year," said he.

He was asked whether he did not find it tiresome work.

"A trifle so," he confessed.

Then *why* did he pursue it, the question was put.

He was not alive for his own pleasure, and would like to feel he was doing a bit of good, was the answer.

Could one, Mrs. Lackstraw asked herself, have faith in this young Irishman? He possessed an estate. His brogue rather added to his air of truthfulness. His easy manners and the occasional streak of correct French in his dialogue cast a shadow on it. Yet he might be an ingenuous creature precisely because of the suspicion roused by his quaint unworldliness that he might be a terrible actor. Why not?—his heart was evidently much more interested in her pursuits than in her niece's. The juvenility of him was catching, if it was indeed the man, and not one of the actor's properties. Mrs. Lackstraw though it prudent to hint at the latter idea to Jane while she decided in her generosity to embrace the former. Oh! if all Irishmen shared his taste for sweet water, pure milk and wholesome bread, what a true Union we should have! She had always insisted on those three things as most to be desired on earth for the masses and she reminded Jane of it as a curious fact. Jane acquiesced, having always considered it a curious fact that her aunt should combine the relish of a country life with the intensest social ambition—a passion so sensitive as to make the name her husband had inflicted on her a pain and a burden. The name of Mattock gave her horrors. She spoke of it openly to prove that Jane must marry a title and John become a peer. Never was there such a name to smell of the soil. She declared her incapacity to die happy until the two had buried Mattock. Her own one fatal step condemned her, owing to the opinion she held upon the sacredness of marriage, as Lackstraw on her tombstone, and to Lackstraw above the earthly martyr would go bearing the designation which marked her to be claimed by him. But for John and Jane the index of Providence pointed a brighter passage through life. They had only to conquer the weakness native to them—the dreadful tendency downward. They had, in the spiritual sense, frail hearts. The girl had been secretive about the early activity of hers, though her aunt knew of two or three adventures wanting in nothing save boldness to have put an end to her independence and her prospects:—hence this Laundry business! a clear sign of some internal disappointment. The boy, however, had be-

trayed himself in his mother's days, when it required all her influence and his father's authority, with proof positive of the woman's unworthiness, to rescue him from immediate disaster.

Mrs. Lackstraw's confidences on the theme of the family she watched over, were extended to Patrick during their strolls among the ducks and fowls and pheasants at her farm. She dealt them out in exclamations, as much as telling him that now they knew him they trusted him, notwithstanding the unaccountable part he played as honorary secretary to that Laundry. The confidences, he was aware, were common property of the visitors one after another, but he had the knowledge of his being trusted as not every Irishman would have been. A service of six months to the secretaryship established his reputation as the strange bird of a queer species: not much less quiet, honest, methodical, than an Englishman, and still impulsive, Irish still; a very strange bird.

The disposition of the English to love the children of Erin, when not fretted by them, was shown in the treatment Patrick received from the Mattock family. It is a love resembling the affection of the stage-box for a set of favorite performers, and Patrick, a Celt who had schooled his wits to observe and meditate, understood his position with them as one of the gallant and amusing race, as well as the reason why he had won their private esteem. They are not willingly suspicious: it agitates their minds to be so; and they are most easily lulled by the flattery of seeing their special virtues grafted on an alien stock: for in this admiration of virtues that are so necessary to the stalwart growth of man, they become just sensible of a minor deficiency;—the tree, if we jump out of it to examine its appearance, should not be all trunk. Six months of ungrudging unremunerated service, showing devotion to the good cause and perfect candor from first to last, was English, and a poetic touch beyond: so that John Mattock, if he had finished the sentence instead of lopping it with an interjection, would have said: "These Irish fellows, when they're genuine and first-rate, are pretty well the pick of the land." Perhaps his pause on the interjection expressed a doubt of our getting them genuine. Mr. O'Donnell was a sort of exceptional Irishman, not devoid of practical ability in a small way—he did his duties of secretary fairly well; apparently sincere—he had refrained

from courting Jane; an odd creature enough, what with his mixture of impulsiveness and discretion; likeable, pleasant to entertain and talk to; not one of your lunatics concerning his country—he could listen to an Englishman's opinion on that head, listen composedly to Rockney, merely seeming to take notes; and Rockney was, as Captain Con termed him, Press Dragoon about Ireland, a trying doctor for a child of the patient.

On the whole, John Mattock could shake his hand heartily when he was leaving our shores. Patrick was released by Miss Grace Barrow's discovery at last of a lady capable of filling his place: a circumstance that he did not pretend to regret. He relinquished his post and stood aside with the air of a disciplined soldier. This was at the expiration of seven months and two weeks of service. Only after he had gone, upon her receiving his first letter from the Continent, did Jane distinguish in herself the warmth of friendship she felt for him, and know that of all around her she, reproaching every one who had hinted a doubt, had been the most suspicious of his pure simplicity. It was the vice of her condition to be suspicious of the honesty of men. She thought of her looks as less attractive than they were; of her wealth she had reason to think that the scent transformed our sad sex into dogs under various disguises. Remembering her chill once on hearing Patrick in a green lane where they botanized among Spring flowers call himself her Irish cousin, as if he had advanced a step and betrayed the hoof, she called him her Irish cousin now in good earnest. Her nation was retrospectively enthusiastic. The cordiality of her letter of reply to the wandering Patrick astonished him on the part of so cool a young lady; and Captain Con, when he heard Miss Mattock speak of Patrick to his wife, came to the conclusion that the leery lad had gone a far way toward doing the trick for himself, though Jane said his correspondence was full of the deeds of his brother in India. She quite sparkled in speaking of this boy.

She and the captain had an interchange of sparklings over absent Patrick, at a discovery made by Miss Colesworth, the lady replacing him, in a nook of the amateur secretary's official desk, under heaps of pamphlets and slips, French and English and Irish journals, not at all bearing upon the business of the Laundry. It was a blotting-

pad stuffed with Patrick's jottings. Jane brought it to Con as to the proper keeper of the reliquary. He persuaded her to join him in examining it, and together they bent their heads, turning leaf by leaf, facing, laughing, pursuing the search for more, sometimes freely shouting. Her inspection of the contents had previously been shy; she had seen just enough to tell her they were funny. Dozens of scraps, insides of torn envelopes, invitation-cards, ends of bills received from home, whatever was handy to him at the moment, had done service for the overflow of Mr. Secretary's private notes and reflections; the blotting-paper as well; though that was devoted chiefly to sketches of the human countenance, the same being almost entirely of the fair. Jane fancied she spied herself among the number. Con saw the likeness, but not considering it a complimentary one, he whisked over the leaf. Grace Barrow was unmistakable. Her dimpled cushion features and very intent eyes gazing out of the knolls and dingles were given without caricature. Miss Colesworth appeared on the last page, a half-length holding a big key, demure between curls. The key was explained by a cage on a stool, and a bird flying out. She had unlocked the cage for Patrick.

"He never seemed anxious to be released while he was at work," said Jane, after she and the captain had spelt the symbolling in turns.

"And never thirsted to fly till he flew, I warrant him," said Con.

A repeated sketch of some beauty confused them both; neither of them could guess the proud owner of those lineaments. Con proclaimed it to be merely one of the lad's recollections, perhaps a French face. He thought he might have seen a face rather resembling it, but could not call to mind whose face it was.

"I dare say it's just a youngster's dream on a stool at a desk, as poets write sonnets in their youth to nobody, till they're pierced by somebody, and then there's a difference in their handwriting," he said, vexed with Patrick for squandering his opportunity to leave a compliment to the heiress behind him.

Jane flipped the leaves back to the lady with stormy hair.

"But you'll have the whole book, and hand it to him when he returns; it'll come best from you," said Con. "The man on horseback, out of uniform, 's his brother Philip, of course. And man

and horse are done to the life. Pray, take it, Miss Mattock. I should lose it to a certainty; I should; I can't be trusted. You'll take it!"

He pressed her so warmly to retain the bundle in her custody that she carried it away.

Strange to say the things she had laughed at had been the things which struck her feelings and sympathies. Patrick's notes here and there recalled conversations he had more listened to than taken part in between herself and Grace Barrow. Who could help laughing at his ideas about women! But if they were crude, they were shrewd—or so she thought them; and the jejuneness was, to her mind, chiefly in the dressing of them. Grace agreed with her, for Grace had as good a right to inspect the papers as she, and a glance had shown that there was nothing of peculiar personal import in his notes: he did not brood on himself.

Here was one which tickled the ladies and formed a text for discussion.

"Women must take the fate of market-fruit till they earn their own pennies, and then they'll regulate the market. It is a tussle for money with them as with us, meaning power. They'll do it as little by oratory as they have done by millinery, for their oratory, just like their millinery, appeals to a sentiment, and to a weaker; and nothing solid comes of a sentiment. Power is built on work."

To this was appended: "The better for mankind in the developing process, ay, and a bad day for us, boys, when study masks the charming eyes in gig-lamps, and there is no pretty flying before us. Good-night to Cupid, I fear. Maybe I am not seeing far enough, and am asking for the devil to have the loveliest women as of old. Retro S.M."

The youthful eye on their sex, the Irish voice, and the perceptible moral earnestness in the background, made up a quaint mixture.

(*To be continued*)

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI

H. G. WELLS

[Chapter the First describes the conditions which surrounded Machiavelli himself, and compares the writer of the present narrative—an outcast statesman—with his famous prototype. Incidentally, there is a discussion of modern democracy and the activity of women. The opening sections of Chapter the Second are concerned with the narrator's childhood, and the influence and character of his father. The story of his earlier days is continued till the time of his father's death. Chapter the Third commences with an account of his new experiences at the City Merchants' School, in London. He was now living, with his mother, at Penge, near the Crystal Palace, and was growing up. Incidents are given to illustrate the trend of his development; and he discusses the inadequate educational system. In Chapter the Fourth, he deals with his life as an undergraduate at Cambridge, after his mother's death. The physical and intellectual problems which it was necessary for him to solve are expressed clearly and finely.]

CHAPTER THE FOURTH

ADOLESCENCE

VII

A BOOK that stands out among these memories, that stimulated me immensely so that I forced it upon my companions, half in the spirit of propaganda and half to test it by their comments, was Meredith's *One of Our Conquerors*. It is one of the books that have made me. In that I got a supplement and corrective of Kipling. It was the first detached and adverse criticism of the Englishman I had ever encountered. It must have been published already nine or ten years when I read it. The country had paid no heed to it, had gone on to the expensive lessons of the War because of the dull aversion our people feel for all such intimations, and so I could read it as a book justified. The war endorsed its every word for me, underlined each warning indication of the gigantic dangers that gathered against our system across the narrow seas. It discovered Europe to me, as watching and critical.

But while I could respond to all its criticisms of my country's intellectual indolence, of my country's want of training and discipline

and moral courage, I remember that the idea that on the continent there were other peoples going ahead of us, mentally alert while we fumbled, disciplined while we slouched, aggressive and preparing to bring our Imperial pride to a reckoning, was extremely novel and distasteful to me. It set me worrying of nights. It put all my projects for social and political reconstruction upon a new uncomfortable footing. It made them no longer merely desirable but urgent. Instead of pride and the love of making one might own to a baser motive. Under Kipling's sway I had a little forgotten the continent of Europe, treated it as a mere envious echo to our own world-wide display. I began now to have a disturbing sense as it were of busy searchlights over the horizon. . . .

One consequence of the patriotic chagrin Meredith produced in me, was an attempt to belittle his merit. "It isn't a good novel anyhow," I said.

The charge I brought against it was, I remember, a lack of unity. It professed to be a study of the English situation in the early nineties, but it was all deflected, I said, and all the interest was confused by the story of Victor Radnor's fight with society to vindicate the woman he had loved and never married. Now in the retrospect and with a mind full of bitter enlightenment, I can do Meredith justice, and admit the conflict was not only essential but cardinal in his picture, that the terrible inflexibility of the rich aunts and the still more terrible claim of Mrs. Burman Radnor, the "infernal punctilio," and Dudley Sowerby's limitations, were the central substance of that inalertness the book set itself to assail. So many things have been brought together in my mind that were once remotely separated. A people that will not valiantly face and understand and admit love and passion can understand nothing whatever. But in these days what is now just obvious truth to me was altogether outside my range of comprehension. . . .

As I seek to recapitulate the interlacing growth of my apprehension of the world, as I flounder among the half-remembered developments that found me a crude schoolboy and left me a man, there comes out as if it stood for all the rest, my first holiday abroad. That did not happen until I was twenty-two. I was a fellow of Trinity, and the Peace of Vereeniging had just been signed.

I went with a man named Willersley, a man some years senior to myself, who had just missed a fellowship and the higher division of the Civil Service, and who had become an enthusiastic member of the London School Board, upon which the cumulative vote and the support of the "advanced" people had placed him. He had, like myself, a small independent income that relieved him of any necessity to earn a living, and he had a kindred craving for social theorizing and some form of social service. He had sought my acquaintance after reading a paper of mine (begotten by the visit of Chris Robinson) on the limits of pure democracy. It had marched with some thought of his own.

We went by train to Spiez on the Lake of Thun, then up the Gemmi and thence with one or two halts and digressions and a little modest climbing we crossed over by the Antrona pass (on which we were benighted) into Italy, and by way of Domo D'ossola and the Santa Maria Maggiore valley to Cannobio, and thence up the lake to Locarno (where, as I shall tell, we stayed some eventful days) and so up the Val Maggia and over to Airolo and home.

As I write of that long tramp of ours, something of its freshness and enlargement returns to me. I feel again the faint pleasant excitement of the boat train, the trampling procession of people with hand baggage and laden porters along the platform of the Folkestone pier, the scarcely perceptible swaying of the moored boat beneath our feet. Then, very obvious and simple, the little emotion of standing out from the homeland and seeing the long white Kentish cliffs recede. One walked about the boat doing one's best not to feel absurdly adventurous, and presently a movement of people directed one's attention to a white lighthouse on a cliff to the east of us, coming up suddenly; and then one turned to scan the little different French coast villages, and then, sliding by in a pale sunshine came a long wooden pier with oddly dressed children upon it, and the clustering town of Boulogne.

One took it all with the outward calm that became a young man of nearly three and twenty, but one was alive to one's finger tips with pleasing little stimulations. The custom house examination excited one, the strangeness of babble in a foreign tongue; one found the French of City Merchants' and Cambridge a shy and viscous flow,

and then one was standing in the train as it went slowly through the rail-laid street to Boulogne Ville, and one looked out at the world in French, porters in blouses, workmen in enormous purple trousers, police officers in peaked caps instead of helmets and romantically cloaked, big carts, all on two wheels, instead of four, green shuttered house fronts instead of sash windows, and great numbers of neatly dressed women in economical mourning.

"Oh! there's a priest!" one said, and was betrayed into suchlike artless cries.

It was a real other world, with different government and different methods, and in the night one was roused from uneasy slumbers and sat blinking and surly, wrapped up in one's *couverture* and with one's *oreiller* all awry, to encounter a new social phenomenon, the German official, so different in manner from the British; and when one woke again after that one had come to Bâle, and out one tumbled to get coffee in Switzerland. . . .

I have been over that route dozens of times since, but it still revives a certain lingering youthfulness, a certain sense of cheerful release in me.

I remember that I and Willersley became very sociological as we ran on to Spiez, and made all sorts of generalizations from the steeply sloping fields on the hillsides, and from the people we saw on platforms and from little differences in the way things were done.

The clean prosperity of Bâle and Switzerland, the big clean stations, filled me with patriotic misgivings, as I thought of the vast dirtiness of London, the mean dirtiness of Cambridgeshire. It came to me that perhaps my scheme of international values was all wrong, that quite stupendous possibilities and challenges for us and our empire might be developing here—and I recalled Meredith's Skepsey in France with a new understanding.

Willersley had dressed himself in a world-worn Norfolk suit of greenish gray tweeds that ended unfamiliarly at his rather impending, spectacled, intellectual visage. I didn't, I remember, like the contrast of him with the drilled Swiss and Germans about us. Convict colored stockings and vast hobnail boots finished him below, and all his luggage was a borrowed rucksac that he had tied askew. He did not want to shave in the train, but I made him at one of the

Swiss stations—I dislike these Oxford slovenlinesses—and then, confound him! he cut himself and bled. . . .

Next morning we were breathing a thin exhilarating air that seemed to have washed our very veins to an incredible cleanliness and eating hard-boiled eggs in a vast clear space of rime-edged rocks, snow-mottled, above a blue-gashed glacier. All about us the monstrous rock surfaces rose towards the shining peaks above, and there were winding moraines from which the ice had receded, and then dark clustering fir-trees far below.

I had an extraordinary feeling of having come out of things, of being outside.

"But this is the round world!" I said, with a sense of never having perceived it before; "this is the round world!"

VIII

That holiday was full of big comprehensive effects; the first view of the Rhone valley and the distant Valaisian Alps for example, which we saw from the shoulder of the mountain above the Gemmi, and the early Summer dawn breaking over Italy as we moved from our night's crouching and munched bread and chocolate and stretched our stiff limbs among the tumbled and precipitous rocks that hung over Lake Cingolo and surveyed the winding tiring rocky track going down and down to Antronapiano.

And our thoughts were as comprehensive as our impressions. Willersley's mind abounded in historical matter; he had an inaccurate abundant habit of topographical reference; he made me see and trace and see again the Roman Empire sweep up these winding valleys and the coming of the first great Peace among the warring tribes of men. . . .

In the retrospect each of us seems to have been talking about our outlook almost continually. Each of us, you see, was full of the same question, very near and altogether predominant to us, the question: "What am I going to do with my life?" He saw it almost as importantly as I, but from a different angle, because his choice was largely made and mine still hung in the balance.

"I feel we might do so many things," I said, "and everything that calls one, calls one away from something else."

Willersley agreed without any modest disavowals.

"We have got to think out," he said, "just what we are and what we are up to. We've got to do that now. And then—it's one of those questions it is inadvisable to reopen subsequently."

He beamed at me through his glasses. The sententious use of long words was a playful habit with him, that and a slight deliberate humor, habits occasional Extension Lecturing was doing very much to intensify.

"You've made your decision."

He nodded with a peculiar forward movement of his head.

"How would you put it?"

"Social Service—education. Whatever else matters or doesn't matter, it seems to me there is one thing we *must* have and increase, and that is the number of people who can think a little—and have—" he beamed again—"an adequate sense of causation."

"You're sure it's worth while?"

"For me—certainly. I don't discuss that any more."

"I don't limit myself too narrowly," he added. "After all, the work is all one. We who know, we who feel, are building the great modern state, joining wall to wall and way to way, the new great England rising out of the decaying old. . . . We are the real statesmen—I like that use of 'statesmen.' . . ."

"Yes," I said with many doubts. "Yes, of course. . . ."

Willersley is middle-aged now, with silver in his hair and a deepening benevolence in his always amiable face, and he has very fairly kept his word. He has lived for social service and to do vast masses of useful, undistinguished, fertilizing work. To think of the days of arid administrative plodding and of contention still more arid, and unrewarded, that he must have spent! And his little affectations of gesture and manner, imitative affectations for the most part, have increased, and the humorous beam and the humorous intonations have become a thing he puts on every morning like an old coat. His devotion is mingled with a considerable whimsicality, and they say he is easily flattered by subordinates and easily offended into opposition by colleagues; he has made mistakes at times and followed wrong

courses, still there he is, a flat contradiction to all the ordinary doctrine of motives, a man who has foregone any chances of wealth and profit, foregone any easier paths to distinction, foregone marriage and parentage, in order to serve the community. He does it without any fee or reward except his personal self-satisfaction in doing this work, and he does it without any hope of future joys and punishments, for he is an implacable Rationalist. No doubt he idealizes himself a little, and dreams of recognition. No doubt he gets his pleasure from a sense of power, from the spending and husbanding of large sums of public money, and from the inevitable proprietorship he must feel in the fair, fine, well-ordered schools he has done so much to develop. "But for me," he can say, "there would have been a Job about those diagrams, and that subject or this would have been less ably taught." . . .

The fact remains that for him the rewards have been adequate, if not to content at any rate to keep him working. Of course he covets the notice of the world he has served, as a lover covets the notice of his mistress. Of course he thinks somewhere, somewhen, he will get credit. Only last year I heard some men talking of him, and they were noting, with little mean smiles, how he had shown himself self-conscious while there was talk of some honorary degree-giving or other; it would, I have no doubt, please him greatly if his work were to flower into a crimson gown in some Academic parterre. Why shouldn't it? But that is incidental vanity at the worst; he goes on anyhow. Most men don't.

But we had our walk twenty years and more ago now. He was oldish even then as a young man, just as he is oldish still in middle age. Long may his industrious elderliness flourish for the good of the world! He lectured a little in conversation then; he lectures more now and listens less, toilsomely disentangling what you already understand, giving you in detail the data you know; these are things like callosities that come from a man's work.

Our long three weeks' talk comes back to me as a memory of ideas and determinations slowly growing, all mixed up with a smell of wood smoke and pine woods and huge precipices and remote gleams of snow-fields and the sound of cascading torrents rushing through deep gorges far below. It is mixed too with gossips with waitresses

and fellow travelers, with my first essays in colloquial German and Italian, with disputes about the way to take, and other things that I will tell of in another section. But the white passion of human service was our dominant theme. Not simply perhaps nor altogether unselfishly, but quite honestly, and with at least a frequent self-forgetfulness did we want to do fine and noble things, to help in their developing, to lessen misery, to broaden and exalt life. It is very hard—perhaps it is impossible—to present in a page or two the substance and quality of nearly a month's conversation, conversation that is casual and discursive in form, that ranges carelessly from triviality to immensity, and yet is constantly resuming a constructive process, as workmen on a wall loiter and jest and go and come back, and all the while build.

We got it more and more definite that the core of our purpose beneath all its varied aspects must needs be order and discipline. "Muddle," said I, "is the enemy." That remains my belief to this day. Clearness and order, light and foresight, these things I know for Good. It was muddle had just given us all the still freshly painful disasters and humiliations of the war, muddle that gives us the visibly sprawling disorder of our cities and industrial countryside, muddle that gives us the waste of life, the limitations, wretchedness and unemployment of the poor. Muddle! I remember myself quoting Kipling:

> "All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
> All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less."

"We build the state," we said over and over again. "That is what we are for—servants of the new re-organization!"

We planned half in earnest and half Utopianising, a League of Social Service.

We talked of the splendid world of men that might grow out of such unpaid and ill-paid work as we were setting our faces to do. We spoke of the intricate difficulties, the monstrous passive resistances, the hostilities to such a development as we conceived our work subserved, and we spoke with that underlying confidence in the invincibility of the causes we adopted that is natural to young and scarcely tried men.

We talked much of the detailed life of politics so far as it was known to us, and there Willersley was more experienced and far better informed than I; we discussed possible combinations and possible developments, and the chances of some great constructive movement coming from the heart-searchings the Boer war had occasioned. We would sink to gossip—even at the Suetonius level. Willersley would decline towards illuminating anecdotes that I capped more or less loosely from my private reading. We were particularly wise, I remember, upon the management of newspapers, because about that we knew nothing whatever. We perceived that great things were to be done through newspapers. We talked of swaying opinion and moving great classes to massive action.

Men are egotistical even in devotion. All our splendid projects were thickest with the first personal pronoun. We both could write, and all that we said in general terms was reflected in the particular in our minds; it was ourselves we saw and no others writing and speaking that moving word. We had already produced manuscript and passed the initiations of proof reading; I had been a frequent speaker in the Union and Willersley was an active man on the School Board. Our feet were already on the lower rungs that led up and up. He was six and twenty and I twenty-two. We intimated our individual careers in terms of bold expectation. I had prophetic glimpses of walls and hoardings clamorous with "Vote for Remington" and Willersley no doubt saw himself chairman of this committee and that, and saying a few slightly ironical words after the declaration of the poll, and then sitting friendly beside me on the government benches. There was nothing impossible in such dreams. Why not the Board of Education for him? My preference at that time wavered between the Local Government Board—I had great ideas about town-planning, about revisions of municipal areas and reorganized internal transit—and the War Office. I swayed strongly towards the latter as the journey progressed. My educational ambitions came later.

Odd to think of all the swelling ambitions that have tramped over Alpine passes! How many of them, like mine, have come almost within sight of realization before they failed?

There were times when we posed like young gods (of unassuming

exterior) and times when we were full of the absurdest little solicitudes about our prospects. There were times when one surveyed the whole world of men as if it was a little thing at one's feet, and by way of contrast I remember once lying in bed—it must have been during this holiday, though I cannot for the life of me fix where—and speculating whether perhaps some day I might not be a K. C. B., Sir Richard Remington, K. C. B., M. P.

But the big style prevailed. . . .

We could not tell from minute to minute whether we were planning for a world of solid reality or telling ourselves fairy tales about this prospect of life. So much seemed possible, and everything we could think of, so improbable. There were lapses when it seemed to me I could never be anything but just the entirely unimportant and undistinguished young man I was for ever and ever. I couldn't even think of myself as five and thirty.

Once I remember Willersley going over a list of failures, and why they had failed—but young men in the twenties do not know much about failures.

IX

Willersley and I professed ourselves Socialists, but by this time I knew my Rodbertus as well as my Marx, and there was much in our socialism that would have shocked Chris Robinson as much as anything in life could have shocked him. Socialism as a simple democratic cry we had done with for ever. We were socialists because Individualism for us meant muddle, meant a crowd of separated, undisciplined little people all obstinately and ignorantly doing things jarringly, each one in his own way. "Each," I said, quoting words of my father's that rose apt in my memory, "snarling from his own little bit of property, like a dog tied to a cart's tail."

"Essentially," said Willersley, "essentially we're for conscription, in peace and war alike. The man who owns property is a public official and has to behave as much. That's the gist of socialism as I understand it."

"Or be dismissed from his post," I said, "and replaced by some better sort of official. A man's none the less an official because he's

irresponsible. What he does with his property affects people just the same. Private! No one is really private but an outlaw. . ."

Order and devotion were the very essence of our socialism, and a splendid collective vigor and happiness its end. We projected an ideal state, an organized state as confident and powerful as modern science, as balanced and beautiful as a body, as beneficent as sunshine, the organized state that should end muddle for ever; it ruled all our ideas and gave form to all our ambitions.

Every man was to be definitely related to that, to have his predominant duty to that. Such was the England renewed we had in mind, and how to serve that end, to subdue undisciplined worker and undisciplined wealth to it and make the Scientific Commonweal, King, was the continuing substance of our intercourse.

X

Every day the wine of the mountains was the stronger in our blood, and the flush of our youth the deeper. We would go in the morning sunlight along some narrow Alpine mule path shouting large suggestions for national reorganization, and weighing considerations as lightly as though the world was wax in our hands. "Great England," we said in effect, over and over again, "and we will be among the makers! England renewed! The country has been warned; it has learnt its lesson. The disasters and anxieties of the war have sunk in. England has become serious. . . . Oh! there are big things before us to do; big enduring things!"

One evening we walked up to the loggia of a little pilgrimage church, I forget its name, that stands out on a conical hill at the head of a winding stair above the town of Locarno. Down below the houses clustered amidst a confusion of heat-bitten greenery. I had been sitting silently on the parapet looking across to the purple mountain masses where Switzerland passes into Italy, and the drift of our talk seemed suddenly to gather to a head.

I broke into speech, giving form to the thoughts that had been accumulating. My words have long since passed out of my memory, the phrases of familiar expression have altered for me, but the sub-

stance remains as clear as ever. I said how we were in our measure emperors and kings, men undriven, free to do as we pleased with life, we classed among the happy ones, our bread and common necessities were given us for nothing, we had abilities,—it wasn't modesty but cowardice to behave as if we hadn't—and Fortune watched us to see what we might do with opportunity and the world.

"There are so many thing to do, you see," began Willersley, in his judicial lecturer's voice.

"So many things we may do," I interrupted, "with all these years before us. . . . We're exceptional men. It's our place, our duty, to do things.

"Here anyhow," I said, answering the faint amusement of his face, "I've got no modesty. Everything conspires to set me up. Why should I run about like all those grubby little beasts down there, seeking nothing but mean little vanities and indulgences—and then take credit for modesty? I *know* I am capable. I *know* I have imagination. Modesty! I know if I don't attempt the very biggest things in life I'm a damned shirk. The very biggest! Somebody has to attempt them. I feel like a loaded gun that is only a little perplexed because it has to find out just where to aim itself. . . . "

The lake and the frontier villages, a white puff of steam on the distant railway to Luino, the busy boats and steamers trailing triangular wakes of foam, the long vista eastward towards battlemented Bellinzona, the vast mountain distances, now tinged with sunset light, behind this nearer landscape, and the southward waters with remote coast towns shining dimly, waters that merged at last in a luminous golden haze, made a broad panoramic spectacle. It was as if one surveyed the world—and it was like the games I used to set out upon my nursery floor. I was exalted by it; I felt larger than men. So kings should feel.

That sense of largeness came to me then and it has come to me since, again and again, a splendid intimation or a splendid vanity. Once, I remember, when I looked at Genoa from the mountain crest behind the town and saw that multitudinous place in all its beauty of width and abundance and clustering human effort, and once as I came steaming past the brown low hills of Staten Island towards

the towering vigor and clamorous vitality of New York City, that mood rose to its quintessence. And once it came to me as I shall tell, on Dover Cliffs. And a hundred times when I have thought of England as our country might be, with no wretched poor, no wretched rich, a nation armed and ordered, trained and purposeful amidst its vales and rivers, that emotion of collective ends and collective purposes has returned to me. I felt as great as humanity. For a brief moment I was humanity, looking at the world I had made and had still to make. . . .

XI

And mingled with these dreams of power and patriotic service there was another series of a different quality and a different color, like the antagonistic color of a shot silk. The white life and the red life contrasted and interchanged, passing swiftly at a turn from one to another, and refusing ever to mingle peacefully one with the other. I was asking myself openly and distinctly: what are you going to do for the world? What are you going to do with yourself? and with an increasing strength and persistence Nature in spite of my averted attention was asking me in penetrating undertones, what are you going to do about this other fundamental matter, the beauty of girls and women and your desire for them?

I have told of my sisterless youth and the narrow circumstances of my upbringing. It made all womenkind mysterious to me. If it had not been for my Staffordshire cousins I do not think I should have known any girls at all until I was twenty. Of Staffordshire I will tell a little later. But I can remember still how through all those ripening years, the thought of women's beauty, their magic presence in the world beside me and the unknown, untried reactions of their intercourse, grew upon me and grew, as a strange presence grows in a room when one is occupied by other things. I busied myself and pretended to be wholly occupied, and there the woman stood, full half of life neglected, and it seemed to my averted mind sometimes that she was there clad and dignified and divine, and sometimes Aphrodite shining and commanding, and sometimes that Venus who stoops and allures.

This travel abroad seemed to have released a multitude of things

in my mind; the clear air, the beauty of the sunshine, the very blue of the glaciers made me feel my body and quickened all those disregarded dreams. I saw the sheathed beauty of women's forms all about me, in the cheerful waitresses at the inns, in the pedestrians one encountered in the tracks, in the chance fellow travelers at the hotel tables. "Confound it!" said I, and talked all the more zealously of that greater England that was calling us.

I remember that we passed two Germans, an old man and a tall fair girl, father and daughter, who were walking down from Saas. She came swinging and shining towards us, easy and strong. I worshiped her as she approached.

"Gut Tag!" said Willersley, removing his hat.

"Morgen!" said the old man, saluting.

I stared stockishly at the girl, who passed with an indifferent face.

That sticks in my mind as a picture remains in a room, it has kept there bright and fresh as a thing seen yesterday, for twenty years. . . .

I flirted hesitatingly once or twice with comely serving girls, and was a little ashamed lest Willersley should detect the keen interest I took in them, and then as we came over the pass from Santa Maria Maggiore to Cannobio, my secret preoccupation took me by surprise and flooded me and broke down my pretences.

The women in that valley are very beautiful—women vary from valley to valley in the Alps and are plain and squat here and divinities five miles away—and as we came down we passed a group of five or six of them resting by the wayside. Their burthens were beside them and one like Ceres held a reaping hook in her brown hand. She watched us approaching and smiled faintly, her eyes at mine.

There was some greeting, and two of them laughed together.

We passed.

"Glorious girls they were," said Willersley, and suddenly an immense sense of boredom enveloped me. I saw myself striding on down that winding road, talking of politics and parties and bills of parliament and all sorts of desiccated things. That road seemed to me to wind on for ever down to dust and infinite dreariness. I knew it for a way of death. Reality was behind us.

Willersley set himself to draw a sociological moral. "I'm not so sure," he said in a voice of intense discriminations, "after all, that agricultural work isn't good for women."

"Damn agricultural work!" I said, and broke out into a vigorous cursing of all I held dear. "Fettered things we are!" I cried. "I wonder why I stand it!"

"Stand what?"

"Why don't I go back and make love to those girls and let the world and you and everything go hang? Deep breasts and rounded limbs—and we poor emasculated devils go tramping by with the blood of youth in us! . . ."

"I'm not quite sure, Remington," said Willersley, looking at me with a deliberately quaint expression over his glasses, "that picturesque scenery is altogether good for your morals."

XII

That fever was still in my blood when we came to Locarno.

Along the hot and dusty lower road between the Orrido of Traffiume and Cannobio Willersley had developed his first blister. And partly because of that and partly because there was a bag at the station that gave us the refreshment of clean linen and partly because of the lazy lower air into which we had come, we decided upon three or four days' sojourn in the Empress Hotel.

We dined that night at a *table-d'hôte*, and I found myself next to an Englishwoman who began a conversation that was resumed presently in the hotel lounge. She was a woman of perhaps thirty-three or thirty-four, slenderly built, with a warm reddish skin and very abundant fair golden hair, the wife of a petulant looking heavy-faced man of perhaps fifty-three, who smoked a cigar and dozed over his coffee and presently went to bed. "He always goes to bed like that," she confided startlingly. "He sleeps after all his meals. I never knew such a man to sleep."

Then she returned to our talk, whatever it was.

We had begun at the dinner table with itineraries and the usual topographical talk, and she had envied our pedestrian travel. "My

husband doesn't walk," she said. "His heart is weak and he cannot manage the hills."

There was something friendly and adventurous in her manner; she conveyed she liked me, and when presently Willersley drifted off to write letters our talk sank at once to easy confidential undertones. I felt enterprising, and indeed it is easy to be daring with people one has never seen before and may never see again. I said I loved beautiful scenery and all beautiful things, and the pointing note in my voice made her laugh. She told me I had bold eyes, and as far as I can remember I said she made them bold. "Blue they are," she remarked, smiling archly. "I like blue eyes." Then I think we compared ages, and she said she was the Woman of Thirty, "George Moore's Woman of Thirty."

I had not read George Moore at the time, but I pretended to understand.

That I think was our limit that evening. She went to bed, smiling good-night quite prettily down the big staircase, and I and Willersley went out to smoke in the garden. My head was full of her and I found it necessary to talk about her. So I made her a problem in sociology. "Who the deuce are these people?" I said, "and how do they get a living? They seem to have plenty of money. He strikes me as being— Willersley, what is a drysalter? I think he's a retired drysalter."

Willersley theorized while I thought of the woman and that provocative quality of dash she had displayed. The next day at lunch she and I met like old friends. A huge mass of private thinking during the interval had been added to our effect upon one another. We talked for a time of insignificant things.

"What do you do," she asked rather quickly, "after lunch? Take a siesta?"

"Sometimes," I said and hung for a moment eye to eye.

We hadn't a doubt of each other, but my heart was beating like a steamer propeller when it lifts out of the water.

"Do you get a view from your room?" she asked after a pause.

"It's on the third floor, Number seventeen, near the staircase. My friend's next door."

She began to talk of books. She was interested in Christian

Science she said, and spoke of a book. I forget altogether what that book was called, though I remember to this day with the utmost exactness the purplish magenta of its cover. She said she would lend it to me and hesitated.

Willersley wanted to go for an expedition across the lake that afternoon, but I refused. He made some other proposals that I rejected abruptly. "I shall write in my room," I said.

"Why not write down here?"

"I shall write in my room." I snarled like a thwarted animal and he looked at me curiously. "Very well," he said; "then I'll make some notes and think about that order of ours out under the magnolias."

I hovered about the lounge for a time buying postcards and feverishly restless, watching the movements of the other people. Finally I went up to my room and sat down by the windows staring out. There came a little tap at the unlocked door and in an instant, like the go of a taut bowstring, I was up and had it open.

"Here is that book," she said, and we hesitated.

"*Come in!*" I whispered, trembling from head to foot.

"You're just a boy," she said in a low tone.

I did not feel a bit like a lover, I felt like a burglar with the safe-door nearly open. "Come in," I said almost impatiently, for anyone might be in the passage, and I gripped her wrist and drew her towards me.

"What do you mean?" she answered with a faint smile on her lips, and awkward and yielding.

I shut the door behind her, still holding her with one hand, then turned upon her—she was laughing nervously—and without a word drew her to me and kissed her. And I remember that as I kissed her she made a little noise almost like the purring miaow with which a cat will greet one, and her face, close to mine, became solemn and tender.

She was suddenly a different being from the discontented wife who had tapped a moment since on my door, a woman transfigured. . .

Next day Willersley wanted to go on, but I delayed. Altogether I kept him back four days. Then abruptly my mood changed and we decided to start early the next day. I remember, though a little indistinctly, the feeling of my last talk with that woman whose sur-

name, odd as it may seem, either I never learned, or I have forgotten. (Her Christian name was Milly.) She was tired and rather low-spirited, and disposed to be sentimental, and for the first time in our intercourse I found myself liking her for the sake of her own personality. There was something kindly and generous appearing behind the veil of naïve and uncontrolled sensuality she had worn. There was a curious quality of motherliness in her attitude to me that something in my nature answered and approved. She didn't pretend to keep it up that she had yielded to my initiative. "I've done you no harm," she said, a little doubtfully, an odd note for a man's victim! And, "we've had a good time. You have liked me, haven't you?"

She interested me in her lonely dissatisfied life; she was childless and had no hope of children, and her husband was the only son of a rich meat salesman, very mean, a mighty smoker, "he reeks of it," she said, "always," and interested in nothing but golf, billiards (which he played very badly), pigeon shooting, convivial Free Masonry and Stock Exchange punting. Mostly they drifted about the Riviera. Her mother had contrived her marriage when she was eighteen. They were the first samples I ever encountered of the great multitude of functionless property owners which encumbers modern civilization—but at the time I didn't think much of that aspect of them. . . .

I tell all this business as it happened without comment, because I have no comment to make. It was all strange to me, strange rather than wonderful, and, it may be, some dream of beauty died for ever in those furtive meetings; it happened to me, and I could scarcely have been more irresponsible in the matter or controlled events less if I had been suddenly pushed over a cliff into water. I swam of course—finding myself in it. Things tested me, and I reacted, as I have told. The bloom of my innocence, if ever there had been such a thing, was gone. And here is the remarkable thing about it; at the time and for some days I was over-weeningly proud, I have never been so proud before or since; I felt I had been promoted to virility; I was unable to conceal my exultation from Willersley. It was a mood of shining, shameless, ungracious self-approval. As he and I went along in the cool morning sunshine by the rice fields in the throat of the Val Maggia a silence fell between us.

"You know?" I said abruptly,—"about that woman?"

Willersley did not answer for a moment. He looked at me over the corner of his spectacles.

"Things went pretty far?" he asked.

"Oh! all the way!" and I had a twinge of fatuous pride in my unpremeditated achievement.

"She came to your room?"

I nodded.

He lifted his chin and stared before him through his glasses at nothing. "There are some things," he said, "that a man who means to work—to do great public services, *must* turn his back upon. I'm not discussing the rights or wrongs of this sort of thing. It happens to be the condition we work under. It will probably always be so. If you want to experiment in that way, if you want even to discuss it,—out you go from political life. You must know that's so. . . . You're a strange man, Remington, with a kind of kink in you. You've a sort of force. You might happen to do immense things. . . . Only—"

He stopped. He had said all that he had forced himself to say.

"I mean to take myself as I am," I said. "I'm going to get experience for humanity out of all my talents—and bury nothing."

Willersley twisted his face to its humorous expression. "I doubt if sexual proclivities," he said drily, "come within the scope of the parable."

I let that go for a little while. Then I broke out. "Sex," said I, "is a fundamental thing in life. We went through all this at Trinity. I'm going to look at it, experience it, think about it—and get it square with the rest of life. Career and Politics must take their chances of that. It's part of the general English slackness that they won't look this in the face. Gods! what a muffled time we're coming out of! Sex means breeding, and breeding is a necessary function in a nation. The Romans broke up upon that. The Americans fade out amidst their successes. Eugenics—"

"*That* wasn't Eugenics," said Willersley.

"It was a woman," I said after a little interval, feeling oddly that I had failed altogether to answer him and yet had a strong dumb case against him.

(*To be continued*)

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THE MAGIC GLASSES

FRANK HARRIS

ONE raw November morning, I left my room near the British Museum and turned down Regent Street. It was cold and misty: the air like shredded cotton-wool. Before I reached the Quadrant, the mist thickened to fog, with the color of muddied water, and walking became difficult. As I had no particular object in view, I got into talk with a policeman, and, by his advice, went into the Vine Street Police Court, to pass an hour or two before lunch. Inside the court, the atmosphere was comparatively clear, and I took my seat on one of the oak benches with a feeling of vague curiosity. There was a case going on as I entered: an old man, who pretended to be an optician, had been taken up by the police for obstructing the traffic by selling glasses. His green tray, with leathern shoulder-straps, was on the solicitors' table. The charge of obstruction could not be sustained: the old man had moved on as soon as the police told him to, and the inspector had substituted a charge of fraud, on the complaint of a workman and a shopkeeper. A constable had just finished his evidence when I came into the court.

I glanced about for the supposed criminal and found that he was seated near me on a cross-bench in the charge of a sturdy policeman. He did not look like a criminal: he was tall, thin and badly dressed in a suit of rusty black, which seemed to float about his meagre person; his complexion was tallowy-white, like the sprouts of potatoes which have been kept a long time in a dark cellar; he seemed about sixty

years old. But he had none of the furtive glances of the criminal; none of the uneasiness: his eye rested on mine and passed aside with calm indifference, contemplative and not alarmed.

The workman who was produced by the police in support of the charge of fraud amused me. He was a young man, about middle height, and dressed in corduroys, with a rough jacket of dark tweed. He was a bad witness: he hesitated, stopped and corrected himself, as if he didn't know the meaning of any words except the commonest phrases of everyday use. But he was evidently honest: his brown eyes looked out on the world fairly enough. His faltering came from the fact that he was only half articulate. Disentangled from the mist of inappropriate words, his meaning was sufficiently clear.

He had been asked by the accused, whom he persisted in calling "the old gentleman," to buy a pair of spectacles: they would show him things truer-like than he could see 'em; and so he "went a bob on 'em." Questioned by the magistrate as to whether he could see things more plainly through the glasses, he shook his head:

"No; about the same."

Then came the question: Had he been deceived? Apparently he didn't know the meaning of the word "deceived."

"Cheated," the magistrate substituted.

"No"; he hadn't been cheated.

"Well, disappointed then?"

"No"; he couldn't say that.

"Would he spend another shilling on a similar pair of glasses?"

"No," he would not; "one bob was enough to lose."

When told he might go, he shuffled out of the witness-box, and on his way to the door attempted more than once to nod to the accused. Evidently there was no malice in him.

The second police witness had fluency and self-possession enough for a lawyer: a middle-aged man, tall, florid and inclined to be stout; he was overdressed, like a spruce shopman, in black frockcoat, gray trousers and light-colored tie. He talked volubly, with a hot indignation which seemed to match his full red cheeks. If the workman was an undecided and weak witness, Mr. Hallett, of High Holborn, was a most convinced and determined witness. He had been

induced to buy the glasses, he declared, by the "old party," who told him that they would show him things exactly as they were—the truth of everything. You'd only have to look through 'em at a man to see whether he was trying to "do" you or not. That was why he bought them. He was not asked a shilling for them, but a sovereign and he gave it—twenty shillings. When he put the glasses on, he could see nothing with them, nothing at all; it was a "plant": and so he wanted the "old party" to take 'em back and return his sovereign; that might have caused the obstruction that the policeman had objected to. The "old man" refused to give him his money back; said he had not cheated him; had the impudence to pretend that he (Hallett) had no eyes for truth, and, therefore, could see nothing with the glasses. "A blamed lie," he called it, and a "do," and the "old man" ought to get six months for it.

Once or twice, the magistrate had to direct the stream of emphatic words. But the accusation was formal and precise. The question now was: How would the magistrate deal with the case? At first sight, Mr. Brown, the magistrate, made a good impression on me. He was getting on in life: the dark hair was growing thin on top and a little gray at the sides. The head was well-shaped; the forehead notably broad; the chin and jaw firm. The only unpleasant feature in the face was the hard line of mouth, with thin, unsympathetic lips. Mr. Brown was reputed to be a great scholar, and was just the type of man who would have made a pedant; a man of good intellect and thin blood, who would find books and words more interesting than men and deeds.

At first, Mr. Brown had seemed to be on the side of the accused: he tried to soften Mr. Hallett's anger. One or two of his questions, indeed, were pointed and sensible:

"You wouldn't take goods back after you had sold them, would you, Mr. Hallett?" he asked.

"Of course I would," replied Mr. Hallett stoutly; "I'd take any of my stock back at a twenty per cent reduction; my goods are honest goods: prices marked plain on 'em. But 'e would not give me fifteen shillings back out of my sovereign; not 'e; 'e meant stickin' to it all."

The magistrate looked into the body of the court and, addressing the accused, said:

"Will you reserve your defence, Mr. Henry?"

"Penry, your worship: Matthew Penry," corrected the old man in a quiet, low-pitched voice, as he rose to his feet. "If I may say so, the charge of fraud is absurd. Mr. Hallett seems to be angry because I sold one pair of glasses for a shilling and another pair to him for a sovereign. But they were not the same glasses, and, if they had been, I am surely allowed to ask for my wares what I please."

"That is true," interrupted the magistrate; "but he says that you told him he would see the truth through them. I suppose you meant that he would see more truly through them than with his own eyes?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Penry, with a certain hesitation.

"But he did not see more truly through them," continued the magistrate, "or he would not have wanted you to take them back."

"No," Mr. Penry acknowledged; "but that is his fault, not the fault of the glasses. They would show the truth, if he had any faculty for seeing it; glasses are no good to the blind."

"Come, come," said the magistrate; "now you are beginning to confuse me. You don't really pretend that your glasses will show the truth of things, the reality; you mean that they will improve one's sight, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Penry, "one's sight for truth, for reality."

"Well," retorted the magistrate smiling, "that seems rather metaphysical than practical, doesn't it? If your spectacles enabled one to discern the truth, I'd buy a pair myself: they might be useful in this court sometimes," and he looked about him with a smile, as if expecting applause.

With eager haste, the old man took him at his word, threw open his case, selected a pair of glasses and passed them to the clerk, who handed them up to Mr. Brown.

The magistrate put the glasses on; looked round the court for a minute or two, and then broke out:

"Dear me! Dear me! How extraordinary! These glasses alter everyone in the court. It's really astonishing. They don't improve

the looks of people; on the contrary, a more villainous set of countenances it would be difficult to imagine. If these glasses are to be trusted, men are more like wild animals than human beings, and the worst of all are the solicitors; really a terrible set of faces. But this may be the truth of things; these spectacles do show one more than one's ordinary eyes can perceive. Dear me! Dear me! It is most astonishing; but I feel inclined to accept Mr. Penry's statement about them," and he peered over the spectacles at the court.

"Would you like to look in a glass, your worship?" asked one of the solicitors drily, rising, however, to his feet with an attitude of respect at the same time; "perhaps that would be the best test."

Mr. Brown appeared to be a little surprised, but replied:

"If I had a glass, I would willingly."

Before the words were out of his mouth, his clerk had tripped round the bench, gone into the magistrate's private room, and returned with a small looking-glass, which he handed up to his worship.

As Mr. Brown looked in the glass, the smile of expectancy left his face. In a moment or two, he put down the glass gravely, took off the spectacles and handed them to the clerk, who returned them to Mr. Penry. After a pause, he said shortly:

"It is well, perhaps, to leave all these matters of fact to a jury. I will accept a small bail, Mr. Penry," he went on; "but I think you must be bound over to answer this charge at the sessions."

I caught the words, "£50 apiece in two sureties and his own recognisances in £100," and then Mr. Penry was told by the policeman to go and wait in the body of the court till the required sureties were forthcoming. By chance, the old man came and sat beside me and I was able to examine him closely. His mustache and beard must have been auburn at one time, but now the reddish tinge seemed only to discolor the gray. The beard was thin and long and unkempt, and added to the forlorn untidiness of his appearance. He carried his head bent forward, as if the neck were too weak to support it. He seemed feeble and old and neglected. He caught me looking at him, and I noticed that his eyes were a clear blue, as if he were younger than I had thought. His gentle, scholarly manner and refined voice had won my sympathy; and, when our eyes

met, I introduced myself and told him I should be glad to be one of his sureties, if that would save him time or trouble. He thanked me with a sort of detached courtesy: he would gladly accept my offer.

"You stated your case," I remarked, "so that you confused the magistrate. You almost said that your glasses were—magic glasses," I went on, smiling and hesitating, because I did not wish to offend him, and yet hardly knew how to convey the impression his words had left upon me.

"Magic glasses," he repeated gravely, as if weighing the words; "yes, you might call them magic glasses."

To say that I was astonished only gives a faint idea of my surprise and wonder.

"Surely, you don't mean that they show things as they are," I asked: "the truth of things?"

"That is what I mean," he replied quietly.

"Then they are not ordinary glasses?" I remarked inanely.

"No," he repeated gravely; "not ordinary glasses."

He had a curious trick, I noticed, of peering at one very intently with narrowed eyes and then blinking rapidly several times in succession as if the strain were too great to be borne.

He had made me extremely curious, and yet I did not like to ask outright to be allowed to try a pair of his glasses; so I went on with my questions.

"But, if they show truth, how was it that Mr. Hallett could see nothing through them?"

"Simply because he has no sense of reality; he has killed the innate faculty for truth. It was probably at no time very great," went on this strange merchant, smiling; "but his trader's habits have utterly destroyed it; he has so steeped himself in lies that he is now blind to the truth, incapable of perceiving it. The workman, you remember, could see fairly well through his spectacles."

"Yes," I replied laughing; "and the magistrate evidently saw a good deal more through his than he cared to acknowledge."

The old man laughed, too, in an ingenuous, youthful way that I found charming.

At last I got to the Rubicon.

"Would you let me buy a pair of your glasses?" I asked.

"I shall be delighted to give you a pair, if you will accept them," he replied, with eager courtesy; "my surety ought certainly to have a pair"; and then he peered at me in his curious, intent way. A moment later, he turned round, and, opening his tray, picked out a pair of spectacles and handed them to me.

I put them on with trembling eagerness and stared about me. The magistrate had told the truth; they altered everything: the people were the same and yet not the same; this face was coarsened past all description; that face sharpened and made hideous with greed; and the other brutalized with lust. One recognized, so to speak, the dominant passion in each person. Something moved me to turn my glasses on the merchant; if I was astounded before, I was now lost in wonder: the glasses transfigured him. The gray beard was tinged with gold; the blue eyes luminous with intelligence; all the features ennobled; the countenance irradiated with sincerity and kindliness. I pulled off the glasses hastily, and the vision passed away. Mr. Penry was looking at me with a curious little pleased smile of anticipation: involuntarily, I put out my hand to him with a sort of reverence.

"Wonderful," I exclaimed; "your face is wonderful and all the others grotesque and hideous. What does it mean? Tell me! Won't you?"

"You must come with me to my room," he said, "where we can talk freely, and I think you will not regret having helped me. I should like to explain everything to you. There are so few men," he added, "who proffer help to another man in difficulty. I should like to show you that I am grateful."

"There is no cause for gratitude," I said hastily; "I have done nothing."

His voice now seemed to me to be curiously refined and impressive, and recalled to me the vision of his face, made beautiful by the strange glasses. . . .

I have been particular to put down how Mr. Penry first appeared to me, because after I had once seen him through his spectacles, I never saw him again as I had seen him at first. Remembering my earliest impressions of him, I used to wonder how I could have

been so mistaken. His face had refinement and gentleness in every line; a certain courage, too, that was wholly spiritual. Already I was keenly interested in Mr. Penry; eager to know more about him; to help him, if that were possible, in any and every way.

Some time elapsed before the formalities for his bail were arranged, and then I persuaded him to come out with me to lunch. He got up quietly, put the leathern straps over his shoulders, tucked the big case under his arm and walked into the street with perfect self-possession; and I was not now in any way ashamed of his appearance, as I should have been an hour or two before: I was too excited even to feel pride; I was simply glad and curious.

And this favorable impression grew with everything Mr. Penry said and did, till at last nothing but service would content me; so, after lunch, I put him into a cab and drove him off to my own solicitor. I found Mr. Morris, of Messrs. Morris, Coote and Co., quite willing to take up his case at the sessions; willing, too, to believe that the charge was "trumped up" by the police and without serious foundation. But, when I drew Mr. Morris aside and tried to persuade him that his new client was a man of extraordinary powers, he smiled incredulously.

"You are enthusiastic, Mr. Winter," he said half reproachfully; "but we solicitors are compelled to see things in the cold light of reason. Why should you undertake to defend this Mr. Penry? Of course if you have made up your mind," he went on, passing over my interruption, "I shall do my best for him; but if I were you, I'd keep my eyes open and do nothing rashly."

In order to impress him, I put on a similar cold tone and declared that Mr. Penry was a friend of mine and that he must leave no stone unturned to vindicate his honesty. And with this I went back to Mr. Penry, and we left the office together.

Mr. Penry's lodging disappointed me; my expectations, I am afraid, were now tuned far above the ordinary. It was in Chelsea, high up, in a rickety old house overlooking a dingy road and barges drawn up on the slimy, fetid mud-banks. And yet, even here, romance was present for the romantic; the fog-wreaths curling over the river clothed the houses opposite in soft mystery, as if they had been draped in blue samite, and through the water-laden

air the sun glowed round and red as a fiery wheel of Phaëthon's chariot. The room was very bare; by the broad low window stood a large deal table crowded with instruments and glasses; strong electric lamps on the right and left testified to the prolonged labors of the optician. The roof of the garret ran up toward the centre, and by the wall there was a low truckle-bed, fenced off by a cheap Japanese paper screen. The whole of the wall between the bed and the window was furnished with plain pine-shelves, filled with books; everything was neat, but the room seemed friendless and cold in the thick, damp air.

There we sat and talked together, till the sun slid out of sight and the fog thickened and night came on: there our acquaintance, so strangely begun, grew to friendship. Before we went to dinner, the old man had shown me the portraits of his two daughters and a little miniature of his wife, who had died fifteen years before.

It was the first of many talks in that room, the first of many confidences. Bit by bit, I heard the whole of Mr. Penry's history. It was told to me piecemeal and inconsequently, as a friend talks to a friend in growing intimacy; and, if I now let Mr. Penry tell his tale in regular sequence and at one stretch, it is mainly in order to spare the reader the tedium of interrupted narration and needless repetitions.

"My father was an optician," Mr. Penry began, "and a maker of spectacles in Chelsea. We lived over the shop in the King's Road, and my childhood was happy enough, but not in any way peculiar. Like other healthy children, I liked play much better than lessons; but my school-days were too uneventful, too empty of love to be happy. My mother died when I was too young to know or regret her, and my father was kind, in spite of his precise, puritanical ways. I was the only boy, which perhaps made him kinder to me, and very much younger than my two sisters, who were grown up when I was in short clothes and who married and left my father's house before I had got to know them, or to feel much affection for them.

"When I was about sixteen, my father took me from school and began teaching me his own trade. He had been an admirable workman in his time, of the old English sort—careful and capable,

though somewhat slow. The desire was always present in him to grind and polish each glass as well as he could, and this practice had given him a certain repute with a circle of good customers. He taught me every part of his craft as he had learnt it; and, in the next five or six years, imbued me with his own wish to do each piece of work as perfectly as possible. But this period of imitation did not last long. Before I reached manhood, I began to draw apart from my father, to live my own life and to show a love of reading and thinking foreign to his habit. It was religion which separated us. At school I had learnt some French and German, and in both languages I came across skeptical opinions which slowly grew in my mind, and in time led me to discard and almost to dislike the religion of my father. I mention this simply because any little originality in me seemed to spring from this inquiry and from the mental struggle that convulsed three or four years of my youth. For months and months I read feverishly to conquer my doubts, and then I read almost as eagerly to confirm my skepticism.

"I still remember the glow of surprise and hope which came over me the first time I read that Spinoza, one of the heroes of my thought, had also made his living by polishing glasses. He was the best workman of his time, the book said, and I determined to become the best workman of my time; and, from that moment, I took to my trade seriously, strenuously.

"I learned everything I could about glass, and began to make my own material, after the best recipes. I got books on optics, too, and studied them, and so, bit by bit, mastered the science of my craft.

"I was not more than nineteen or twenty when my father found out that I was a much better workman than his assistant Thompson. Some glasses had been sent to us from a great oculist in Harley Street, with a multitude of minute directions. They had been made by Thompson, and were brought back to us one afternoon by a very fidgety old gentleman who declared that they did not suit him at all. The letter which he showed from Sir William Creighton, the oculist, hinted that the glasses were not carefully made. My father was out and, in his absence, I opened the letter. As soon as I had

looked at the glasses, I saw that the complaint was justified, and I told the old gentleman so. He turned out to be the famous parliamentary speaker, Lord B. He said to me testily:

"'All right, young man; you make my glasses correctly and I shall be satisfied; but not till then; you understand, not till then.'

"I smiled at him and told him I would do the work myself, and he went out of the shop muttering, as if only half reassured by my promises. Then I determined to show what I could do. When my father returned, I told him what had happened, and asked him to leave the work to me. He consented, and I went off at once to the little workshop I had made in our back-yard and settled down to the task. I made my glass and polished it, and then ground the spectacles according to the directions. When I had finished, I sent them to Sir William Creighton with a note, and a few days afterwards we had another visit from Lord B., who told my father that he had never had such glasses and that I was a 'perfect treasure.' Like many very crotchety people, he was hard to satisfy, but once satisfied he was as lavish in praise as in blame. Lord B. made my reputation as a maker of spectacles and for years I was content with this little triumph. . . .

"I married when I was about two or three-and-twenty and seven or eight years afterwards my father died. The gap caused by his death, the void of loss and loneliness, was more than filled up by my young children. I had two little girls who, at this time, were a source of perpetual interest to me. How one grows to love the little creatures, with their laughter and tears, their hopes and questions and make-believe! And how one's love for them is intensified by all the trouble one takes to win their love and by all the plans one weaves for their future! But all this is common human experience and will only bore you. A man's happiness is not interesting to other people, and I don't know that much happiness is good for a man himself; at any rate, during the ten or fifteen years in which I was happiest, I did least; made least progress, I mean, as a workman and the least intellectual advance as a man. But when my girls began to grow up and detach themselves from the home, my intellectual nature began to stir again. One must have some interests in life and, if the heart is empty, the head becomes busier, I often think.

"One day I had a notable visit. A man came in to get a pair of spectacles made: a remarkable man. He was young, gay and enthusiastic, with an astonishing flow of words, an astonishing brightness of speech and manner. He seemed to light up the dingy old shop with his vivacity and happy frankness. He wanted spectacles to correct a slight dissimilarity between his right eye and his left, and he had been advised to come to me by Sir William Creighton, as the glasses would have to be particularly well made. I promised to work at them myself, and on that he burst out:

"'I shall be very curious to see whether perfect eyes help or hurt my art. You know I am a painter,' he went on, throwing his hair back from his forehead, 'and each of us painters sees life in his own way, and beauty with certain peculiarities. It would be curious, wouldn't it, if talent came from a difference between one's eyes!'

"I smiled at his eagerness, and took down his name, then altogether unknown to me; but soon to become known and memorable above all other names: Dante Gabriel Rossetti. I made the glasses and he was enthusiastic about them, and brought me a little painting of himself by way of gratitude.

"There it is," said Penry, pointing to a little panel that hung by his bedside; "the likeness of an extraordinary man—a genius, if ever there was one. I don't know why he took to me, except that I admired him intensely; my shop, too, was near his house in Chelsea, and he used often to drop in and pass an hour in my back parlor and talk—such talk as I had never heard before and have never heard since. His words were food and drink to me, and more than that. Either his thoughts or the magic of his personality supplied my mind with the essence of growth and vigor which had hitherto been lacking to it; in a very real sense, Rossetti became my spiritual father. He taught me things about art that I had never imagined; opened to me a new heaven and a new earth and, above all, showed me that my craft, too, had artistic possibilities in it that I had never dreamed of before.

"I shall never forget the moment when he first planted the seed in me that has since grown and grown till it has filled my life. It was in my parlor behind the shop. He had been talking in his eager, vivid way, pouring out truths and thoughts, epigrams and poetry, as

a great jeweler sometimes pours gems from hand to hand. I had sat listening open-mouthed, trying to remember as much as I could, to assimilate some small part of all that word-wealth. He suddenly stopped, and we smoked on for a few minutes in silence; then he broke out again:

"'Do you know, my solemn friend,' he said abruptly, 'that I struck an idea the other day which might suit you? I was reading one of Walter Scott's novels: that romantic stuff of his amuses me, you know, though it isn't as deep as the sea. Well, I found out that, about a hundred years ago, a man like you made what they called Claude-glasses. I suppose that they were merely rose-tinted,' he laughed, 'but at any rate, they were supposed to make everything beautiful in a Claude-like way. Now, why shouldn't you make such glasses? It would do Englishmen a lot of good to see things rose-tinted for a while. Then, too, you might make Rossetti-glasses,' he went on laughingly, 'and, if these dull Saxons could only get a glimpse of the passion that possesses him, it would wake them up, I know. Why not go to work, my friend, at something worth doing? Do you know,' he continued seriously, 'there might be something in it? I don't believe, if I had had your glasses at the beginning, I should ever have been the artist I am. I mean,' he said, talking half to himself, 'if my eyes had been all right from the beginning, I might perhaps have been contented with what I saw. But as my eyes were imperfect I tried to see things as my soul saw them, and so invented looks and gestures that the real world would never have given me.'

"I scarcely understood what he meant," said Mr. Penry, "but his words dwelt with me: the ground had been prepared for them; he had prepared it; and at once they took root in me and began to grow. I could not get the idea of the Claude-glasses and the Rossetti-glasses out of my head, and at last I advertised for a pair of those old Claude-glasses, and in a month or so a pair turned up.

"You may imagine that, while I was waiting, time hung heavy on my hands. I longed to be at work; I wanted to realize the idea that had come to me while Rossetti was talking. During my acquaintance with him, I had been to his studio a dozen times, and had got to know and admire that type of woman's beauty which is now connected with his name; the woman, I mean, with swanlike throat

and languid air and heavy-lidded eyes, who conveys to all of us now something of Rossetti's insatiable passion. But, while I was studying his work and going about steeped in the emotion of it, I noticed one day half-a-dozen girls whom Rossetti could have taken as models. I had begun, in fact, to see the world as Rossetti saw it; and this talk of his about the Claude-glasses put the idea into my head that I might, indeed, be able to make a pair of spectacles which would enable people to see the world as Rossetti saw it and as I saw it when Rossetti's influence had entire possession of me. This would be a great deal easier to do, I said to myself, than to make a pair of Claude-glasses; for, after all, I did not know what Claude's eyes were really like and I did know the peculiarity of Rossetti's eyes. I accordingly began to study the disparate quality in Rossetti's eyes and, after making a pair of spectacles that made my eyes see unequally to the same degree, I found that the Rossettian vision of things was sharpened and intensified to me. From that moment on, my task was easy. I had only to study any given pair of eyes and then to alter them so that they possessed the disparity of Rossetti's eyes and the work was half done. I found, too, that I could increase this disparity a little and, in proportion as I increased it, I increased also the peculiarity of what I called the Rossettian view of things; but, if I made the disparity too great, everything became blurred again.

"My researches had reached this point, when the pair of old Claude-glasses came into my hands. I saw at a glance that the optician of the eighteenth century had no knowledge of my work. He had contented himself, as Rossetti had guessed, with coloring the glasses very delicately and in several tints; in fact, he had studied the color peculiarities of the eye as I had studied its form perculiarities. With this hint, I completed my work. It took me only a few days to learn that Rossetti's view of color was just as limited, or, I should say, just as peculiar, as his view of form; and, when I once understood the peculiarities of his color-sight, I could reproduce them as easily as I could reproduce the peculiarities of his vision of form. I then set to work to get both these peculiarities into half-a-dozen different sets of glasses.

"The work took me some six or eight months; and, when I had done my best, I sent a little note round to Rossetti and awaited his

coming with painful eagerness, hope and fear swaying me in turn. When he came, I gave him a pair of the spectacles; and, when he put them on and looked out into the street, I watched him. He was surprised—that I could see—and more than a little puzzled. While he sat thinking, I explained to him what the old Claude-glasses were like and how I had developed his suggestion into this present discovery.

"'You are an artist, my friend,' he cried at last, 'and a new kind of artist. If you can make people see the world as Claude saw it and as I see it, you can go on to make them see it as Rembrandt saw it and Velasquez. You can make the dullards understand life as the greatest have understood it. But that is impossible,' he added, his face falling: 'that is only a dream. You have got my real eyes, therefore you can force others to see as I see; but you have not the real eyes of Rembrandt or Velasquez, or Titian; you have not the physical key to the souls of the great masters of the past; and so your work can only apply to the present and to the future. But that is enough, and more than enough,' he added quickly. 'Go on: there are Millais' eyes to get too; and Corot's in France, and half-a-dozen others; and glad I shall be to put you on the scent. You will do wonderful things, my friend, wonderful things.'

"I was mightily uplifted by his praise and heart-glad, too, in my own way; but resolved at the same time not to give up the idea of making Velasquez-glasses and Rembrandt-glasses; for I had come to know and to admire these masters through Rossetti's talk. He was always referring to them, quoting them, so to say; and, for a long time past, I had accustomed myself to spend a couple of afternoons each week in our National Gallery, in order to get some knowledge of the men who were the companions of his spirit.

"For nearly a year after this, I spent every hour of my spare time studying in the National; and at last it seemed to me that I had got Titian's range of color quite as exactly as the old glasses had got Claude's. But it was extraordinarily difficult to get his vision of form. However, I was determined to succeed; and, with infinite patience and after numberless attempts, success began slowly to come to me. To cut a long story short, I was able, in eight or ten years, to construct these four or five different sorts of glasses. Claude-

glasses and Rossetti-glasses, of course; and also Titian-glasses, Velasquez-glasses and Rembrandt-glasses; and again my mind came to anchor in the work accomplished. Not that I stopped thinking altogether; but that for some time my thoughts took no new flight, but hovered round and about the known. As soon as I had made the first pair of Rossetti-glasses, I began to teach my assistant, Williams, how to make them too, in order to put them before the public. We soon got a large sale for them. Chelsea, you know—old Chelsea, I mean—is almost peopled with artists, and many of them came about me and began to make my shop a rendezvous, where they met and brought their friends and talked; for Rossetti had a certain following, even in his own lifetime. But my real success came with the Titian-glasses. The great Venetian's romantic view of life and beauty seemed to exercise an irresistible seduction upon everyone, and the trade in his glasses soon became important.

"My home life at this time was not as happy as it had been. In those long years of endless experiment, my daughters had grown up and married, and my wife, I suppose, widowed of her children, wanted more of my time and attention, just when I was taken away by my new work and began to give her less. She used to complain at first; but, when she saw that complaints did not alter me, she retired into herself, as it were; and I saw less and less of her. And then, when my work was done and my new trade established, my shop, as I have told you, became the rendezvous for artists, and I grew interested in the frank, bright faces and the youthful, eager voices, and renewed my youth in the company of the young painters and writers who used to seek me out. Suddenly, I awoke to the fact that my wife was ill, very ill, and, almost before I had fully realized how weak she was, she died. The loss was greater than I would have believed possible. She was gentle and kind, and I missed her every day and every hour. I think that was the beginning of my dislike for the shop, the shop that had made me neglect her. The associations of it reminded me of my fault; the daily requirements of it grew irksome to me.

"About this time, too, I began to miss Rossetti and the vivifying influences of his mind and talk. He went into the country a great deal and for long periods I did not see him, and, when at length we met, I found that the virtue was going out of him: he had become

moody and irritable, a neuropath. Of course, the intellectual richness in him could not be hidden altogether: now and then, he would break out and talk in the old magical way:

> And conjure wonder out of emptiness,
> Till mean things put on beauty like a dress
> And all the world was an enchanted place.

But, more often, he was gloomy and harassed, and it saddened and oppressed me to meet him. The young artists who came to my shop did not fill his place; they chattered gaily enough, but none of them was a magician as he had been, and I began to realize that genius such as his is one of the rarest gifts in the world.

"I am trying, with all brevity, to explain to you the causes of my melancholy and my dissatisfaction: but I don't think I have done it very convincingly; and yet, about this time, I had grown dissatisfied, ill at ease, restless. And once again my heart-emptiness drove me to work and think. The next step forward came inevitably from the last one I had taken.

"While studying the great painters, I had begun to notice that there was a certain quality common to all of them, a certain power they all possessed when working at highest pressure: the power of seeing things as they are—the vital and essential truth of things. I don't mean to say that all of them possessed this faculty to the same degree. Far from it. The truth of things to Titian is overlaid with romance: he is memorable mainly for his magic of color and beauty while Holbein is just as memorable for his grasp of reality. But compare Titian with Giorgione or Tintoretto, and you will see that his apprehension of the reality of things is much greater than theirs. It is that which distinguishes him from the other great colorists of Venice. And, as my own view of life grew sadder and clearer, it came to me gradually as a purpose that I should try to make glasses that would show the reality, the essential truth of things, as all the great masters had seen it; and so I set to work again on a new quest.

"About this time, I found out that, though I had many more customers in my shop, I had not made money out of my artistic enterprises. My old trade as a spectacle-maker was really the most

profitable branch of my business. The sale of the Rossetti-glasses and the Titian-glasses, which at first had been very great, fell off quickly as the novelty passed away, and it was soon apparent that I had lost more than I had gained by my artistic inventions. But whether I made £1,500 a year, or £1,000 a year, was a matter of indifference to me. I had doubled that cape of forty which to me marks the end of youth in a man, and my desires were shrinking as my years increased. As long as I had enough to satisfy my wants, I was not greedy of money.

"This new-born desire of mine to make glasses which would show the vital truth of things soon began to possess me; and, gradually, I left the shop to take care of itself, left it in the hands of my assistant, Williams, and spent more and more time in the little workshop at the back, which had been the theatre of all my achievements. I could not tell you how long I worked at the problem; I only know that it cost me years and years, and that, as I gave more time and labor to it and more and more of the passion of my soul, so I came to love it more intensely and to think less of the ordinary business of life. At length, I began to live in a sort of dream, possessed by the one purpose. I used to get up at night and go on with the work, and rest in the day. For months together, I scarcely ate anything, in the hope that hunger might sharpen my faculties; at another time, I lived almost wholly on coffee, hoping that this would have the same effect; and, at length, bit by bit, and slowly, I got nearer to the goal of my desire. But, when I reached it, when I had constructed glasses that would reveal the naked truth, show things as they were and men and women as they were, I found that circumstances about me had changed lamentably.

"In the midst of my work, I had known without realizing it that Williams had left me and started a shop opposite, with the object of selling the artistic glasses, of which he declared himself the inventor; but I paid no attention to this at the time, and when, two or three years afterwards, I awoke again to the ordinary facts of life, I found that my business had almost deserted me. I am not sure, but I think it was a notice to pay some debts which I hadn't the money to pay, that first recalled me completely to the realities of everyday life. What irony there is in the world! Here was I, who had been laboring

for years and years with the one object of making men see things as they are and men and women as they are, persecuted now and undone by the same reality which I was trying to reveal.

"My latest invention, too, was a commercial failure: the new glasses did not sell at all. Nine people out of ten in England are truthblind, and could make nothing of the glasses; and the small minority, who have the sense of real things, kept complaining that the view of life which my glasses showed them, was not pleasant: as if that were any fault of mine. Williams, too, my assistant, did me a great deal of harm. He devoted himself merely to selling my spectacles; and the tradesman succeeded where the artist and thinker starved. As soon as he found out what my new glasses were, he began to treat me contemptuously; talked of me at times as a sort of half-madman, whose brain was turned by the importance given to his inventions; and at other times declared that I had never invented anything at all, for the idea of the artistic glasses had been suggested by Rossetti. The young painters who frequented his shop took pleasure in spreading this legend and attributing to Rossetti what Rossetti would have been the first to disclaim. I found myself abandoned, and hours used to pass without anyone coming into my shop. The worst of it was that, when chance gave me a customer, I soon lost him: the new glasses pleased no one.

"At this point, I suppose, if I had been gifted with ordinary prudence, I should have begun to retrace my steps; but either we grow more obstinate as we grow older, or else the soul's passion grows by the sacrifices we make for it. Whatever the motives of my obstinacy may have been, the disappointment, the humiliation I went through seemed only to nerve me to a higher resolution. I knew I had done good work, and the disdain shown to me drove me in upon myself and my own thoughts."

So much I learned from Mr. Penry in the first few days of our acquaintance, and then for weeks and weeks he did not tell me any more. He seemed to regard the rest of his story as too fantastic and improbable for belief, and he was nervously apprehensive lest he should turn me against him by telling it. Again and again, however, he hinted at further knowledge, more difficult experiments, a more

arduous seeking, till my curiosity was all aflame, and I pressed him, perhaps unduly, for the whole truth.

In those weeks of constant companionship, our friendship had grown with almost every meeting. It was impossible to escape the charm of Penry's personality! He was so absorbed in his work, so heedless of the ordinary vanities and greeds of men, so simple and kindly and sympathetic, that I grew to love him. He had his little faults, of course, his little peculiarities; surface irritabilities of temper; moments of undue depression, in which he depreciated himself and his work; moments of undue elation, in which he over-estimated the importance of what he had done. He would have struck most people as a little flighty and uncertain, I think; but his passionate devotion to his work lifted the soul, and his faults were, after all, insignificant in comparison with his noble and rare qualities. I had met no one in life who aroused the higher impulses in me as he did. It seemed probable that his latest experiments would be the most daring and the most instructive, and, accordingly, I pressed him to tell me about them with some insistence, and, after a time, he consented:

"I don't know how it came about," he began, "but the contempt of men for my researches exercised a certain influence on me, and at length I took myself seriously to task: was there any reason for their disdain and dislike? Did these glasses of mine really show things as they are, or was I offering but a new caricature of truth, which people were justified in rejecting as unpleasant? I took up again my books on optics and studied the whole subject anew from the beginning. Even as I worked a fear grew upon me: I felt that there was another height before me to climb, and that the last bit of road would probably be the steepest of all. . . . In the Gospels," he went on, in a low, reverent voice, "many things are symbolic and of universal application, and it always seemed to me significant that the Hill of Calvary came at the end of the long journey. But I shrank from another prolonged effort; I said to myself that I couldn't face another task like the last. But, all the while, I had a sort of uncomfortable prescience that the hardest part of my life's work lay before me.

"One day, a casual statement stirred me profoundly. The primary colors shown in the rainbow vary from red to blue and violet;

and the vibrations, or lengths, of the light-waves that give us violet grow shorter and shorter and, at length, give us red. These vibrations can be measured. One day, quite by chance, I came across the statement that there were innumerable light-waves longer than those which give violet. At once the question sprang: were these longer waves represented by colors which we don't see, colors for which we have no name, colors of which we can form no conception? And was the same thing true of the waves which, growing shorter and shorter, give us the sensation of red? There is room, of course, for myriads of colors beyond this other extremity of our vision. A little study convinced me that my guess was right; for all the colors which we see are represented to our sense of feeling in degrees of heat: that is, blue shows one reading on the thermometer and red a higher reading; and, by means of this new standard, I discovered that man's range of vision is not even placed in the middle of the register of heat, but occupies a little space far up toward the warmer extremity of it. There are thousands of degrees of cold lower than blue and hundreds of degrees of heat above red. All these gradations are doubtless represented by colors which no human eye can perceive, no human mind imagine. It is with sight as with sound. We know now that there are noises louder than thunder which we cannot hear, the roar that lies on the other side of silence. We men are poor restless prisoners, hemmed in by our senses as by the walls of a cell, hearing only a part of nature's orchestra and that part imperfectly; seeing only a thousandth part of the color marvels about us and seeing that infinitesimal part incorrectly and partially. Here was new knowledge with a vengeance! Knowledge that altered all my work! How was I to make glasses to show all this? Glasses that would reveal things as they are and must be to higher beings—the ultimate reality. At once, the new quest became the object of my life, and, somehow or other, I knew before I began the work that the little scraps of comfort or of happiness which I had preserved up to this time, I should now forfeit. I realized with shrinking and fear, that this new enquiry would still further remove me from the sympathy of my fellows.

"My prevision was justified. I had hardly got well to work—that is, I had only spent a couple of years in vain and torturing experiments—when I was one day arrested for debt. I had paid no

attention to the writ; the day of trial came and went without my knowing anything about it; and there was a man in possession of my few belongings before I understood what was going on. Then I was taught by experience that to owe money is the one unforgivable sin in the nation of shopkeepers. My goods were sold up and I was brought to utter destitution"—the old man paused—"and then sent to prison because I could not pay."

"But," I asked, "did your daughters do nothing? Surely, they could have come to your help!"

"Oh! they were more than kind," he replied simply, "the eldest especially, perhaps because she was childless herself. I called her Gabrielle," he added, lingering over the name; "she was very good to me. As soon as she heard the news, she paid my debt and set me free. She bought things, too, and fitted out two nice rooms for me and arranged everything again quite comfortably; but you see," he went on with a timid, deprecating smile, "I tired out even her patience: I could not work at anything that brought in money and I was continually spending money for my researches. The nice furniture went first; the pretty tables and chairs and then the bed. I should have wearied an angel. Again and again Gabrielle bought me furniture and made me tidy and comfortable, as she said, and again and again, like a spendthrift boy, I threw it all away. How could I think of tables and chairs, when I was giving my life to my work? Besides, I always felt that the more I was plagued and punished, the more certain I was to get out the best in me: solitude and want are the twin nurses of the soul."

"But didn't you wish to get any recognition, any praise?" I broke in.

"I knew by this time," he answered, "that, in proportion as my work was excellent, I should find fewer to understand it. How many had I seen come to praise and honor while Rossetti fell to nerve-disease and madness; and yet his work endures and will endure, while theirs is already forgotten. The tree that grows to a great height wins to solitude even in a forest: its highest outshoots find no companions save the winds and stars. I tried to console myself with such similes as this," he went on, with a deprecatory smile, "for the years passed and I seemed to come no nearer to success. At last, the way

opened for me a little, and, after eight or ten years of incessant experiment, I found that partial success was all I should ever accomplish. Listen! There is not one pair of eyes in a million that could ever see what I had taught myself to see, for the passion of the soul brings with it its own reward. After caring for nothing but truth for twenty years, thinking of nothing but truth, and wearying after it, I could see it more clearly than other men: get closer to it than they could. So the best part of my labor—I mean the highest result of it—became personal, entirely personal, and this disappointed me. If I could do no good to others by it, what was my labor but a personal gratification? And what was that to me—at my age! I seemed to lose heart, to lose zest. . . . Perhaps it was that old age had come upon me, that the original sum of energy in me had been spent, that my bolt was shot. It may be so.

"The fact remains that I lost the desire to go on, and, when I had lost that, I woke up, of course, to the ordinary facts of life once again. I had no money; I was weak from semi-starvation and long vigils, prematurely old and decrepit. Once more, Gabrielle came to my assistance. She fitted up this room, and then I went out to sell my glasses, as a pedlar. I bought the tray and made specimens of all the spectacles I had made, and hawked them about the streets. Why shouldn't I? No work is degrading to the spirit, none, and I could not be a burden to the one I loved, now I knew that my best efforts would not benefit others. I did not get along very well: the world seemed strange to me, and men a little rough and hard. Besides, the police seemed to hate me; I don't know why. Perhaps, because I was poor, and yet unlike the poor they knew. They persecuted me, and the magistrates before whom they brought me always believed them and never believed me. I have been punished times without number for obstruction, though I never annoyed anyone. The police never pretended that I had cheated or stolen from anyone before; but, after all, this latest charge of theirs brought me to know you and gave me your friendship; and so I feel that all the shame has been more than made up to me."

My heart burned within me as he spoke so gently of his unmerited sufferings. I told him I was proud of being able to help him. He put his hand on mine with a little smile of comprehension.

A day or two later curiosity awoke in me again, and I asked him to let me see a pair of the new glasses, those that show the ultimate truth of things.

"Perhaps, some day," he answered quietly. I suppose my face fell, for, after a while, he went on meditatively: "There are faults in them, you see, shortcomings and faults in you, too, my friend. Believe me, if I were sure that they would cheer or help you in life, I would let you use them quickly enough; but I am beginning to doubt their efficacy. Perhaps the truth of things is not for man."

When we entered the court on the day of Penry's trial, Morris and myself were of opinion that the case would not last long and that it would certainly be decided in our favor. The only person who seemed at all doubtful of the issue was Penry himself. He smiled at me, half pityingly, when I told him that in an hour we should be on our way home. The waiting seemed interminable, but at length the case was called. The counsel for the prosecution got up and talked perfunctorily for five minutes, with a sort of careless unconcern that seemed to me callous and unfeeling. Then he began to call his witnesses. The workman, I noticed, was not in the court. His evidence had been rather in favor of the accused, and the prosecution, on that account, left it out. But Mr. 'Allett, as he called himself, of 'Igh 'Olborn, was even more voluble and vindictive than he had been at the police-court. He had had time to strengthen his evidence, too, to make it more bitter and more telling, and he had used his leisure malignantly. It seemed to me that everyone should have seen his spite and understood the vileness of his motives. But no; again and again, the judge emphasized those parts of his story which seemed to tell most against the accused. The judge was evidently determined that the jury should not miss any detail of the accusation, and his bias appeared to me iniquitous. But there was a worse surprise in store for us. After Hallett, the prosecution called a canon of Westminster, a stout man, with heavy jowl and loose, suasive lips, Canon Bayton. He told us how he had grown interested in Penry and in his work, and how he had bought all his earlier glasses, the

Rossetti-glasses, as he called them. The canon declared that these artistic glasses threw a very valuable light on things, redeemed the coarseness and commonness of life and made reality beautiful and charming. He was not afraid to say that he regarded them as instruments for good; but the truth-revealing glasses seemed to excite his utmost hatred and indignation. He could not find a good word to say for them: they only showed, he said, what was terrible and brutal in life. When looking through them, all beauty vanished, the charming flesh-covering fell away and you saw the death's-head grinning at you. Instead of parental affection, you found personal vanity; instead of the tenderness of the husband for the wife, gross and common sensuality. All high motives withered, and, instead of the flowers of life, you were compelled to look at the wormlike roots and the clinging dirt. He concluded his evidence by assuring the jury that they would be doing a good thing if they put an end to the sale of such glasses. The commerce was worse than fraudulent, he declared; it was a blasphemy against God and an outrage on human nature. The unctuous canon seemed to me worse than all the rest; but the effect he had on the jury was unmistakable, and our barrister, Symonds, refused to cross-examine him. To do so, he said, would only strengthen the case for the prosecution, and I have no doubt that he was right, for Morris agreed with him.

But even the prosecuting witnesses did not hurt us more than the witnesses for the defence. Mr. Penry had been advised by Mr. Morris to call witnesses to his character, and he had called half-a-dozen of the most respectable tradesmen of his acquaintance. One and all did him harm rather than good; they all spoke of having known him twenty years before, when he was well-to-do and respectable. They laid stress upon what they called "his fall in life." They all seemed to think that he had neglected his business and come to ruin by his own fault. No one of them had the faintest understanding of the man, or of his work. It was manifest from the beginning that these witnesses damaged our case, and this was apparently the view of the prosecuting barrister, for he scarcely took the trouble to cross-examine them.

It was with a sigh of relief that I saw Mr. Penry go into the

box to give evidence on his own behalf. Now, I thought, the truth will come to light. He stated everything with the utmost clearness and precision; but no one seemed to believe him. The wish to understand him was manifestly wanting in the jury, and from the beginning the judge took sides against him. From time to time, he interrupted him just to bring out what he regarded as the manifest falseness of his testimony.

"You say that these glasses show truth," he said. "Who wants to see truth?"

"Very few," was Penry's reply.

"Why, then, did you make the glasses," went on the judge, "if you knew that they would disappoint people?"

"I thought it my duty to," replied Penry.

"Your duty to disappoint and anger people?" retorted the judge; "a strange view to take of duty. And you got money for this unpleasant duty, didn't you?"

"A little," was Penry's reply.

"Yes; but still you got money," persisted the judge. "You persuaded people to buy your glasses, knowing that they would be disappointed in them, and you induced them to give you money for the disappointment. Have you anything else to urge in your defence?"

I was at my wits' end; I scarcely knew how to keep quiet in my seat. It seemed to me so easy to see the truth. But even Penry seemed indifferent to the result, indifferent to a degree that I could scarcely explain or excuse. This last question, however, of the judge aroused him. As the harsh, contemptuous words fell upon the ear, he leaned forward, and, selecting a pair of spectacles, put them on and peered round the court. I noticed that he was slightly flushed. In a moment or two, he took the glasses off and turned to the judge:

"My lord," he said, "you seem determined to condemn me, but, if you do condemn me, I want you to do it with some understanding of the facts. I have told you that there are very few persons in this country who have any faculty for truth, and that the few who have, usually have ruined their power before they reach manhood. You scoff and sneer at what I say, but still it

remains the simple truth. I looked around the court just now to see if there was anyone here young enough, ingenuous enough, pure enough, to give evidence on my behalf. I find that there is no one in the court to whom I can appeal with any hope of success. But, my lord, in the room behind this court there is a child sitting, a girl with fair hair, probably your lordship's daughter. Allow me to call her as a witness, allow her to test the glasses and say what she sees through them, and then you will find that these glasses do alter and change things in a surprising way to those who can use them."

"I don't know how you knew it," broke in the judge, "but my daughter is in my room waiting for me, and what you say seems to have some sense in it. But it is entirely unusual to call a child, and I don't know that I have any right to allow it. Still, I don't want you to feel that you have not had every opportunity of clearing yourself; so, if the jury consent, I am quite willing that they should hear what this new witness may have to say."

"We are willing to hear the witness," said the foreman, "but really, your lordship, our minds are made up about the case."

The next moment, the child came into the court—a girl of thirteen or fourteen, with a bright, intelligent face, a sort of shy fear troubling the directness of her approach.

"I want you to look through a pair of spectacles, my child," said Penry to her, "and tell us just what you see through them," and, as he spoke, he peered at her in his strange way, as if judging her eyes.

He then selected a pair of glasses and handed them to her. The child put them on and looked round the court, and then cried out suddenly:

"Oh, what strange people; and how ugly they all are. All ugly, except you who gave me the glasses; you are beautiful." Turning hastily round, she looked at her father and added, "Oh, papa, you are—Oh!" and she took off the glasses quickly, while a burning flush spread over her face.

"I don't like those glasses," she said indignantly, laying them down. "They are horrid! My father doesn't look like that."

"My child," said Penry, very gently, "will you look through

another pair of glasses? You see so much that perhaps you can see what is to be, as well as what is. Perhaps you can catch some glimpse even of the future."

He selected another pair and handed them to the child. There was a hush of expectancy in the court; people who had scoffed at Penry before and smiled contempt, now leaned forward to hear, as if something extraordinary were about to happen. All eyes were riveted on the little girl's face; every ear strained to hear what she would say. Round and round the court she looked through the strange glasses and then began to speak in a sort of frightened monotone:

"I see nothing," she said. "I mean there is no court and no people, only great white blocks, a sort of bluey-white. Is it ice? There are no trees, no animals; all is cold and white. It is ice. There is no living creature, no grass, no flowers, nothing moves. It is all cold, all dead." In a frightened voice she added: "Is that the future?"

Penry leaned towards her eagerly:

"Look at the light, child," he said; "follow the light up and tell us what you see."

Again a strange hush; I heard my heart thumping while the child looked about her. Then, pulling off the glasses, she said peevishly:

"I can't see anything more: it hurts my eyes."

* * *

Death in Prison.

"Matthew Penry, whose trial and condemnation for fraud will probably still be remembered by our readers because of the very impressive evidence for the prosecution given by Canon Bayton, of Westminster, died, we understand, in Wandsworth Prison yesterday morning from syncope."—Extract from *The Times*, January 3rd, 1900.

THE NEW IRISH OUTLOOK

JAMES BOYLE

This is now the dull season in British politics, and it is a good time to take stock of the accomplishments, the situation, the tendencies, and the prospects, of the parties.

The developments of the past two years illustrate not only the anomalies of the British Constitution, but the contradictions of the British character; and they also demonstrate the wonderful adaptability of the one to changing conditions, and the practicability of the other. These expressions of national life give as a resultant a government which, while monarchical in form, is democratic in practice, and a public sentiment which is a curious mixture of insular, fussy parochialism, and a world-sweeping, magnificent, and beneficent ideal of Imperialism.

A few months ago, the trend of opinion and events suggested that the venerable British Constitution would be smashed to pieces; but it now seems as if the political surgeons would save its life, although it is not yet known whether the operation will be a minor or a major one. Once more it has been shown that the active principle which controls the British people—in Government, religion, and economics—is Compromise. The death of King Edward brought about the "truce of God" in the most bitter partisan struggle of many decades; now the leaders of the dominant parties are holding a "round-table conference." At present, nobody can say what the result will be; but it is certain to be another instance of the "give-and-take" principle. The House of Lords will be shorn of much of its hereditary Parliamentary trappings—privileges which to a great extent are shadowy and merely formal—while a really effective Second Chamber—based, however, on more democratic and representative principles—will be evolved; at least, that is the outlook. It seems equally certain, also, that several other questions of enormous importance will emerge from the melting pot in a changed form. And first among these is the question of Home Rule for Ireland.

It has already been practically settled that Mr. Redmond will not be able to elbow Home Rule gently through, as a mere incident of

the battle over the Budget and the inevitable reform of the House of Lords. There is another development as to Home Rule, and that is that as a political question it will from now on be discussed from a different point of view—by both the Irish and the English; and probably this will be done without any general consciousness that the Irish question, in all its phases, now has a new outlook. There is a new Ireland even more than there is a new England; and both the Irish and the English are looking at Home Rule not so much in a different light, as from a different angle. The probabilities are that the old days of unreasoning stubborn prejudice on the one side, and of passionate protest, and not infrequently outrage, on the other, have gone for ever. Though the English may not concede that "Ireland is a Nation," yet no longer is it true that the ruthless Saxon is "hanging men and women for the wearing of the green!" A few recent incidents confirm the general statement that whatever may be the declarations and divisions of political parties, the ancient bitterness is disappearing, and that the Irish question has been lifted from the quagmire of religious and racial hatred between Saxon and Celt. The Nationalist Party itself has become split, largely because the regular organization under the leadership of Mr. Redmond has not been quite responsive enough to the new spirit of tolerance and good-feeling which has grown up in Ireland within recent years. King Edward's death evoked a profound sentiment of sympathetic sorrow among the common people of Ireland. The English people have responded, as Protestants, by yielding to the Catholic demand for the wiping out of the royal accession declaration the offensive denunciations of specific Roman Catholic doctrines. So far, while Mr. Redmond has acted solely in behalf of Irish interests, proclaiming himself an independent, he has been compelled, by force of circumstances, to make an alliance with the Ministerialists. But within recent years there has been a great change in the relation of British politics to the Irish question, and of the Irish people to British politics.

In the first place, it should be kept in mind that the instincts of the Catholic Irish when they are fairly treated are naturally Conservative, rather than Radical. It is a remarkable fact that a majority of the great Home Rule leaders have been Protestants; and probably more than a majority of the Irish revolutionists have not

only been Protestants, but have had a good sprinkling of "Sassenach" blood in their veins. It is notorious that the descendants of Cromwell's "Ironsides" became "more Irish than the Irish themselves,"—and they became a part of the irrepressible "Tipperary boys." The first great emigration from Ireland to America was not of Catholic Celts, but of Presbyterian "Scotch-Irish," so-called. They had been oppressed by "Anglicanism," politically and religiously: they came to America with hatred in their hearts against everything English; and there was no element among the Colonials which more eagerly welcomed the war for Independence than this one—so intensely Protestant. And in organized National movements before the present Home Rule agitation commenced, Protestants took a leading part; the "Volunteers" were mainly Protestants, and a number of the leaders of the "Young Ireland" Party were Protestants. The Irish Protestant anti-English sentiment was not wholly confined to non-Episcopalians, but speaking generally Anglicans in theology have always been in favor of the British connection, for obvious reasons. However, with the removal of their grievances there was a disappearance of their hostility to the Union on the part of the Presbyterian and the other non-Episcopalian Protestants; and now the name Protestant in Ireland is practically synonymous with bitter hostility to Home Rule and with passionate devotion to the Union. The cause of Catholic agitation was religious discrimination; and the backbone of the demand for Home Rule has been alien ownership of the land. The first grievance is now practically only a memory of the past; and the second is within sight of removal. The "foreign" Anglican Church has been disestablished, and Protestantism no longer enjoys special privileges over the faith of a vast majority of the population. In fact, complaints are now made that the British Government is showing special favor to Catholic sacerdotalism in Ireland, and these complaints do not all have Protestant sources either, particular reference being made to the vast sums of public money now being handled by the priests and nuns for primary educational purposes. The Catholics have been given a University in which the "atmosphere" will be in harmony with the religious belief of the great mass of the inhabitants,—and a long-standing grievance has been thereby satisfactorily settled. It is a

momentous fact that the Catholic Church, as such, in Ireland, has no substantial fault to find now with the British Government or the British connection. Heretofore, the demand for Home Rule, based on political justice, national aspiration, and economic considerations, has been given an intensity and a piousness of enthusiasm by a sense of wrong through religious discrimination: there has always been the feeling that in fighting for Home Rule, Catholics were striking a blow for faith as well as for fatherland. But now the situation has changed. There are already indications of the development of a re-alignment, if not of an actual separation, of the old relations as between religion and politics in Ireland. On the one hand, we see the clergy and dignitaries of the Catholic Church indulging freely in criticism of the Nationalists,—that is, of their tactics—quite apart from the questions of violence and boycotting, which the Church has always condemned. And on the other hand, we see many Irish Nationalists protesting against their Party being made a close corporation religiously, and the Independent O'Brienites in Parliament, who are such a thorn in Mr. Redmond's side, give as one of the chief reasons of their organization their objection to the fact—as charged by the "insurgents"—that Protestants are barred from participation in the regular Nationalist movement. So strong is the feeling on this score, that the followers of O'Brien call the Redmondites "Catholic Orangemen" and "Molly Maguires." Be it remarked that this is a quarrel between different organizations of Catholic Nationalists, and that Protestants and Unionists have nothing whatever do with it.

There is now a new Ireland—an Ireland which is practically unknown to the vast majority of the Irish race in America. This new Ireland has been created mainly by the recent Land Acts, although there are other causes—social, economic, as well as legislative—which are silently but surely at work in the regeneration of the unhappy Erin of old. Intelligent and fair-minded Irish-Americans who have within the last five or six years visited the "old country" after a long interval, see this wonderful change for the better, and freely acknowledge it. Those Irish-Americans who are inclined to be skeptical and cannot afford the time or money to test this assertion by a personal visit, should read *Ireland, Yesterday and To-day*, by Hugh

Sutherland, a special correspondent of the Philadelphia *North American* who, although a Protestant, is a sympathizer with Home Rule. The reader should compare Mr. Sutherland's observations made on the occasion of his first visit in 1902 with those made on his second visit in 1909. Mr. Redmond has an introduction to the book, which is a compilation of the correspondent's vividly descriptive and judicially impartial letters to the Philadelphia *North American*. Mr. Redmond naturally makes the cautious observation that he does not bind himself "to an absolute acceptance of every opinion expressed in the letters"; but he does say that the letters "exhibit a thorough and comprehensive grasp of the Irish question in all its details." Mr. Sutherland quotes John Dillon as declaring to him that "Ireland has made more progress in the last ten years than during the previous two hundred years." Mr. Dillon—"member of Parliament, scholar, historian and agitator, one of the ablest of the leaders during a stormy generation," as Mr. Sutherland so well describes him—does not refer alone to the "broad reform" brought about by the recent Land Acts, but "to the spirit of the people. The whole face of the land is changing, and the spirit of the people with it." Yet—and it would not be reasonable to expect otherwise—Mr. Dillon insists that "the Home Rule sentiment is stronger than ever. It is increasing steadily"; although he adds that he does "not mean to convey that it is a burning issue at this moment." (This was a few months before the recent elections.) And Mr. Sutherland agrees with that generalization.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the question of Home Rule—either for or against—but it is quite in harmony with the statements of Messrs. Redmond and Dillon, as well as with the observations of Mr. Sutherland, to say that it is certain that neither the masses of the people nor the leaders look at the National question in the old bitter spirit; and even the opponents of Home Rule are now beginning to admit that an Irishman can favor the abolition of the alien "Castle Government" without entertaining designs against the Empire. Indeed, it is not too much to say that were the British people—the English and the Irish Protestants particularly—thoroughly convinced that Home Rule did not mean, ultimately, Separation and the destruction of the Empire, and were satisfactory

guarantees given for the protection of the loyal minority, the chief objections to Home Rule would be swept away. One of the most encouraging phases of the present situation in Ireland is the spirit of tolerance as regards both politics and religion which has spread over the country, among all classes.

Apart from the attitude of the Irish people themselves toward Home Rule in these changing times, the Parliamentary position of the entire Irish question has been altered since the recent election. Mr. Redmond no longer heads a united band of stalwarts. There are now ten Independent Nationalists, headed by William O'Brien, who repudiate the successor of Parnell, and denounce what is characterized as the "thimble-rigging" by which Ireland is to "obtain nothing else except the shadowy promise of a sham revolution in an exceedingly hazy future,"—referring to the Premier's so-called pledge as to Home Rule based on the abolition of the veto power of the House of Lords, in return for which Mr. Redmond gave his seventy votes for a Budget which is detested in Ireland. Mr. O'Brien openly expresses his distrust of the Liberal Party; and in this he undoubtedly voices a growing sentiment among his countrymen, whatever may be the merits of his quarrel with Mr. Redmond otherwise.

Although the overwhelming absorption of the interest of the people in Home Rule, the land problem, and in religious feuds, has heretofore shut out all intelligent general discussion of other political and economic questions, it is a fact that the Irish are historically Protectionist in sentiment; and now the more rational tone of discussion prevailing among Irishmen of all classes, the spirit of tolerance spreading over the country, and the improved social conditions, have opened the way for a broader sphere of politics. There is little doubt that the bulk of the Irish people are in active sympathy with the Conservative programme of "Tariff Reform," which is the British name for moderate Protection; but heretofore the exigencies of politics and the bitter cleavage between the Irish and the English races have kept smothered the natural expression of the former in regard to this question—as it has with regard to other matters, for instance, Royalty itself. There is a consensus of opinion in Ireland that that country could under a scheme of Protection supply England with enormous quantities of field, farm,

and dairy produce which are now supplied by the United States, Denmark, Russia, and even South America.

During this Summer, a remarkable convention of British—including Irish—Catholics was held at Leeds, England. It was probably the most representative gathering of the laity and ecclesiastics of the Catholic faith ever held in the British Isles, and was non-political. It is noteworthy, and very significant, that one of its most distinctive features was the prominence given to a new movement—the organization of Catholic Trade Unionists, separate from the regular labor bodies, this separation being because of the latter's Socialist leanings, and particularly because of their Secularist attitude as to the common schools; and, strange to say, this movement on the part of Catholic—and mostly Irish—working-men, is in sympathy with an agitation now going on among an extremely Protestant section of British workmen—mostly Orangemen— in certain parts of the United Kingdom. This movement among the Catholic working-men—the vast majority of whom are Irishmen—presages an inevitable drift toward the Conservative Party in politics.

Temperamentally, racially, and religiously, the Catholic Celt is naturally more of a Conservative than he is a Radical, on the one condition that he is treated justly by the governing powers; and —probably unconsciously—Mr. O'Brien and his followers are illustrating this psychological fact. This is true notwithstanding that it was the Liberals who disestablished the Anglican Church, and that it is the Tories, mainly, who are opposing Home Rule. The one great factor which is revolutionizing conditions in Ireland is the legislation by which the peasants are becoming landed proprietors instead of being tenants by sufferance. It was the Conservatives who passed this beneficent legislation. The Irish people keep this in mind; and, with the racial land-hunger, this is a matter which comes very close to the Irish heart. Nor has it escaped the Irish peasants that while the policy of the modernized "Tory Democracy" is in the direction of cutting up the large estates into small farms to be owned by the tillers, the drift of the Liberals is all toward tenant farms with government ownership of the land. So, on the land question, as the situation stands, the average Irish-

man is a Conservative and is diametrically opposed to Lloyd George Radicalism.

There is another factor of immense importance in the remarkable development of the shifting relations of the Irish people toward British politics—and that is their intense dislike and fear of the advancing English, Scotch and Welsh Socialism. Space forbids even an outline of the amazing growth of Socialism in Great Britain. Ireland alone in the United Kingdom refuses to join the aggressive army led by Robert Blatchford and Keir Hardie. It is true that the Labor-Socialists are in favor of Home Rule for Ireland; so, likewise, are they in favor of Home Rule for India and Egypt; and so they are in favor of abolishing the House of Lords—and some are even in favor of abolishing the Monarchy. They are in favor of a one-chamber Parliament because they believe that when that can be established there will be a clear field for the inauguration of the "Coöperative Commonwealth," in which the State will own all the means of social production, including the land. The Labor-Socialists leave no doubt that this last object—the very heart of Modern Socialism—is the "ultimate aim" of the present movement, which has within recent years captured the entire trade union organization of Great Britain. It is known of all men that the Catholic Church is absolutely opposed to this doctrine. In Ireland the Catholic hierarchy has denounced the alliance in Parliamentary tactics—tacit but actual—between the Redmondites and Labor-Socialists, not only for doctrinal reasons as regards the cardinal principle of Marxism, but because, with regard to an ever-present issue, the Labor-Socialists are in favor of Secularism in education. The Catholic Church, the world over, even in the United States, is in favor of religion in all schools,—which in practice means it is opposed to schools which its members have to support, unless definite Catholic instruction is given therein. The prevailing system of education in Great Britain and Ireland is denominational; broadly speaking, it is the support by the State of all schools which come up to a certain educational standard, no matter whether they be Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Wesleyan (Methodist), or Jewish. Naturally, most of the schools in Ireland are Catholic; in England most of them are Anglican; in Scotland nearly all are

Presbyterian. As a Party, the Liberals are Secularists, only not so pronouncedly as are the Socialists; while the Conservatives are overwhelmingly Denominationalists. So, on the educational question, the Irish Catholics and the Conservatives are in sympathy. On the specific issue of Socialism, not only are the Catholic priesthood solidly opposed, but so are the vast majority of Irish laymen; indeed, a Catholic Irish Socialist cannot be said to exist, notwithstanding the fact that some of the leaders of the labor movement are Catholics,—but they are finding their position exceedingly and increasingly difficult. Although the leaders of the Liberal Party deny that their organization is favorable to "definite" Socialism, yet it is a matter of cold fact that the whole drift in their party for several years has been steadily toward Socialism. On the other hand, the Conservative Party are specifically and aggressively opposed to Socialism;—and in nothing is this difference of attitude as between the two parties shown more than as regards peasant proprietorship as advocated by the Conservatives, and tenancy and State ownership of land as favored by the Liberals. The present outlook is that the Labor-Socialists will either capture or will wreck the Liberal Party. Aside from the matter of an extra tax on whiskey (the staple product of Ireland), the inherent and ineradicable opposition of the Catholic Irish to doctrinal Socialism is the explanation of the strong dislike of all Nationalists—no matter whether acknowledging the leadership of Redmond or following the insurgent banner of O'Brien—to the famous Lloyd George Budget: for they believe that its central principle of land taxation is Socialistic. And it might be remarked that the Socialists, both Continental and British, believe so also. It can be seen, therefore, that the greatest political and economic issue of modern times, that of Individualism versus Collectivism, will irresistibly draw the Irish people away from the Liberal and toward the Conservative Party.

After full consideration of the new outlook on Irish affairs, the enquiry will naturally be made: Do the changed conditions mean that Home Rule is near at hand, or do they indicate that as a political question it is gradually to fade away, leaving only the memory of a sentiment engendered by past injustice,—which injustice, however, no longer exists? It would be one of the greatest

ironies of history if, just when the English people were getting ready to grant Home Rule, the Irish people ceased demanding it! But, even though this extraordinary situation developed, it would not by any means follow that Ireland would not possess real local self-government in the same degree enjoyed by the other parts of the United Kingdom.

THE VISION

EZRA POUND

I

When first I saw thee 'neath the silver mist
Ruling thy bark of painted sandal-wood,
Did any know thee? By the golden sails
That clasped the ribbands of that azure sea,
Did any know thee, save my heart alone?
O ivory woman with thy bands of gold,
Answer the song my lute and I have brought thee!

II

Dream over golden dream, that secret cist,
Thy heart, O heart of me, doth hold, and mood
On mood of silver when the day's light fails.
Say who hath touched the secret heart of thee
Or who hath known what my heart hath not known!
O slender pilot whom the mists enfold,
Answer the song my lute and I have wrought thee!

III

When new love plucks the falcon from his wrist
And cuts the gyve and casts the scarlet hood,
Where is the heron heart whom flight avails?
O swift to prize me Love, how suddenly
From out the tumult truth hath ta'en his own
And in this vision is our past unrolled.
Lo! with a hawk of light thy love hath caught me.

IV

And I shall get no peace from eucharist,
Nor doling out strange prayers before the rood
To match the peace that thine hands' touch entails,
Nor doth God's light match light shed over me
When thy caught sunlight is about me thrown.
Ah! for the very ruth thine eyes have told,
Answer the rune this love for thee hath taught me.

V

After an age of longing, had we missed
Our meeting and the dream, what were the good
Of weaving cloth of words; were jeweled tales
An opiate meet to quell the malady
Of life unlived? In untried monotone
Were not the earth as vain, and dry, and old
For thee, O Perfect Light, had I not sought thee?

VI

Calais, in song where tone and word keep tryst,
Behold my heart, and hear mine hardihood!
Calais, the wind is come and heaven pales
And trembles for the love of day to be.
Calais, the words break and the dawn is shown!
Ah! but the stars set when thou wast first bold:
Turn! lest they say a lesser light distraught thee!

VII

O ivory thou, the golden scythe hath mown
Night's stubble and my joy. Ah, Royal-souled,
Favor the quest! Lo, Truth and I have sought thee!

NIETZSCHE AND MORALS

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

NIETZSCHE, as he himself expresses it, is a breaker of standard values. He seeks to draw people from the herd. This is to court misinterpretation and crucifixion. The good, the just, and the orthodox make a hue-and-cry when a prophet has a new word for the same old religion and morality; but when he asks the good, the just, and the moral to re-value their own virtues, when he calls on them to re-value their values and to weigh their bad goodness in the balance with their good badness, as it were, they naturally rub their eyes. Neither Christianity nor paganism fits this man's philosophy, and it always seems dangerous to the crowd to accept nameless ideals.

What does Nietzsche offer as a solution to some of the problems which beset thinking people? So much of his writing is obscure and apparently contradictory that it is very difficult to find out what his fundamental aim is. An orthodox Christian, a narrow moralist, indeed even a free thinker, reading his books, may well be puzzled and somewhat terrified by what they find; but, whatever else may have happened to them before they finish his pages, they will have been made to think and to weigh their virtues and their vices in a new balance.

"Man," says Nietzsche, "is a connecting rope between the animal and the over-man, a rope over an abyss. What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal; what can be loved in man is that he is a transit and an exit."

Here is the key to some of his meaning. When he mocks, it is at the crawling under-man. When he incites, it is to spur the man to hasten the coming of the over-man. As monkey is to man, so is man to the over-man, and all Nietzsche's commandments are to further the advent of this new creation or evolution. In doing this, he breaks down the idols of traditional Christianity and of morals ruthlessly. In *The Dawn of Day* he says that—

"man has connected all things in existence with morals, and dressed up the world in a garb of ethical significance. The day will come when all this will be utterly valueless, as is already, in our days, the belief in the masculinity or femininity of the sun."

Looking upon morality as a mere obedience to customs, he feels it is intrinsically, on that very account, valueless. The great thing of value, he implies, is the absolute reality of a man's personal vision, whether it be moral, Christian, pagan, or even vicious. Morality always declares that the individual must sacrifice himself to the commandment of the current order of virtue. Nietzsche would sacrifice the current morality to the inner vision of the man wise, sane, and single enough to have a vision. According to him, the free man is often called immoral, simply because he is determined in everything to depend upon his inner vision and not upon observance.

In *The Dawn of Day*, Nietzsche says truly:

"It is incalculable how much suffering just the rarer, choicer, and more original minds must have undergone in the course of history, owing to their ever being looked upon, nay, and their looking upon themselves, as evil and dangerous. Originality of every kind has acquired a bad conscience under the supreme rule of the morality of custom, and up to this very moment the heaven of the best, for the same reason, appears gloomier than it need be."

Nietzsche ridicules the fear man has of his own individuality or of his sweetest and quietest visions. This fear, he feels, often makes a man, in order to escape from the subtle demands of his deepest self, rush into a restless mania of work, which Nietzsche calls "machinal activity." From this he gets a "minute joy." Incessant activity, under the name of work, is what this strong, virile intellectualist considers a mere device to prevent dreams and reflections. In *Human, all too Human*, he says:

"It is the misfortune of the active that their activity is almost always somewhat senseless. The active roll like a stone in accordance with the stupidity of mechanics. All men are still divided, as they have ever been, into bond and free. Whoever has not two-thirds of the day to himself is a slave, no matter what he may be otherwise —statesman, merchant, official, or scholar."

Nietzsche is dubious about the "blessings of labor," unless, like asceticism, it is undertaken for a very definite end.

"Against any kind of affliction," he says in *The Dawn of Day*, "or mental misery, we ought to try first of all a change of diet and hard manual labor."

"The greatest events," he says in *Zarathustra*, "are not our loudest, but our stillest hours. The world doth not revolve round the inventors of new noises, but round the inventors of new values."

Nietzsche's cry to us is still to re-value. He calls on us to face our strenuousness as well as our sins, to find out the true worth of all our endeavors, to introspect and decide what we are, what we are aiming at, and what goal we have before us. He declares that six things have been spoilt through their misuse by the Church. First asceticism, then fasting, the cloister, the festival or orgy, our spontaneous self, and death. If we truthfully take those points one by one and wrestle with Nietzsche's meaning with regard to them, we shall be nearer an understanding of this apparently stern iconoclast, and certainly nearer to a comprehension of our own souls.

The mere moralist and sentimentalist will put down much of Nietzsche's teaching as dangerous or insane. To assert that Nietzsche actually went mad, is, of course, a cheap way of refuting his doctrines. About his insanity one is inclined to believe his own words in *The Dawn of Day*, where he says that in olden days, when insanity appeared, a grain of genius and wisdom, something "divine," as they whispered into each other's ears, was to be found. If Nietzsche's visions and thoughts were too much for the poor human brain which carried them, let us beware how we judge him, and only pray for a mental digestion strong enough to choose the good and reject the evil of the message he has left us.

Nietzsche did not go mad because he wrote philosophy, or even because he wrote against Christianity, any more than De Maupassant went mad because he wrote novels. We have still to understand insanity before we can judge it. All with which we have to concern ourselves is to see to it that we do not drive our rarer and more sensitive brothers to the edge of it when they come with a new message. Crucifixion is not the only method of disposing of those who are pure in heart.

According to Nietzsche's philosophy a man must never sacrifice the greater for the less, an eternal verity, a great human instinct, for a mere code, however noble that code may be. Had Domini, in Hichens' novel, *The Garden of Allah*, been a follower of Nietzsche, she would not have crushed in herself feelings more fundamental than

all mere moralities, and sent back the man she loved to live a lie in his living death. His monkhood, after a glance at the eternal verities with Domini, could have been only a tasteless offering to his God. But, given the belief in a rigid code of morality, neither Domini nor her lover could have acted differently.

It is, however, against such slavery to duties so called, to conventions and to religious and moral brutalities, which crucify natural and mystical instincts, that Nietzsche wages war. No over-man, he seems to argue, can develop from a hypnotized or shackled under-man. Where goodness proceeds from an exuberance of self, and not from a repression of self, he believes in it; but he is very hard on the weaklings who think themselves good because they have lame paws. He says in *Zarathustra*:

"Thou shalt strive after the virtue of the pillar. It ever getteth more beautiful and tender, but inside ever harder and more able to bear the load the higher it ariseth."

His cry to us is to get rid of fear, to face evil, to re-value it, and to re-value goodness. To do this we must get rid of cowardice and of half-gods. It is a big call, and few dare respond. It means high flying and courage, for, to use his own words, "the higher a man flies, the smaller he appears to the crowd beneath," and we all know that the crowd beneath have almost superhuman powers to arrest flight.

In declaring that Nietzsche commands a man to follow his own inner vision, it must not be imagined that he implies laxity. Nietzsche, virile thinker as he is, is in a very real sense ascetic; his work abounds with calls to temperance and hardness. Asceticism to him does not mean a slaying of instincts and happiness. He takes the word in its literal Greek sense, which means to exercise oneself, to combat, so that in this sense an ascetic means an athlete.

This fact must always be borne in mind when reading Nietzsche, because, in the ordinary sense, asceticism means a hair-shirt and actual repression. Nietzsche defines chastity, for instance, as the economy of the artist. He would also call asceticism the athleticism of the strong man; and strong means always to Nietzsche the controlled and, therefore, the great man. In his *Genealogy of Morals*, he says:

" My highest respect to the ascetic ideal in so far as it is honest, so long as it believes in itself and cuts no capers for us. I do not like the whited sepulchres which mimic life, agitators dressed up as heroes and who are at bottom tragic clowns only."

He resents the " enormous forgery in ideals, these best-distilled waters of the spirit," but toward the trained athlete in control and endurance, who is simple and single in his endeavors to live a hard, forcible, and sincere life, his sympathy goes out. He feels that the true ascetic does not suffer senselessly. He wills to suffer and even seeks for suffering, because he knows the significance behind it. Nietzsche feels that, though asceticism has so far only brought suffering into the perspective of guilt, still, that point of view, crude as it is, has redeemed it from its senselessness and apparent cruelty. To suffer as an atonement is a higher view of the order of things than the conception of a jealous and angry God torturing mankind with no definite end in view.

Nietzsche is a tonic like quinine. There is no sedative quality in him. He braces and fortifies. As a protest against mere philanthropy and sentimental, theoretic love of one's neighbor, his philosophy has its value in an age somewhat given over to forced sacrifices for others as a liberation of one's own soul. " To many a man it is not right to give thy hand, but only thy paw, and I want thy paws to have claws," is quite wholesome advice to those who, again to use his own words, are not on their " guard against the assaults of their love. The lonesome one stretches out his hand too readily to him whom he encounters."

His clear call to men and women, then, is a very individualistic one. In fact, it is supreme individualism that Nietzsche preaches with unflinching sincerity, a sincerity which spares no person and no point of view, ancient or modern. His demand for a total re-adjustment of moral values is for the individual to apply to his own life. His cry to men and women to make themselves as shining lights or precious jewels by building up and beautifying their own characters is a healthy demand, if a one-sided one. In these days of universal panaceas for right living it is a sane voice which cries, " Begin reform on yourself—it is the only means of converting your neighbor."

His gospel may seem hard and almost unduly intellectual to a mere ethical sentimentalist who finds it easier to expound a gospel than to attempt to live it. In these days of mystic gropings and socialistic materialisms, it is good to listen to the dictates of an egotist who cries:

"Be hard, learn to suffer with hardness, ignore mere sacrifices, and evolve yourself. By so doing you will help your neighbor better than by offering to carry his pack on your shoulders."

This gospel of hardness and apparent selfishness must, of course, be approached with a realization of the fact that Nietzsche is one of those whose cry of warning is chiefly against himself.

Nietzsche, from all the evidence, was a man of very sensitive and tender nature, and his dread of where this might lead him accounts for an over-vigorous protest against a softness and sweetness of heart and soul with which the casual student of his hard sayings would scarcely credit him. Nietzsche is not a prophet of the soul at all. One must not expect the deepest word from him. Not merely is he devoid of what George Eliot called "other-worldliness," but it seems to me that he is without the higher wisdom. The essential wisdom which is childlike in faith and womanly in sympathy, is lacking. He is a man of large intellectual ideals and courageous aims, a virile warrior of the intellect, a high-priest of culture and self-control. To this man knowledge, to use his own words in his *Gay Science*, is not—

"a couch of repose, or the way to a couch of repose, or an entertainment, or an idling. For me," he says, "it is a world of perils and triumphs, in which the heroic sentiments also have their arena and dancing-ground. Life as a means to knowledge! With this principle in one's heart one not only can be brave, but can even live joyfully and laugh joyfully. And who could understand how to laugh well and live well who did not first of all understand war and triumph well?"

In his *Will to Power*, he says:

"It is no small advantage to have a hundred swords of Damocles hanging over one; that way one learns to dance, and so one achieves freedom of movement."

This is a fine trumpet-call with which to take up life with more than Emersonian courage, for Emerson has a warmer word of sure

comfort for us. Nietzsche's demand relies on the heroic quality inherent in a man simply because he is a man. He never calls on us to subdue our flesh or expand our spirit for the mere sake of virtue. He is not sure that moralists have not been smothering their morality with their own maxims. It is this he wants each one of us to find out by being quite true to our inner vision.

To study Nietzsche carefully is to get a virile, intellectual, masterful record of a distinctly modern individuality. He has dared to face what morals are worth, not because he feels they are worthless, but because some of the people who believe in them and act up to their lights show a heaviness of heart and a lethargy of action which contrast feebly with the dazzling swiftness and energy of the followers of sin. When the followers of morality have a shine and shimmer of joy in their deeds, and are gay under their accepted burdens, and take suffering and illness and death as their goodly heritage, there will be no need for a second Nietzsche to arise to ask us to weigh our Christianity and morality in the balance. The drab, pestilential self-sufficiency of many so-called good people is one of the stumbling-blocks to the weaker brethren. They halt lest they also should become as grim as these heavy ones are.

As a tonic, a necessary tonic, Nietzsche's philosophy is very valuable. As a gospel it is, for some of us, quite inadequate. It is a mere weapon, not a whole armor. It is not warm or rich enough to subdue the hearts of women and nerve the souls of men, except in their fleeting moods. He is great as an incentive toward a fuller wisdom, of which he has perhaps suggested one or two keynotes, and he is a corrective of much which is flabby in our sentimental, humanitarian morality. He has certainly given us an unusual view of suffering.

Nietzsche protests against suffering as a punishment or as an atonement. He looks upon it as the most valuable and educative event which can come to us, a true gift of the gods, like love or death. And by pain he means not self-sought suffering, but the inevitable agony accompanying the great growths of each individual life. To shun suffering, according to Nietzsche, is to shun development and so the shorter way to the over-man. He looks upon pain as a tool or implement, also as the father of pleasure. At the end of his satirical

tirade about marriage and love, in which the best he can say for love is that at its height it is only an enraptured similitude and a dolorous glow, he adds:

"It is a torch to light you to loftier paths. You are to love beyond yourselves some day. Then learn first of all to love; you had to drink the bitter cup of love on that account. There is bitterness even in the cup of the best love. It thus produces aspiration toward the over-man: it thus produces thirst in thee, the creating one."

Happiness, he seems to argue, mere personal happiness, is not a thing to be sought for its own sake, and suffering should be more joyously received than happiness. "It seems to me," he says, "who am favorably inclined to life, that butterflies, soap-bubbles, and whatever is of a similar kind among human beings, enjoy most happiness." In his *Beyond Good and Evil*, he says:

"You want, if possible—and there is not a more foolish 'if possible'—to do away with suffering. And we? It really seems that we would rather have it increased and made worse than it has ever been before. Well-being, as you understand it, is certainly not a goal; it seems to us an end, a condition, which at once renders man ludicrous and contemptible and makes his destruction desirable. The discipline of suffering, of great suffering, know ye not that it is only this discipline that has produced all the elevations of humanity hitherto? The tension of soul in misfortune which communicates to it its energy, its shuddering in view of rack and ruin, its inventiveness and bravery in steadfastly enduring, interpreting, and exploiting misfortune and whatever depth, mystery, disguise, spirit, artifice, or greatness has been bestowed upon the soul, has it not been bestowed through suffering, through the discipline of great suffering?

"In man, creature and creator are united. In man there is not only matter, shred, excess, clay, mire, folly, chaos, but there is also the creator, the sculptor, the hardness of the hammer, the divinity of the spectator and the seventh day. Do you understand this contrast? And that your sympathy for 'the creature in man' applies to that which has to be fashioned, bruised, forged, stretched, roasted, annealed, refined, to that which must necessarily suffer and is meant to suffer? And our sympathy? Do ye not understand what our converse sympathy applies to, when it resists your sympathy as the worst of all pampering and enervation?"

Sympathy for others means to him "trying to smooth away every sharp edge and corner in life, and so turning mankind into small,

soft, round, infinite sand." His work abounds with such sentences as these: "What does not kill me strengthens me"; and again, "It is great affliction only that is the ultimate emancipation of the mind."

Nietzsche's attitude toward evil is as original as his attitude toward suffering. "All good things," he says, "were at one time bad things; every original sin has developed into an original virtue." This is again a plea not to miss the virtue—to venture on a paradox—of evil. To understand evil, even to have had it as a circumstance in one's own life, is one of the best ways of understanding its other and better self—good.

"In the twilight of the gods," he says, "all passions have a time when they are fatal only, when, with the weight of their folly, they drag their victim down; and they have a later, a very much later, period, when they wed with spirit, when they are 'spiritualized.' To wage war against passion itself is folly, as great a folly as it was for the old dentist to pull out teeth because they gave pain. Deadly hostility against sensuality is always a critical symptom: one is thereby justified in making conjectures with regard to the general condition of such an extremist. Moreover, that hostility, that hatred, only reaches its height when such natures no longer possess sufficient strength for a radical cure."

Nietzsche is always waging war against the anti-naturalness of current morality. One of his most beautiful and characteristic passages on this is in *Zarathustra.*

"Once thou hadst passions and calledst them evil. But now thou hast only thy virtues; they grew out of thy passions. Thou enlistedst those passions on behalf of thy highest aim; they then became thy virtues and joys.

"And though thou mightest be of the race of the hot-tempered, or of the voluptuous, or of the fanatical, or of the revengeful,

"All thy passions in the end became virtues and all thy devils angels. Once thou hadst wild dogs in thy cellar; but in the end they changed to birds and charming songstresses.

"Out of thy poisons thou hast brewed balsam for thyself; thou hast milked thy cow, affliction, and now thou drinkest the sweet milk of her udder.

"And henceforth nothing evil grows in thee any longer, unless it be the evil that arises out of the conflict of thy virtues."

"If man would no longer think himself wicked he would cease to be so," he says in *The Dawn of Day.*

To look upon suffering and evil as forces to help on toward the over-man, is perhaps the keynote of Nietzsche's moral philosophy. "In nearly all crimes," he says, "some qualities are expressed which ought not to be absent in a man." To turn all so-called evil and deep suffering into forces for power and development, to have no waste of this vigorous raw material, is to advance, according to Nietzsche. His counsel with regard to the treatment of our enemies is almost the finest in his work, and has a distinctly new note in it.

"When ye have an enemy," he says in *Zarathustra*, "do not return him good for evil, for that would make him ashamed. But prove that he has done something good to you. And rather, even, be angry than make a person ashamed. And when ye are cursed, it is not my pleasure that ye should desire to bless. Better curse a little also."

His horror of self-righteousness, or of a magnanimity which savors of proving one's own virtue, is very healthy and refreshing. "We can only raise men we do not treat with contempt," he says. "Moral contempt is worse than any crime."

Cant of any kind is, to Nietzsche, the evil of evils, and sincerity of vision the great good. One of his ideas in *The Dawn of Day* might be compared with Edward Carpenter's philosophy, and it indicates a deeper wisdom than mere intellectual insight.

"You would like," he says, "to pose as discerners of men, but you shall not pass as such. Do you fancy that we do not notice that you pretend to be more experienced, deeper, more passionate, more perfect than you really are, as decidedly as we notice in yon painter a presumptuousness even in the way of using his brush; in yon musician, by the way he introduces his theme, a desire to set it off for higher than it really is? Have you ever experienced in yourselves a history, wild commotions, earthquakes, deep, long sadness, fleeting happiness? Have you been foolish with great and little fools? Have you really borne the weal and woe of good people, and also the woe and peculiar happiness of the most evil? Then speak of morality, but not otherwise."

He declares that the three things most hated and feared by the virtuous—voluptuousness, thirst of power, and selfishness—have in them the kernels of the great virtues. Of voluptuousness he says:

"It is a sweet poison unto the withered only, but the great invigoration of the heart, and the reverently spared wine of wines for those who have the will of a lion. Voluptuousness! but I will have railings round my thoughts, and even round my words, that swine and enthusiasts may not break into my gardens!"

His will to power, and his antagonism to sympathy, which he considers weakness, make selfishness, hardness, and love of power virtues in his eyes. "Help thyself," he says, "then every one else helps thee." His conception of the four highest virtues is very characteristic of the man. First of all, we are to be perfectly honest toward ourselves, and to all who are friendly with us; valiant in face of our enemy; generous to the vanquished; and polite, always, and in all cases. He advocates politeness as a defence against intrusion and petty inquisitions. "I am polite unto them as I am to all small annoyances. To be bristly toward what is small, seemeth unto me to be a wisdom for hedgehogs." Force and lightness are the two things he admires. He says in the *Wagner* book that the first proposition of his æsthetics is that "everything divine runs with light feet," and all through his work we find the dancer spoken of symbolically in the most enthusiastic language.

Nietzsche has little to say of women. He is curiously reticent about them. In his philosophy there is evidently to be no overwoman. He says that it is only to men one should speak of women, and all through his work one finds the under-man, and not the overman, judging women. "Everything in woman is a riddle," he says, "and everything in woman has one solution—pregnancy." Bernard Shaw has perhaps helped us to understand Nietzsche's gospel on women in his *Man and Superman*. "Man is for woman a means; the purpose is always the child. But what is woman for man?" Nietzsche asks this question, and leaves it wisely unanswered.

"The true man," says Nietzsche, "wants two different things —danger and diversion. He therefore wants a woman as the most dangerous plaything." The best women are a little weary of this point of view. To be a toy or a danger, or both, is growing monotonous. Were woman not a consummate actress, and very kindhearted, she would have dropped the rôle long ago. "In the true man," he says, "there is a child hidden: it wants to play. Up, then,

ye women, discover, I pray you, the child in man." This is her mission, according to Nietzsche. It is an old-world one, and one far from contemptible—to bear children and to amuse. One is surprised to find, however, that Nietzsche expects from women—who are still cats and birds, he thinks, and the best of us cows—the greatest thing of all. "Let your hope be, 'May I bear the over-man,'" he says. In his *Wagner* book, he puts women in a strange category. "In the theatre," he declares, "one becomes mob, herd, woman, Pharisee, voting animal, patron, idiot, Wagnerian." "As yet," he says, in *Zarathustra*, "women are incapable of friendship." His definition of friendship being as high as that of Thoreau, it is possible that when a woman attains it she may be worthy to bear the over-man. "Art thou pure air and solitude and medicine to thy friend?" asks Thoreau.

"In a woman's love," Nietzsche says, "there is unfairness and blindness to all she does not love. And even in woman's enlightened love there are still outbreaks and lightnings, and night along with the light." In his *Wagner* essay he declares, "Woman would like to believe that love can do all. It is a superstition peculiar to herself. Alas! he who knows the heart finds out how poor, helpless, pretentious, and liable to error even the best, the deepest love is; how it rather destroys than saves." In the same essay he says, "Man is cowardly before all that is eternally feminine; women know it. In many cases of feminine love (perhaps precisely in the most celebrated cases), love is only a more refined parasitism, a nesting in a strange soul, sometimes even in a strange body. Ah! at what expense always to 'the host'!"

One wonders if the old woman in *Zarathustra* gave the subtlest advice a woman can give a man about her sex. "Thou goest to women?" she asks. "Do not forget the whip!"

"Women always intrigue in secret against the higher souls of their husbands; they seek to cheat them out of the future for the sake of a painless and comfortable present." . . . "We think woman deep. Why? Because we never find any depth in her. Woman is not even shallow."

These reflections on woman are worth quoting, because, as I have said before, Nietzsche is a tonic, and wise women read him with an open mind, though, possibly, with the suspicion of a smile.

We must always approach Nietzsche with no fear of our own belief, or semi-belief, but with this open mind. We must remember his own words:

"The longing for a strong belief is not evidence of a strong belief; rather the contrary. When one has this belief one may allow one's self the choice luxury of skepticism; one is sufficiently sure, sufficiently resolute, and sufficiently bound for doing so."

Nietzsche declares that we refute a thing best by laying it respectfully on ice. But his attitude toward Christianity is the attitude of a man with a red-hot poker in his hand. He dares to ask the question, "Is man only a mistake of God, or God only a mistake of man?" He demands of philosophers that they take up their position beyond good and evil, and he asks them to become superior to the illusion of moral sentiment, which belongs, in his mind, as religious sentiment does, to a stage of ignorance. Few of us, as he says, have the courage for what we really know, and Nietzsche is unspeakably valuable to any reader of his who learns through him to re-value all he values most. We need have no fear. Wisdom and truth are not soap-bubbles; they do not burst by being examined. To re-value is always a painful process, and means loss as well as gain. The advantage of doing it is that what is left is one's very own, bought often at a great price, but a treasure which no man can take away. Nietzsche's attitude in religion and morals is in this way a very necessary and helpful one. "If there were no graves," he says, "there would be no resurrections."

Perhaps Nietzsche's attitude to life and morals is well summed up in one of the finest passages in *Zarathustra:*

"He who is emancipated in spirit has still to purify himself. Many traces of the prison and the mold still remain in him; his eye has yet to become pure. Yea, I know thy danger. But by my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not away thy love and thy hope!

"Thou still feelest thyself noble, and the others also still feel thee noble who bear thee a grudge and cast evil looks. Know this, that to every one a noble one stands in the way.

"A noble one stands also in the way of the good; and, even when they call him good, they want thereby to thrust him aside.

"The noble one wants to create something new, he wants to make a new virtue. The good man wants what is old, he wants the old to

be retained. But the danger of the noble one is not lest he become a good man, but lest he become a bully, a scoffer, a destroyer.

"Ah! I have known noble ones who lost their highest hope. And then they disparaged all high hopes. They then lived unabashed, gratifying temporary pleasures, and seldom laid out plans for more than a day.

"'Spirit is voluptuousness!' they said. Then the wings of their spirit broke, and now it creeps about, befouling where it gnaws.

"Once they thought of becoming heroes; now they are sensualists. The hero is a trouble and a terror to them.

"But by my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not away the hero in thy soul! Maintain holy thy highest hope!

"I do not exhort you to work, but to fight. I do not exhort you to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a battle, let your peace be a victory."

HOSPITAL ABUSES

NORMAN BARNESBY, M.D.

I THINK the statement can hardly be challenged that the civilization of a city or a state may be judged by the efficiency of its hospitals. These institutions are the outcome of the most generous human impulses, the desire of the strong and prosperous to care for and comfort the suffering and the needy.

It is an inspiring sight to walk through the well-kept wards of a great hospital, to see the long rows of comfortable beds with their convalescing occupants, the splendid operating rooms in which are gathered from all the world the latest instruments and apparatus for the treatment and cure of surgical conditions, and, hardly less admirable, the well-arranged laundry and spotless kitchen. Equally impressive is the discipline of the fine corps of nurses and attendants, and the clock-like regularity which everywhere prevails. From open admiration and wonder the feeling soon changes to awe as the visitor grasps the magnitude and precision of this great system, devised and maintained, it would appear, solely for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Unfortunately, there are conditions in hospitals and sanitariums that are anything but ideal, and in many even of our most famous institutions there is another and less attractive side to the picture.

The visiting surgeons of hospitals are ordinarily men of experience and ability, a fact regarded by the prospective patient as of the utmost consideration. It also influences the philanthropist, who thinks that in contributing to the charity wards he is placing poor helpless creatures in the hands of the most humane and skilful operators. How fortunate for the poor and how gratifying to their sympathizers that the humblest outcast may have as good surgical attendance as the millionaire! It almost savors of Utopia.

This is very well in theory, but it is hardly borne out in practice. For instance, I was informed by a nurse recently that a house surgeon in one of the largest New York hospitals had performed, during his few weeks of service, no less than seventy-five major operations, and that the attending surgeons were in the habit

of giving most of their work to this young man unless they got paid for it. So that any non-paying patient who enters this particular institution expecting to receive the services of one of the famous surgeons connected with it at least by name will simply be turned over to an assistant who is allowed to operate pretty much as he likes. He may be a very fair surgeon by this time—he certainly ought to be after such experience—but he is not a master surgeon, and the patients are deceived.

This nurse, whose veracity is beyond question, assured me that she had seen a number of our great surgeons sterilize their hands, go to the operating table, make the first incision, and then turn the case over to the house surgeon, telling him to get busy and finish it up, as they had to hurry away.

From my experience as a medical student in Chicago and from visits to the leading hospitals in all parts of the country, I am convinced that this abuse is common to all of our great cities, and presumably to those of Europe as well. Particularly, I believe, is this so in the medical wards, where the treatment by proxy is often the rule rather than the exception. Sir William Wilkes, the famous English physician, remarked on his retirement from the consulting staff of a London hospital that he supposed he was a "consulting physician" because no one ever consulted him. "It might be well," remarks the London correspondent of the *Therapeutic Gazette*, "if the exalted rank of consulting physician carried with it some opportunities for bestowing on the hospitals the often invaluable help of long years of large experience."

It cannot be denied, of course, that charity patients as a rule are fortunate in having the surgical attendance of reputable house surgeons or sometimes even of internes, for these young men are graduates and are certainly possessed of some skill. Nevertheless our philanthropists have in many cases stipulated that certain endowments were given expressly to insure the best medical and surgical treatment that the hospital could provide for the poorest patient. In any case, it is inexcusable to deceive these patients and allow them to be operated on under false pretences.

There is no better way to judge a doctor's character than to study his respective methods of treatment in charity and pay cases.

A modern hospital is supposed to provide charity patients with all the *essentials* in the matter of treatment that the case demands. Essentially, then, a paying patient gets no more than a charity patient. The presence or absence of many of the luxuries which paying patients are able to command is really very unimportant *per se*. The main thing is the treatment,—medical, dietetic, and hygienic,—and both classes of patients usually get this.

In certain places, however, we see lamentable exceptions to this rule. For instance, a well-known gynecologist of New York, who often performs the operation of hysterectomy, or complete removal of the uterus, makes his charity hospital patients sit up on the second day following the operation.

It is quite different with his paying patients. These he keeps quiet in bed for a much longer time. The operation is formidable, and the thought of permitting or requiring a poor woman to get up on the second day is sickening. The fact that the man treats the two classes of patients so differently is a sure indication that his rule for the charity patients was not made with any reference to their welfare. Why, then, does he do this? Probably to get rid of them quickly, as they have no money, and therefore are not of any further interest to him after the operation has been performed. Or perhaps the desire to be quickly rid of the poor patients emanates from the hospital authorities, and the doctor, for reasons of his own, acts in accordance with their wishes.

A similar practice goes on in a certain maternity hospital. The chief obstetrician requires the inmates to get up on the second day after confinement, if they are charity patients; but in the case of paying patients he makes them remain in bed for several weeks. Now every doctor, and nearly every layman, knows that when a woman gets up too soon after confinement she is liable to complications that may ruin her after life. And yet this famous specialist in obstetrics and gynecology gets his confinement patients up on the second day—that is, if they are charity cases.

Of actual brutality toward the defenceless recipients of charity —often frail women or frightened children—I wish that I could remain silent. To picture a man of high attainments as essentially a savage is not only a reflection on the profession at large, but upon

modern civilization. Yet brutes there are,—alas, only too many of them!—among doctors and surgeons, and in the charity department of a hospital they find abundant outlet for their cruel or perverted instincts.

Of course, in the treatment of minor surgical conditions at free clinics and in the hospitals, and in many surgical dressings and manœuvres, it is often impossible to avoid giving more or less pain, even when the utmost gentleness is exercised. It is safe to say, however, that in most of these cases pain can be nearly eliminated by the judicious employment of cocaine, eucaine, freezing mixtures, gas or chloroform. But to make use of these things means time and expense, and that is just where the trouble comes in. The surgeon is usually in a hurry; partly because there is a room full of charity patients waiting; perhaps because he is anxious to get back to his own private office where each of his treatments means money in his pocket. As regards the institution itself, the superintendent may be unwilling to issue sufficient quantities of these pain-killing drugs. A spirit of economy is rampant, though too often only a cloak for wholesale "grafting."

All of us understand what pain is, and none of us, who have been so unfortunate as to break an arm or a leg, but can vividly recall the visit of the family doctor and the painful experience of having the broken limb examined and set. No matter how much nerve we possess, we still remember with a shudder the intense agony accompanying the treatment of the most ordinary fracture, and we wonder if the pain might not have driven us insane had the doctor been unsympathetic or rough in his methods. Of course, nowadays, if we care to have the best surgical attendance either within or without a hospital,—and who does not?—an assistant can be called in to administer a little nitrous-oxide gas or chloroform while the bones are being put in shape again, and then we appreciate what a dollar is worth.

We may realize, therefore, with a shudder of horror, what it means to place a little child at the mercy of an unfeeling surgeon and then to withhold the trifling quantity of anæsthetic that would free it from all pain while its broken leg or shoulder is being set. The suffering, both physical and mental, that a sensitive child en-

dures is excruciating to a degree, and the very thought of it should make our hearts ache for the unfortunate little ones whose parents are too poor to pay for the more humane treatment.

Disregard for the needless suffering of charity patients, especially children, cannot possibly be condoned or excused. In spite of the great and noble work done by the hospitals and free clinics, there is occasion for shame and indignation when we have to stand by and see helpless children with broken limbs being twisted and turned and pulled and jerked around with no one to raise a voice of protest and no law to invoke to mitigate their needless suffering.

I know of many city hospitals where this cruel practice still obtains, of bone-setting without the aid of a little gas or chloroform to ease the sufferer, and the excuse in every case is the need of economy. Yet the material would cost but a few cents—probably less than the cigar that the operator lights when the clinic is over—and this paltry sum, and the callousness of the hospital authorities, are all that stand between the agonized patient and a painless operation.

I once saw in a free clinic a surgeon, or rather a butcher, dissect a fatty tumor larger than a teacup out of a patient's back without giving him the benefit of any local or general anæsthesia. He explained that it " wouldn't hurt much, and anybody with a little nerve could stand it." The operation was only commenced, however, after the young man had been securely tied and plenty of assistants summoned to hold him down. The patient swore and carried on rather rudely, as he had a right to do under the circumstances, but the job was finished, and all the doctor had to say was: " Why, man, you're a baby; you've got no nerve! "

Visiting a Chicago surgical clinic held in one of the college amphitheatres I saw a little girl, aged nine, brought into the clinic to have her tonsils and adenoids taken out. The mother was informed that " anæsthesia was unnecessary in simple cases of this kind." " Now," continued the surgeon, " If you will hold the child I won't be a minute." The mother did her best to hold the terrorized girl, but it was no use, she simply couldn't. Then an assistant and nurse got hold of the child and held her while the brute put a

mouth gag into her mouth to pry it open. This accomplished, he went after tonsil No. 1 and got it out, and then tonsil No. 2 was amputated, and afterwards the adenoids were gouged out. The operation completed, the little patient was released, and because she cried rather hysterically the surgeon deliberately pushed the bleeding child and her mother out into the hall with a farewell curse which was brutal in the extreme. Both were afterwards found on the college steps. The little thing's clothing was covered with blood and a kind-hearted student took her back into the building and let her wash up. The poor mother explained that she had been afraid to go home for fear her daughter would bleed to death.

This demonstration was so brutal, however, that the disgusted class petitioned the faculty to remove the surgeon, which promptly led to his resignation.

Another case of the ill-treatment of a child occurred at a clinic which a friend of mine attended. I give the particulars as he narrated them at the time.

A little girl, twelve years old, was brought to this clinic by her mother. They were poor people, but in manner and speech they showed that they had once been in better circumstances. Several months previously the child, while playing, had run a long thick splinter deeply into the calf of her right leg. Not being able to pay a doctor, the mother extracted as much of the splinter from the wound as she was able to, though she feared that she had not got it all out. The wound healed, but a tender spot remained. This gradually worked its way down the leg, past the ankle, and finally came to a standstill under the skin of the instep of the foot. It grew so painful that a shoe could not be worn, and at last the mother became so alarmed that she conquered her repugnance and took her daughter to the free clinic. Dr. F. was a big man with a ferocious expression on his face, and a harsh voice. When he glared at the little girl over his spectacles she trembled with terror and clung to her mother. Dr. F., however, made her climb on the table and began an examination of the foot. Of course, it must be understood that some pain is unavoidable in such examinations, even when the surgeon is gentle and considerate. But Dr. F. is not noted for gentleness or consideration, even with children, especially

if they are charity patients.. So he manipulated the swollen and tender instep this way and that, and kneaded it vigorously with thumbs and knuckles. The child endured this part of the ordeal with more bravery than many a full-grown man would have done.

At last Dr. F. located a hard linear body beneath the swelling, and called for a knife. When the poor child heard this she turned white, and looked appealingly with her big brown eyes from the callous surgeon to the students who stood about the table, and in whose faces she read sympathy and pity. One of the students plucked up courage and suggested the employment of cocaine. "Too much trouble," growled the surgeon. "Anyway, what's the use?—I don't need it." The student subsided into his proper place and was assigned, with two others, to hold the suffering little one on the table while the great man operated.

The vivisection began with a deep transverse incision across the instep and down almost to the bone. The child cried out and writhed in agony, but still she made a brave and pathetic effort to control herself. But when the doctor laid aside the sharp knife for a pair of dissecting forceps and began prodding between the exposed and quivering tendons in search of the foreign body, the little sufferer could bear the torture no longer. For the next five minutes or so her screams were nearly continuous. Several first-year students, not yet hardened to such scenes, left the room. At last the search was successful, and the foreign body was caught in the jaws of the forceps and extracted. It proved to be a piece of wood about half an inch long and somewhat thicker than a match. The rest was comparatively humane—merely the insertion and tying of two stout stitches by means of a needle—dull, it is true, but plied by a gentle hand. The student who dressed the foot spoke soothingly to the little patient, and, when her sobbing had about ceased, assisted her to the street.

But hospital abuses are not confined solely to the treatment of non-paying patients and I will now invite the reader to extend his sympathy to the paying patient as well. The latter, in fact, frequently undergoes hardships that could easily be avoided by a reform of existing conditions. I refer to the "red tape" and

"ethical" bickerings incidental to his admission. The situation is well set forth by the editor of *American Medicine*,* who writes:

"The hospital problem is bound to call in the near future for serious attention on the part of thinking medical men. No one can deny that the development of medical eleemosynary institutions has been largely responsible for the progress of medical and surgical science. But coincidental with the growth of the hospital idea, grave dangers to the rank and file of the medical profession have appeared. In most communities wherever one finds a hospital, there also will one find a small clique of medical men enjoying especial advantages and privileges by virtue of their hospital connection. Their less fortunate and influential colleagues are denied these advantages, and are proportionately handicapped in the practice of their profession. Since to send patients to such institutions is tantamount to losing patronage nine times out of every ten, the 'outside' practitioner naturally discourages hospital treatment except as a *dernier ressort*. . . . All these things tend to defer the well recognized benefits to be derived from hospital regimen, and it is a notable fact that hospital cases are usually advanced—not infrequently too far advanced. Therefore, if hospitals have not fulfilled their most complete function in any community, the reason can usually be found in rules which confer special advantages on a few medical men and rigorously deny any privileges to those outside the 'charmed circle.'

"The ideal hospital system, and one that sooner or later must be adopted, is that which offers to every medical man the opportunity of placing his patients in any hospital he or they may elect, there to treat them with all the freedom that is his as a legally qualified practitioner of medicine. . . . Hospitals will then become in reality what they were originally intended to be, institutions solely for the use and welfare of the public, and not institutions for the promotion of private gain, professional or otherwise, as under present conditions is too often the case."

When professional negotiations have been brought to a successful issue, however, and the patient has been duly admitted and operated on, one would suppose that his trials are over, and that the skilful surgeon who has just dragged him from the jaws of death will now conscientiously strive to bring about his complete recovery. But this, unfortunately, is by no means a certainty. Many surgeons regard a hospital as an operating institution, pure and

* *American Medicine*, September, 1908.

simple, and consequently lose interest in their patients once they are operated on. Hence during the more or less protracted period of recovery the patient too often finds himself neglected, and is actually encouraged to leave before his condition at all warrants such a step. Waxing indignant upon this subject, Dr. Bayard Holmes * of Chicago exclaims:

"Modern aggressive surgery has made the hospital a hotel for the temporary care of the vivisected. All the surgeon cares for is a room for his patient to occupy during the three or four weeks she is recovering from his incisions. She may then go home and get well or lead a life of invalidism, as it happens. To cure his patient and restore her to a life of usefulness and happiness is not the modern surgeon's conception of duty. He looks on the invalid as an incumbrance to his hospital, and all the essentials of recovery as unnecessary expense and space-consuming impediments."

There may be some exaggeration in this, as the editor of the *American Journal of Surgery* † asserts, but as such conditions undoubtedly *do* prevail and contribute not a little to the sum of human misery, I should not feel justified in omitting Dr. Holmes' indictment, even though, as this talented editor declares, the statement "is very apt to be seized upon by enemies of the profession and triumphantly announced as another confession from our ranks." After all, worse things could happen than a thorough investigation of the abuses referred to.

When it comes to business methods, it is surely no secret that some of our largest hospitals are woefully mismanaged. "Graft" or incompetence, or both, are unearthed with such startling frequency that one wonders what would be the outcome of a thorough investigation, nation-wide in its scope, such as the Carnegie Foundation has made in the field of medical education. Some institutions would unquestionably issue with flying colors, but the majority, I fear, would come in for well merited criticism.

In a certain metropolitan hospital, for instance, it was recently discovered that the orderlies, nurses and kitchen help were getting the cream off the milk, and that this had been going on for months.

* *Journal of the American Medical Association,* March 28, 1908.
† *A Surgeon's Opinion of Surgeons,* April, 1908.

The poor, suffering little folks, whose very lives depended on this cream, had been fed on skim milk, which probably explained an abnormal increase in infant mortality in that particular institution. Of course there was some brief unpleasantness, but as the press had not learned of the scandal, the hospital authorities were lenient with the culprits and harmony and good-will were soon restored. Whether those sick babies are getting cream to-day, or have again been put on the skim milk diet, I cannot say, and I very much doubt if the Superintendent could either.

In pleasing contrast to this deplorable laxity is the method pursued in a government institution. "Red tape" there may be in Uncle Sam's hospitals, and in some cases antiquated methods, but "graft" is almost unknown.

While serving as interne at the U. S. Marine Hospital in Chicago, under Surgeon Henry W. Sawtelle (now retired), I had an opportunity of seeing this milk problem handled as it should be. Some of the patients had complained of getting poor milk, and within half an hour the most sweeping and systematic investigation was in progress. The head surgeon went straight to the kitchen and questioned the cook and his assistants and then, with commendable impartiality, interrogated every nurse and orderly in the place. The stewards and physicians were consulted as well; in short, every one in that hospital was invited to help solve the problem why the milk should be poor when the United States Government was paying for the best.

When the fact was established that the milk had not been tampered with in the institution, the proprietor of the dairy was promptly ordered to report at the hospital and explain why the milk he furnished to the Government under contract was not up to specifications. I shall never forget the appearance of that guilty milkman as he tremblingly admitted having watered the milk.

"My dear sir," said Doctor Sawtelle, "the United States Government pays you to deliver milk, not 'milk and.' Hereafter, if we decide that the milk is too rich we can add our own Lake Michigan, and remember, sir, we are going to inspect every drop of milk that comes to this hospital. Any more complaints and you will hear from me in a way that will be very dear and disagreeable. That is all."

A systematic inspection was thereupon established, and daily reports on the milk and food in general were given to the surgeon in charge. During months of service in that hospital I never again heard a patient complain of poor milk.

I mentioned "red tape," but as a matter of fact a government hospital in charge of commissioned medical officers is superior, both in its methods and its discipline, to the average county or municipal institution. And the reason of this is not far to seek. There is an official head, and he is responsible to the government. On the other hand, the county or city hospital is run by a board of governors or managers, usually rich men who lack experience and apparently care very little how things are managed. These boards frequently put some incompetent man in charge and leave him pretty much to his own devices. He is often paid so small a salary that after he gets "on to the ropes" he will justify himself in making a "little on the side." The contracts for coal, food stuffs, medical supplies, etc., are made by him, and of course he knows upon which side his bread is buttered. "Graft" here and "graft" there keeps his mouth closed, and so the supplies may deteriorate until his management is an open scandal, before he will consent to interfere.

Hospital "grafting" has become so universal that it is now almost considered legitimate. For of course the example of the "man higher up" is diligently copied by the rest. Thus the kitchen force are in the habit of helping themselves to tea, coffee, sugar and other groceries, which they carry off to their homes. The orderlies and nurses are more attracted to the medical stores, and thermometers, bandages, and minor operating instruments consequently disappear with wonderful regularity. The interne, when he has finished his apprenticeship, usually finds that he is well equipped to establish himself in practice. Silkworm gut, catgut, bandages, chloroform, ether, etc., are expensive items, and he argues that the hospital can well afford to help him out.

The physician in attendance, not to be left in the cold, usually appears at his clinics with an empty bag in which to carry off his share of the loot. And so the game goes merrily on. A doctor of my acquaintance makes it a habit to go to the clinic three times a week for the sole purpose of "stocking up," as he calls it. His

black surgical bag has six large bottles in it and these are filled thrice weekly with alcohol, ether, chloroform, lysol, green soap, peroxide and anything else that he especially needs. But one day I ran upon him while he was filling up his bag and asked him what he was doing. He explained that as he gave his services free he thought it was only right to get all he could, so he was "stocking up," as was his habit after the clinic. His office was filled with his "legitimate graft" taken from the hospital clinic room, and he has told me many a time that he seldom has to buy any necessary office supplies.

The drug room in the average hospital, even where open looting does not prevail, is a great source of waste. Alcohol, bandages, gauze pads, medicines, etc., are handed out *ad libitum*, and there seems to be very little supervision when new supplies are being ordered. If the poor sufferers in the wards and at the clinics were the recipients of this lavishness, one would be less inclined to criticize, but here, as we have seen, is the very place in which a tardy economy is applied.

It must be admitted that great injustice is often done to the attending physician in the matter of remuneration; nevertheless, since he accepts the conditions he should stick to his agreement, or else resign. Furthermore, it is not the doctor who is most considerate and generous with his services who receives the most perquisities—on the contrary, it requires but little knowledge of human nature to see that the "graft" is usually in inverse ratio to the services performed.

Such stealing as I have here instanced would be next to impossible in a government hospital. There everything must be accounted for, and if there is an unusual outlay in any department the surgeon in charge will soon find it out. The difference between the two classes of institutions is that in one we have a system based on responsibility, which time has proved to be good for all concerned, whereas in the other we have a system which by its irresponsibility invites and fosters "graft." Hence to destroy the "graft" we must alter the system.

Lack of intelligent coöperation among the various members of the staff is another cause for prevailing conditions and results in many deplorable blunders, some, of course, fatal. If the chief

surgeon, the house surgeon, the internes and the nurses fail to work in harmony, even though all be actuated by the highest motives, the patient necessarily suffers. Space will not permit an enumeration of the various causes of discord, but in many cases the fault lies with those in charge.

In speaking of the looting of expensive materials, I have perhaps given the impression that the supplies purchased, whatever disposition is made of them, are the best procurable. This unfortunately is not the case. Whatever may be the quality of the items selected by the visiting physicians and his friends, the materials reserved for the poor inmates are often of inferior quality, such as no reputable doctor or surgeon would use in private practice. In this connection let me quote again from the editorial columns of *American Medicine:* *

"In the selection of surgical supplies, it would seem above all things that quality should primarily be considered. Yet it is a fact too well known to innumerable surgeons that many a hospital is purchasing its supplies with a view only to cheapness. As a consequence, surgeons in such institutions are too often forced to use suture material, dressings, anæsthetics and a hundred and one other essentials to surgical technique, that they would never think of employing in their private practice, or in the treatment of members of their own families. The excuse of *economic* necessity is always made by hospital boards when criticism is directed against inferior surgical supplies, but the fact is apparently overlooked that the exercise of this particular form of economy is simply meeting one responsibility by creating a greater. A treatise might well be written on the criminal reprehensibility of using inferior surgical dressings or sutures, and it is an outrage for any hospital to ask the members of its surgical staff to place themselves in a position so open to censure and possibly injury. This would be bad enough in itself, but the particular abuse under discussion comprehends much more vital dangers to helpless patients, who have no voice in the matter. Who can say to what extent unnecessary suffering, disappointment at faulty results, and even deaths following operations, have been due to the use of cheap dressings, sutures or other hospital supplies?"

If a treatise could be written on the above mentioned abuse, what a library might be written on the haphazard methods of pre-

* *American Medicine,* October, 1908.

scribing and filling prescriptions that obtain more or less in every hospital in the land! With all the shortcomings of hospital surgery, no one can deny that it has laid the foundations of progressive modern surgery the world over. In *materia medica*, on the other hand, the hospitals have lagged so far behind that it is a question if the term "modern" can be applied to anything relating to the pharmaceutical department.

"In the one hundred and fifty years of the practice of pharmacy in American hospitals," writes M. I. Wilbert, Ph.M., in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*,* "we can only point to one hospital pharmacist who idealized his position and was able to accomplish something that we of to-day rightfully point to with pride." †

After a careful survey of this important but neglected field, Mr. Wilbert lays much of the blame upon what I may best term a *mechanical blight*, which makes the average medical department a mere machine for drug giving. This also is the opinion of the *Journal of the A. M. A.* itself, which came out shortly before Mr. Wilbert's paper with an editorial entitled "Mechanical Prescribing in Hospitals and Dispensaries." The editor says:

"The best managed hospitals have their standard tonics made up by the gallon, if not by the barrel, and prescribing in dispensaries is commonly slavishly confined to a formula book. The student soon learns that 'Formula 38' is good for dyspepsia, and that 'A. B. and S.' pills are the remedy for constipation. It is unfortunately true that the prevailing tendency to rely on nostrums and specifics has its origin to a large extent in the use of formularies and ready-made mixtures in clinics, dispensaries and hospitals connected with medical schools. That some of the best men in the profession exhibit this tendency is not surprising when we know that a certain college, second to none in its advocacy of high ideals in medical education, still uses in its dispensary work a formulary book that has undergone little change in twenty years and which contains some beautiful examples of polypharmacy. While such a reliance

* A paper read before the American Medical Association (Section on Pharmacology and Therapeutics) held at Atlantic City, June, 1907. Published in the *Journal of the A. M. A.*, November 16, 1907.

† The late Charles Rice, who was connected with the drug department of Bellevue Hospital, New York, for forty years.

on ready-made formulas may be a necessity of the busy doctor, it is certainly out of place in the teaching of students, where the underlying principles should always be kept in view and their intelligent application in detail carefully taught. The student, taught by the powerful example of great clinicians whom he sees daily using ready-made formulas, is in great danger of letting his lessons in pharmacology lapse into innocuous desuetude and of going into practice ready to exchange the ready-made formulas of the dispensary or the clinic for the ever ready specific of the proprietary medicine men."

The relation of the hospital to scientific medicine and to the work of the medical school demands energetic investigation, and there are many other abuses and shortcomings, particularly in the conduct of the medical wards of prisons, charitable homes and asylums. Inadequate and crowded wards, insufficient ventilation, cruel and vicious attendants recruited from reformatories that do not reform, and often direct from the slums, the lack of entertainment for convalescents, the stupid, maddening routine that so largely prevails, and, in children's hospitals or homes, the lack of personal care or affection for the little ones—these, among other evils, are the causes of the high death rate in our charitable institutions and of the wretched physique of so many who survive. Which simply means that Society, while on the one hand fighting squalor, disease and crime, is counteracting the good results so attained by contributing a host of unfortunates to people the slums; and so supplies, deliberately and with apparent indifference, what may be regarded as one of the chief factors of our moral and physical deterioration.

Hence, like every other evil in our eleemosynary institutions, it is not only the helpless victims who suffer, but eventually the public at large. Injustice, incompetence, cruelty, dishonesty, selfishness are diseases that cannot be restricted to the hospital ward or the clinic. They may be suppressed for a time and their existence denied, but the danger is none the less real. The abuses that exist in our hospitals are a festering sore, not only upon the medical profession, but upon the whole community, and only the most drastic measures will prevent its malignant growth.

A DREAM*

LEO TOLSTOY

A FEW nights ago I dreamt so significant a dream that several times during the following day I asked myself, "What has happened to-day that is so specially important?" And then I remembered that the specially important thing was what I had seen, or rather heard, in my dream.

It was a speech that struck me greatly, spoken by one who, as often happens in dreams, was a combination of two men: my old friend, now dead, Vladímir Orlóf, with gray curls on each side of his bald head, and Nicholas Andréyevitch, a copyist who lived with my brother.

The speech was evoked by the conversation of a rich lady, the hostess, with a landowner who was visiting her house. The lady had recounted how the peasants on a neighboring estate had burnt the landlord's house and several sheds which sheltered century-old cherry trees and duchess pears. Her visitor, the landowner, related how the peasants had cut down some oaks in his forest, and had even carted away a stack of hay.

"Neither arson nor robbery is considered a crime nowadays. The immorality of our people is terrible: they have all become thieves!" said someone.

And in answer to those words, that man, combined of two, spoke as follows:

"The peasants have stolen oaks and hay, and are thieves, and the most immoral class," he began, addressing no one in particular. "Now, in the Caucasus, a chieftain used to raid the Aouls and carry off all the horses of the inhabitants. But one of them found means to get back from the chieftain's herd at least one of the horses that had been stolen from him. Was that man a thief, because he got back one of the many horses stolen from him? And is it not the same with the trees, the grass, the hay, and all the rest of the things you say the peasants have stolen from you? The earth is the Lord's, and common to all; and if the peasants have

* This authorized translation by L. and A. Maude makes its first appearance in THE FORUM, but in accordance with Count Tolstoy's principles no rights are reserved.

taken what was grown on the common land of which they have been deprived, they have not stolen, but have only resumed possession of a small part of what has been stolen from them.

"I know you consider land to be the property of the landlord, and therefore call the restoration to themselves of its produce by the peasants—robbery; but, you know, that is not true! The land never was, and never can be, anyone's property. If a man has more of it than he requires, while others have none, then he who possesses the surplus land possesses not land but men; and men cannot be the property of other men.

"Because a dozen mischievous lads have burnt some cherry tree sheds, and have cut down some trees, you say the peasants are thieves, and the most immoral class! . . .

"How can your tongue frame such words! They have stolen ten oaks from you. Stolen! 'To prison with them!'

"Why, if they had taken not your oaks alone but everything that is in this house, they would only have taken what is theirs: made by them and their brothers, but certainly not by you! 'Stolen oaks!' But for ages you have been stealing from them, not oaks, but their lives, and the lives of their children, their womenfolk and their old men—who withered away before their time, only because they were deprived of the land God gave them in common with all men, and they were obliged to work for you.

"Only think of the life those millions of men have lived and are living, and of how you live! Only consider what they do, supplying you with all the comforts of life, and of what you do for them, depriving them of everything—even of the possibility of supporting themselves and their families! All you live on—everything in this room, everything in this house, and in all your splendid cities, all your palaces, all your mad, literally mad, luxuries—has been made, and is still continually being made, by them.

"And they know this. They know that these parks of yours, and your race-horses, motor cars, palaces, dainty dishes and finery, and all the nastiness and stupidity you call 'science' and 'art'—are purchased with the lives of their brothers and sisters. They know and cannot help knowing this. Then think what feelings these people would have toward you, if they were like you!

"One would suppose that, knowing all you inflict on them, they could not but hate you from the bottom of their souls, and could not help wishing to revenge themselves on you. And you know there are tens of millions of them, and only some thousands of you. But what do they do? Why, instead of crushing you as useless and harmful reptiles, they continue to repay your evil with good, and live their laborious and reasonable, though hard life, patiently biding the day when you will become conscious of your sin and will amend your ways. But instead of that, what do you do? From the height of your refined, self-confident immorality, you deign to stoop to those 'depraved, coarse people.' You enlighten them, and play the benefactor to them; that is to say, with the means supplied to you by their labor, you inoculate them with your depravity, and blame, correct, and—best of all—'punish' them, as unreasoning or vicious infants bite the breasts that feed them.

"Yes, look at yourselves, and consider what you are and what they are! Realize that they alone live; while you, with your Doúmas, Ministries, Synods, Academies, Universities, Conservatories, Law Courts, armies and all such stupidities and nastinesses, are but playing at life, and spoiling it for yourselves and others. They, the people, are alive. They are the tree, and you are harmful growths—fungi on the plant. Realize, then, all your insignificance and their grandeur! Understand your sin, and try to repent, and at all costs set the people free!"

"How well he speaks!" thought I. "Can it be a dream?"

And as I thought that, I awoke.

This dream set me again thinking about the land question: a question of which those who live constantly in the country, among a poverty-stricken agricultural peasant population, cannot help thinking. I know I have often written about it; but under the influence of that dream, even at the risk of repeating myself, I once more felt the need to express myself. *Carthago delenda est.* As long as people's attitude toward private property in land remains unchanged, the cruelty, madness and evil of this form of the enslavement of some men by others, cannot be pointed out too frequently.

People say that land is property, and they say this because

the Government recognizes private property in land. But fifty years ago the Government upheld private property in human beings; yet a time came when it was admitted that human beings cannot be private property, and the Government ceased to hold them to be property. So it will be with property in land. The Government now upholds that property, and protects it by its power; but a day will come when the Government will cease to acknowledge this kind of property, and will abolish it. The Government will have to abolish it, because private property in land is just such an injustice as property in men—serfdom—used to be. The difference lies only in the fact that serfdom was a direct, definite slavery, while land-slavery is indirect and indefinite. Then Peter was John's slave, whereas now Peter is the slave of some person unknown, but certainly of him who owns the land Peter requires in order to feed himself and his family. And not only is land-slavery just as unjust and cruel a slavery as serfdom used to be, it is even harder on the slaves, and more criminal on the part of the slaveholders. For under serfdom, if not from sympathy then at least from self-interest, the owner was obliged to see to it that his serf did not wither away and die of want; but to the best of his ability and understanding he looked after his slaves' morality. Now the landowner cares nothing if his landless slave withers away or becomes demoralized; for he knows that however many men die or become depraved at his work, he will always be able to find workmen.

The injustice and cruelty of the new, present-day slavery—land-slavery—is so evident, and the condition of the slaves is everywhere so hard, that one would have expected this new slavery to have been recognized by now as out of date half a century ago; and it should, one would have thought, have been abolished, as serfdom was abolished.

"But," it is said, "property in land cannot be abolished, for it would be impossible to divide equally among all the laborers and non-laborers the advantages given by land of different qualities."

But that is not true. To abolish property in land, no distribution of land is necessary.

Just as, when serfdom was abolished, no distribution of the people liberated was necessary, but all that was needed was the

abolition of the law that upheld serfdom, so with the abolition of private property in land, no distribution of land is needed, but only the abolition of the law sanctioning private property in land. And as when serfdom was abolished the serfs of their own accord settled down as best suited them, so when private property in land is abolished, people will find a way of sharing the land among themselves, so that all may have equal advantage from it. How this will be arranged, whether by Henry George's Single Tax system, or in some other way, we cannot foresee. But it is certain that the Government need only cease to uphold by force the obviously unjust and oppressive rights of property in land, and the people, released from those restrictions, will always find means of apportioning the land by common consent, in such a way that everyone will have an equal share of the benefits the use of the land confers.

It is only necessary for the majority of landowners—that is slaveowners—to understand, as they did in the matter of serfdom, that property in land is as hard on the present-day slaves, and as great an iniquity on the part of the slaveowners, as serfdom was; and, having understood that, it is only necessary for them to impress on the Government the necessity of repealing the laws sanctioning property in land: that is, land-slavery. One would have thought that, as in the 'fifties the best members of society (chiefly the serf-owning nobles themselves), having understood the criminality of their position, explained to the Government the necessity for abolishing their evidently out-of-date and immoral rights, and serfdom was abolished; so it should be now, with regard to private property in land, which is land-slavery.

But strange to say, the present slaveowners, the landed proprietors, not only fail to see the criminality of their position, and do not impress on the Government the necessity of abolishing land-slavery, but on the contrary they consciously and unconsciously, by all manner of means, blind themselves and their slaves to the criminality of their position.

The reasons of this are: first, that serfdom in the 'fifties, being the plain, downright enslavement of man by man, ran too clearly counter to religious and moral feeling; while land-slavery is not a direct, immediate slavery, but is a form of slavery more hidden

from the slaves, and especially from the slaveowners, by complicated Governmental, social and economic institutions. And the second reason is that, while in the days of serfdom only one class were slaveowners, all classes, except the most numerous one—consisting of peasants who have too little land, laborers and working-men—are slaveowners now. Nowadays nobles, merchants, officials, manufacturers, professors, teachers, authors, musicians, painters, rich peasants, rich men's servants, well-paid artisans, electricians, mechanics, etc., are all slaveowners of the peasants who have insufficient land, and of the unskilled workmen who—apparently as a result of most varied causes, but in reality as a result of one cause alone (the appropriation of land by the landed proprietors)—are obliged to give their labor and even their lives to these who possess the advantages land affords. These two reasons, that the new slavery is less evident than the old, and that the new slaveowners are much more numerous than the old ones, account for the fact that the slaveowners of our day do not see, and do not admit, the cruelty and criminality of their position, and do not free themselves from it.

The slaveowners of our day not only do not admit that their position is criminal, and do not try to escape from it, but are quite sure that property in land is a necessary institution, essential to the social order, and that the wretched condition of the working classes —which they cannot help noticing—results from most varied causes, but certainly not from the recognition of some people's right to own land as private property.

This opinion of landowning, and of the causes of the wretched condition of the laborers, is so well established in all the leading countries of the Christian world, France, England, Germany, America, etc., that with very rare exceptions it never occurs to their public men to look in the right place for the cause of the wretched condition of the workers.

That is so in Europe and America; but one would have expected that for us Russians, with our hundred-million peasant population who deny the principle of private ownership in land, and with our enormous tracts of land, and with the almost religious desire of our people for agricultural life, an answer very different from the general European answer to questions as to the causes of

the distress among the workers, and as to the means of bettering their position, would naturally present itself.

One would think that we Russians might understand that if we really are concerned about, and desire to improve, the position of the people and to free them from the aggravating and demoralizing fetters with which they are bound, the means to do this is indicated both by common sense and by the voice of the people, and is simply—the abolition of private property in land, that is to say, the abolition of land-slavery.

But strange to relate, in Russian society, occupied with questions of the improvement of the condition of the working classes, there is no suggestion of this one, natural, simple and self-evident means of improving their condition. We Russians, though our peasants' outlook on the land-question is probably centuries ahead of the rest of Europe, can devise nothing better for the improvement of our people's condition than to establish among ourselves, on the European model, Doúmas, Councils, Ministries, Courts, Zémstvos, Universities, Extension Lectures, Academies, Elementary Schools, Fleets, Submarines, Air-ships, and many other of the queerest things quite foreign to and unnecessary for the people, and we do not do the one thing that is demanded by religion, morality and common sense, as well as by the whole of the peasantry.

Nor is this all. While arranging the fate of our people, who do not and never did acknowledge land-ownership, we, imitating Europe, try in all sorts of cunning ways, and by deception, bribery, and even force, to accustom them to the idea of property in land: that is to say, we try to deprave them and to destroy their consciousness of the truth they have held for ages, and which sooner or later will certainly be acknowledged by the whole human race: the truth that all who live on the earth cannot but have an equal right to its use.

These efforts to inoculate the people with the idea of landed property that is so foreign to them, are unceasingly made, with great perseverance and zeal by the Government, and consciously or for the most part unconsciously, from an instinct of self-preservation, by all the slaveholders of our time. And the slaveholders of our time are not the landowners alone, but are all those who,

as a result of the people being deprived of the land, enjoy power over them.

Most strenuous efforts are made to deprave the people, but, thank God! it may be safely said that till now all those efforts have only had an effect on the smallest and worst part of Russia's peasant population. The many millioned majority of Russian workmen who hold but little land and live—not the depraved, parasitic life of the slaveowners, but their own reasonable, hard-working lives—do not yield to those efforts, because for them the solution of the land question is not one of personal advantage, as it is regarded by all the different slaveowners of to-day. For the enormous majority of peasants, the solution of that problem is not arrived at by mutually contradictory economic theories that spring up to-day and to-morrow are forgotten, but is found in the one truth, which is realized by them and always has been and is realized by all reasonable men the world over—the truth that all men are brothers, and have therefore all an equal right to all the blessings of the world, and among the rest, to the most necessary of all rights, namely the equal right of all to the use of the land.

Living in this truth, an enormous majority of the peasants attach no importance to all the wretched measures adopted by the Government about this or that alteration of the laws of landownership, for they know that there is only one solution to the land question: the total abolition of private property in land, and of land-slavery. And knowing this, they quietly await their day, which sooner or later must come.

THE SUPERMAN

ARTHUR STRINGER

Bearded and lank and blithely saturnine
He snaps his fingers at the Sacred Nine,
And laughs life's sterner issues out of court.
From Truth's sheer nakedness he wrings his sport
And lifts his satyr face up to the drip
Of human tears, and scoffs with covinous lip
At life denuded, and with cynic eyes
Reviles the light where his own shadow lies.
Never at rest, and never once austere,
Never ennobled by a passing fear
That Destiny is stranger than it seems,
Never disturbed by undeciphered dreams,
He sees in Thought no dread apostolate,
He recks no tidings that the times await,
He places on his age's fevered brow
No cooling hand. He asks not once the How
And Whence of human life. But shrill and thin
The satyr mouth still mocks at human sin,
The tainted hoof still stirs each deeper spring
Of thought and feeling, fouls it to a thing
Of momentary laughter, makes its mud
Profounder seem than Fate's unfathomed flood.
Not his the mellow laughter of the soul
That sees life lucidly and sees it whole.
There blows no spacious hill-wind thro' his heart;
There stands no central flame, no thing apart
From mortal dust and noise, which he might feel
Inviolate of his mockery's naked steel.
And yet each truth that these irreverent hands
Would bear us, far above his trifling stands.
Nor is he always novel, for his sneer
Is not of yesterday, or yesteryear.

Crouched ape-like on the edges of the Deep,
Perched jay-like on the tombs where heroes sleep,
He chatters of new creeds, and fills the earth
With cunning and vituperative mirth.
And yet beyond his Celtic laughter he
Would seek the sacred gift of Prophecy,
And much he holds to tell us, tho' the world
Will watch not him, but those sly fingers curled
About the Cap and Bells. And should he cease
To win our smile, he yet may sit in peace
Amid earth's broken idols desolate
And ponder on the Hater crowned with Hate!

CELT AND SAXON

GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XVI

Of the Great Mr. Bull and the Celtic and Saxon View of Him: and Something of Richard Rockney

Meanwhile India, our lubber giant, had ceased to kick a leg, and Ireland, our fever-invalid, wore the aspect of an opiate slumber. The volcano we couch on was quiet, the gritty morsel unabsorbed within us at an armistice with the gastric juices. Once more the personification of the country's prosperity had returned to the humming state of roundness. Trade whipped him merrily, and he spun.

A fuller sketch of the figure of this remarkable emanation of us and object of our worship, Bull, is required that we may breathe the atmosphere of a story dealing with such very different views of the idol, and learn to tolerate plain-speaking about him.

Fancy yourself delayed by stress of weather at an inn or an excursion, and snapped up by some gossip drone of the district, who hearing whither you are bound, recounts the history and nature of the place, to your ultimate advantage, though you groan for the outer downpour to abate.—Of Bull, then; our image, before the world: our lord and tyrant, ourself in short—the lower part of us. Coldly worshiped on the whole, he can create an enthusiasm when his roast-beef influence mounts up to peaceful skies and the domestic English world spins with him. What he does not like will then be the forbidding law of a most governable people, what he does like the consenting. If it is declared that argument will be inefficacious to move him, he is adored in the form of post. A hint of his willingness in any direction, causes a perilous rush of his devotees. Nor is there reason to suppose we have drawn the fanatical subserviency from the example of our subject India. We may deem it native; perhaps of its origin Aryan, but we have made it our own. Some have been so venturesome as to trace the lordliness of Bull to the protecting smiles of the good Neptune, whose arms are about him

to encourage the development of a wanton eccentricity. Certain weeds of the human bosom are prompt to flourish where safeness would seem to be guaranteed. Men, for instance, of stoutly independent incomes are prone to the same sort of wilfulness as Bull's, the same abject submission to it which we behold in his tidal bodies of supporters. Neptune has done something. One thinks he has done much, at a rumor of his inefficiency to do the utmost. Spy you insecurity?—a possibility of invasion? Then indeed the colossal creature, inaccessible to every argument, is open to any suggestion: the oak-like is a reed, the bull a deer. But as there is no attack on his shores, there is no proof that they are invulnerable. Neptune is appealed to and replies by mouth of the latest passenger across the Channel on a windy night:—Take heart, son John! They will have poor stomachs for blows who intrude upon you. The testification to the Sea-God's watchfulness restores his darling who is immediately as horny to argument as before. Neptune shall have his share of the honors.

Ideal of his country Bull has none—he hates the word; it smells of heresy, opposition to his image. It is an exercise of imagination to accept an ideal, and his digestive organs reject it, after the manner of the most beautiful likeness of him conjurable to the mind—that flowering stomach, the sea-anemone, which opens to anything and speedily casts out what it cannot consume. He is a positive shape, a practical corporation, and the best he can see is the mirror held up to him by his bards of the Press and his jester Frank Guffaw. There, begirt by laughing ocean-waves, manifestly blest, he glorifies his handsome roundness, like that other Foam-Born, whom the decorative Graces robed in vestments not so wonderful as printed sheets. Rounder at each inspection, he preaches to mankind from the text of a finger curved upon the pattern spectacles. Your Frenchmen are revolutionizing, wagering on tentative politics; your Germans ploughing in philosophy, thumbing classics, composing music of a novel order: both are marching, evolutionizing, learning how to kill. Ridiculous Germans! capricious Frenchmen! We want nothing new in musical composition and abstract speculation of an indecent mythology, or political contrivances and schemes of Government, and we do not want war. Peace is the Goddess we court for the hand of her

daughter Plenty, and we have won that jolly girl, and you are welcome to the marriage-feast; but avaunt new-fangled theories and howlings: old tunes, tried systems, for us, my worthy friends.

Roundness admiring the growth of its globe may address majestic invitation to the leaner kine. It can exhibit to the world that Peace is a most desirable mother-in-law; and it is tempted to dream of capping the pinnacle of wisdom when it squats on a fundamental truth. Bull's perusal of the Horatian "*carpe diem*" is acute as that of the cattle in fat meads; he walks like lusty Autumn carrying his garner to drum on, for a sign of his diligent wisdom in seizing the day. He can read the page fronting him; and let it be of dining, drinking, toasting, he will vociferously confute the wiseacre bookworms who would have us believe there is no such thing as a present hour for man.

In sad fact, the member for England is often intoxicate. Often do we have him whirling his rotundity like a Mussulman dervish inflated by the spirit to agitate the shanks, until pangs of a commercial crisis awaken him to perceive an infructuous past and an unsown future, without one bit of tracery on its black breast other than that which his apprehensions project. As for a present hour, it swims, it vanishes, thinner than the phantom banquets of recollection. What has he done for the growth of his globe of brains?—the lesser, but in our rightful posture the upper, and justly the directing globe, through whose directions we do, by feeding on the past to sow the future, create a sensible present composed of both—the present of the good using of our powers. What can he show in the Arts? What in Arms? His bards—O faithless! but they are men—his bards accuse him of sheer cattle-contentedness in the mead, of sterility of brain, drowsihood, nidnoddyism, downright carcase-dulness. They question him to deafen him of our defences, our intellectual eminence, our material achievements, our poetry, our science; they sneer at his trust in Neptune, doubt the scaly invulnerability of the God. They point over to the foreigner, the clean-stepping, braced, self-confident foreigner, good at arms, good at the arts, and eclipsing us in industriousness manual and mental, and some dare to say, in splendor of verse—our supreme accomplishment.

Then with one big bellow, the collapse of pursiness, he abandons

his pedestal of universal critic; prostrate he falls to the foreigner; he is down, he is roaring; he is washing his hands of English performances, lends ear to foreign airs, patronizes foreign actors, browses on reports from camps of foreign armies. He drops his head like a smitten ox to all great foreign names, moaning "Shakespeare!" internally for a sustaining apostrophe. He well-nigh loves his poets, can almost understand what poetry means. If it does not pay, it brings him fame, respectfulness in times of reverse. Brains, he is reduced to apprehend, brains are the generators of the conquering energies. He is now for brains at all costs, he has gained a conception of them. He is ready to knock knighthood on the heads of men of brains—even literary brains. They shall be knights, an ornamental body. To make them peers, and a legislative, has not struck him, for he has not yet imagined them a stable body. They require petting, to persuade them to flourish and bring him esteem.

This is Mr. Bull, our image before the world, whose pranks are passed as though the vivid display of them had no bad effect on the nation. Doubtless the perpetual mirror, the slavish mirror, is to blame, but his nakedness does not shrink from the mirror, he likes it and he is proud of it. Beneath these exhibitions the sober strong spirit of the country, unfortunately not a prescient one, nor an attractively lovable, albeit of a righteous benevolence, labors on, doing the hourly duties for the sake of conscience, little for prospective security, little to win affection. Behold it as the donkey of a tipsy costermonger, obedient to go without the gift of expression. Its behavior is honorable under a discerning heaven, and there is ever something pathetic in a toilful speechlessness; but it is of dogged attitude in the face of men. Salt is in it to keep our fleshly grass from putrefaction; poets might proclaim its virtues. They will not; they are averse. The only voice it has is the Puritan bray, upon which one must philosophize asininically to unveil the charm. So the world is pleased to let it be obscured by the paunch of Bull. We have, however, isolated groups, individuals in all classes, by no means delighting in his representation of them. When such is felt to be the case among a sufficient number, his bards blow him away as a vapor; we hear that he is a piece of our English humor—we enjoy

grotesques and never should agree to paint ourselves handsome: our subtle conceit insists on the reverse. Nevertheless, no sooner are the hours auspicious to fatness than Bull is back on us; he is our family goat, ancestral ghost, the genius of our comfortable sluggishness. And he is at times a mad Bull: a foaming, lashing, trampling, horn-driving, excessive, very parlous Bull. It is in his history that frenzies catch him, when to be yoked to him is to suffer frightful shakings, not to mention a shattering of our timbers. It is but in days of the rousing of the under-spirit of the country, days of storm imprudent to pray the advent of, that we are well rid of him for a while. In the interim he does mischief, serious mischief; he does worse than when, a juvenile, he paid the Danegelt for peace. Englishmen of feeling do not relish him. For men with Irish and Cambrian blood in their veins the rubicund grotesque, with his unimpressionable front and his noisy benevolence of the pocket, his fits of horned ferocity and lapses of hardheartedness, is a shame and a loathing. You attach small importance to images and symbols; yet if they seem representative, and they sicken numbers of us, they are important. The hat we wear, though it is not a part of the head, stamps the character of our appearance and has a positive influence on our bearing. Symbolical decorations will stimulate the vacant-minded to act up to them, they encircle and solidify the mass; they are a sword of division between Celts and Saxons if they are abhorrent to one section. And the Celtic brotherhood are not invariably fools in their sensitiveness. They serve you on the field of Mars, and on other fields to which the world has given glory. These execrate him as the full-grown Golden Calf of heathenish worship. And they are so restive because they are so patriotic. Think a little upon the ideas of unpatriotic Celts regarding him. You have heard them. You tell us they are you: accurately, they affirm, succinctly they see you in his crescent outlines, tame bulk, spasms of alarm and foot on the weaker; his imperviousness to whatsoever does not confront the sensual eye of him with a cake or a fist, his religious veneration of his habitual indulgences, his peculiar forms of nightmare. They swear to his perfect personification of your moods, your Saxon moods, which their inconsiderate spleen would have us take for unmixedly Saxon. They are unjust, but many of

them speak with a sense of the foot on their necks, and they are of a blood demanding a worshipworthy idea. And they dislike Bull's bellow of disrespect for their religion, much bruited in the meadows during his periods of Arcadia. They dislike it, cannot forget the sound: it hangs on the afflicted drum of the ear when they are in another land, perhaps when the old devotion to their priest has expired. For this, as well as for material reasons, they hug the hatred they packed up among their bundles of necessaries and relics, in the flight from home, and they instruct their children to keep it burning. They transmit the sentiment of the loathing of Bull, as assuredly they would be incapable of doing, even with the will, were a splendid fire-eyed motherly Britannia the figure sitting in the minds of men for our image—a palpitating figure, alive to change, penetrable to thought, and not a stolid concrete of our traditional old yeoman characteristic. Verily he lives for the present, all for the present, will be taught in sorrow that there is no life for him but of past and future: his delusion of the existence of a present hour for man will not outlast the season of his eating and drinking abundantly in security. He will perceive that it was no more than the spark shot out from the clash of those two meeting forces; and penitently will he gaze back on that misleading spark—the spectral planet it bids wink to his unreceptive stars—acknowledging him the bare machine for those two to drive, no instrument of enjoyment. He lives by reading rearward and seeing vanward. He has no actual life save in power of imagination. He has to learn this fact, the great lesson of all men. Furthermore there may be a future closed to him if he has thrown too extreme a task of repairing on that bare machine of his. The sight of a broken-down plough is mournful, but the one thing to do with it is to remove it from the field.

Among the patriotic of stout English substance, who blew in the trumpet of the country, and were not bards of Bull to celebrate his firmness and vindicate his shiftings, Richard Rockney takes front rank. A journalist altogether given up to his craft, considering the audience he had gained, he was a man of forethought besides being a trenchant writer, and he was profoundly, not less than eminently, the lover of Great Britain. He had a manner of utterance quite in the tone of the familiar of the ante-chamber for proof of his

knowing himself to be this person. He did not so much write articles upon the health of his mistress as deliver Orphic sentences. He was in one her physician, her spiritual director, her man-at-arms. Public allusions to her were greeted with his emphatic assent in a measured pitch of the voice, or an instantaneous flourish of the rapier; and the flourish was no vain show. He meant hard steel to defend the pill he had prescribed for her constitutional state, and the monition for her soul's welfare. Nor did he pretend to special privileges in assuming his militant stand, but simply that he had studied her case, was intimate with her resources, and loved her hotly, not to say inspiredly. Love her as well, you had his cordial hand; as wisely, then all his weapons to back you. There were occasions when distinguished officials and Parliamentary speakers received the impetus of Rockney's approval and not hesitatingly he stepped behind them to bestow it. The act, in whatever fashion it may have been esteemed by the objects propelled, was a sign of his willingness to let the shadow of any man adopting his course obscure him, and of the simplicity of his attachment. If a bitter experience showed that frequently, indeed generally, they traveled scarce a tottering stagger farther than they were precipitated, the wretched consolation afforded by a side glance at a more enlightened passion, solitary in its depth, was Rockney's. Others perchance might equal his love, none the wisdom of it; actually none the vigilant circumspection, the shaping forethought. That clear knowledge of the right thing for the country was grasped but by bits by others. Enough to profit them this way and yonder as one best can! You know the newspaper Press is a mighty engine. Still he had no delight in shuffling a puppetry; he would have preferred automatic figures. His calls for them resounded through the wilderness of the wooden.

Any solid conviction of a capable head of a certainty impressed upon the world, and thus his changes of view were not attributed to a fluctuating devotion; they passed out of the range of criticism upon inconsistency, notwithstanding that the commencement of his journalistic career smelt of sources entirely opposed to the conclusions upon which it broadened. One secret of the belief in his love of his country was the readiness of Rockney's pen to support our nobler patriotic impulses, his relish of the bluff besides. His

eye was on our commerce, on our courts of Law, on our streets and alleys, our army and navy, our colonies, the vaster than the island England, and still he would be busy picking up needles and threads in the island. Deeds of valor were noted by him, lapses of cowardice: how one man stood against a host for law or humanity, how crowds looked on at the beating of a woman, how a good fight was maintained in some sly ring between two of equal brawn: and manufacturers were warned of the consequences of their iniquities, Government was lashed for sleeping upon shaky ordinances, colonists were gibbeted for the maltreating of natives: the ring and fervor of the notes on daily events told of Rockney's hand upon the national heart—with a faint, an enforced, reluctant indication of our not being the men we were.

But after all, the main secret was his art of writing round English, instead of laborious Latinized periods: and the secret of the art was his meaning what he said. It was the personal throb. The fire of a mind was translucent in Press columns where our public had been accustomed to the rhetoric of primed scribes. He did away with the Biscay billow of the leading article—Bull's favorite prose-bardic construction of sentences that roll to the antithetical climax, whose foamy top is offered and gulped as equivalent to an idea. Writing of such a kind as Rockney's was new to a land where the political opinions of Joint Stock Companies had rattled Jovian thunders obedient to the nod of Bull. Though not alone in working the change, he was the foremost. And he was not devoid of style. Fervidness is the core of style. He was a tough opponent for his betters in education, struck forcibly, fenced dexterously, was always alert for debate. An encounter between Swift and Johnson, were it imaginable, would present us probably the most prodigious Gigantomachy in literary polemics. It is not imaginable among comparative pygmies. But Rockney's combat with his fellow-politicians of the Press partook of the Swiftian against the Johnsonian in form. He was a steam ram that drove straight at the bulky broadside of the enemy.

Premiers of parties might be Captains of the State for Rockney: Rockney was the premier's pilot, or woe to him. Woe to the country as well, if Rockney's directions for steering were unheeded. He

was a man of forethought, the lover of Great Britain: he shouted his directions in the voice of the lover of his mistress, urged to rebuke, sometimes to command, the captain by the prophetic intimations of a holier alliance, a more illuminated prescience. Reefs here, shallows there, yonder a foul course: *this* is the way for you! The refusal of the captain to go this way caused Rockney sincerely to discredit the sobriety of his intellect. It was a drunken captain. Or how if a traitorous? We point out the danger to him, and if he will run the country on to it, we proclaim him guilty either of inebriety or of treason—the alternatives are named: one or the other has him. Simple unfitness can scarcely be conceived of a captain having our common senses and a warranted pilot at his elbow.

Had not Rockney been given to a high expression of opinion, plain in fervor, he would often have been exposed bare to hostile shafts. Style cast her ægis over him. He wore an armor in which he could walk, run and leap—a natural style. The ardor of his temperament suffused the directness of his intelligence to produce it, and the two qualities made his weakness and strength. Feeling the nerve of strength, the weakness was masked to him, while his opponents were equally insensible to the weakness under the force of his blows. Thus there was nothing to teach him, or reveal him, except Time, whose trick is to turn corners of unanticipated sharpness, and leave the directly seeing and ardent to dash at walls.

How rigidly should the man of forethought govern himself, question himself! how constantly wrestle with himself! And if he be a writer ebullient by the hour, how snappishly suspect himself, that he may feel in conscience worthy of a hearing and have perpetually a conscience in his charge! For on what is his forethought founded? Does he try the ring of it with our changed conditions? But a man of forethought who has to be one of our geysers ebullient by the hour must live days of fever. His apprehensions distemper his blood; the scrawl of them on the dark of the undeveloped dazzles his brain. He sees in time little else; his very sincereness twists him awry. Such a man has the stuff of the born journalist, and journalism is the food of the age. Ask him, however, midway in his running, what he thinks of quick breathing: he will answer that to be a shep-

herd on the downs is to be more a man. As to the gobbling age, it really thinks better of him than he of it.

After a term of prolonged preachification he is compelled to lash that he may less despise the age. He has to do it for his own sake. O gobbling age! swallowing all, digesting naught, us too you have swallowed, O insensate mechanism! and we will let you know you have a stomach. Furiously we disagree with you. We are in you to lead you or work you pangs!

Rockney could not be a mild sermonizer commenting on events. Rather no journalism at all for him! He thought the office of the ordinary daily preacher cow-like. His gadfly stung him to warn, dictate, prognosticate; he was the oracle and martyr of superior vision: and as in affairs of business and the weighing of men he was of singularly cool sagacity, hard on the downright, open to the humors of the distinct discrimination of things in their roughness, the knowledge of the firmly-based materialism of his nature caused him thoroughly to trust to his voice when he delivered it in ardor—a circumstance coming to be of daily recurrence. Great love creates forethoughtfulness, without which incessant journalism is a gabble. He was sure of his love, but who gave ear to his prescience? Few: the echo of the country now and then, the Government not often. And, dear me! those jog-trot sermonizers, mere commentators upon events, manage somehow to keep up the sale of their journals: advertisements do not flow and ebb with them as under the influence of a capricious moon. Ah, what a public! Serve it honorably, you are in peril of collapsing: show it nothing but the likeness of its dull animal face, you are steadily inflated. These reflections within us! Might not one almost say that the retreat for the prophet is the wilderness, far from the hustled editor's desk; and annual should be the uplifting of his voice instead of diurnal, if only to spare his blood the distemper? A fund of gout was in Rockney's, and he had begun to churn it. Between gouty blood and luminous brain the strife had set in which does not conduce to unwavering sobriety of mind, though ideas remain closely consecutive and the utterance resonant.

Never had he been an adulator of Bull. His defects as well as his advantages as a politician preserved to him this virtue. Insisting on a future, he could not do homage to the belying simulacrum of the

present. In the season of prosperity Rockney lashed the old fellow with the crisis he was breeding for us; and when prostration ensued no English tongue was loftier in preaching dignity and the means of recovery. Our monumental image of the Misuse of Peace he pointed out unceasingly as at a despot constructed by freemen out of the meanest in their natures to mock the gift of liberty. His articles of foregone years were an extraordinary record of events or conditions foreseen: seductive in the review of them by a writer who has to be still foreseeing: nevertheless, that none of them were bardic of Bull, and that our sound man would have acted wisely in heeding some of the prescriptions, constituted their essential merit, consolatory to think of, though painful. The country has gone the wrong road, but it may yet cross over to the right one, when it perceives that we were prophetic.

Compared with the bolts discharged at Bull by Rockney's artillery Captain Con O'Donnell's were popgun-pellets. Only Rockney fired to chasten, Con O'Donnell for a diversion, to appease an animus. The revolutionist in English journalism was too devoutly patriotic to belabor even a pantomime mask that was taken as representative of us for the disdainful fun of it. Behind the plethoric lamp, now blown with the fleshpots, now gasping puffs of panic, he saw the well-minded valorous people, issue of glorious grandsires; a nation under a monstrous defacement, stupefied by the contemplation of the mask: his vision was of the great of old, the possibly great in the graver strife ahead, respecters of life, despisers of death, the real English: whereas an alienated Celtic satirist, through his vivid fancy and his disesteem, saw the country incarnate in Bull, at most a roguish screw-kneed clown to be whipped out of him. Celt and Saxon are much inmixed with us, but the prevalence of Saxon blood is evinced by the public disregard of any Celtic conception of the honorable and the lovable; so that the Celt anxious to admire is rebutted, and the hatred of a Celt, quick as he is to catch at images, has a figure of hugeous animalism supplied to his malign contempt. Rockney's historic England, and the living heroic England to slip from that dull hide in a time of trial, whether of war or social suffering, he cannot see, nor a people hardening to Spartan lineaments in the fire, iron men to meet disaster, worshipers of a discerned God of Laws, and just men too,

thinking to do justice; he has Bull on the eye, the alternately braggart and poltroon, sweating in labor that he may gorge the fruits, graceless to a scoffer. And this is the creature to whose tail he is tied! Hereditary hatred is approved by critical disgust. Some spirited brilliancy, some persistent generosity (other than the guzzle's flash of it), might soften him; something sweeter than the slow animal well-meaningness his placable brethren point his attention to. It is not seen, and though he can understand the perils of a severance, he prefers to rub the rawness of his wound and be ready to pitch his cap in the air for it, out of sheer blood-loathing of a connection that offers him nothing to admire, nothing to hug to his heart. Both below and above the blind mass of discontent in his island, the repressed sentiment of admiration—or passion of fealty and thirst to give himself to a visible brighter — is an element of the division: meditative young Patrick O'Donnell early in his reflections had noted that:—and it is partly a result of our daily habit of tossing the straw to the monetary world and doting on ourselves in the mirror, until our habitual doings are viewed in a bemused complacency by us, and the scum-surface of the country is flashed about us as its vital being. A man of forethought using the Press to spur Parliament to fitly represent the people, and writing on his daily topics with strenuous original vigor, even though, like Rockney, he sets the teeth of the Celt gnashing at him, goes a step nearer to the bourne of pacification than Press and Parliament reflecting the popular opinion that law must be passed to temper Ireland's eruptiveness; for that man can be admired, and the Celt, in combating him, will like an able and gallant enemy better than a grudgingly just, lumbersome, dull, politic friend. The material points in a division are always the stronger, but the sentimental are here very strong. Pass the laws; they may put an extinguisher on the Irish Vesuvian; yet to be loved you must be a little perceptibly admirable. You may be so self-satisfied as to dispense with an ideal: your yokefellow is not; it is his particular form of strength to require one for his proper blooming, and he does bloom beautifully in the rays he courts.

Ah, then, seek to be loved, and banish Bull. Believe in a future and banish that gross obscuration of you. Decline to let that old-yeoman-turned alderman stand any longer for the national man.

Speaking to the brain of the country, one is sure of the power of a resolute sign from it to dismiss the brainless. Banish him from your revels and your debatings, prohibit him your Christmas, lend no ear either to his panics or his testiness, especially none to his rages; do not report him at all, and he will soon subside into his domestic, varied by pothouse, privacy. The brain should lead, if there be a brain. Once free of him, you will know that for half a century you have appeared bottom upward to mankind. And you have wondered at the absence of love for you under so astounding a presentation. Even in a Bull, beneficent as he can dream of being, when his notions are in a similar state of inversion, should be sheepish hope for love.

He, too, whom you call the Welshman, and deride for his delight in songful gatherings, harps to wild Wales, his Cambrian highlands, and not to England. You have not yet, though he is orderly and serviceable, allured his imagination to the idea of England. Despite the passion for his mountains and the boon of your raising of the edict (within a hundred years) upon his pastors to harangue him in his native tongue, he gladly ships himself across the waters traversed by his Prince Madoc of tradition, and becomes contentedly a transatlantic citizen, a member of strange sects—he so inveterate in faithfulness to the hoar and the legendary!—Anything rather than Anglican. The Cymry bear you no hatred; their affection likewise is undefined. But there is reason to think that America has caught the imagination of the Cambrian Celt: names of Welshmen are numerous in the small army of the States of the Union; and where men take soldier-service they are usually fixed, they and their children. Here is one, not very deeply injured within a century, of ardent temperament, given to be songful and loving; he leaves you and forgets you. Be certain that the material grounds of division are not all. To pronounce it his childishness provokes the retort upon your presented shape. He cannot admire it. Gaelic Scots wind the same note of repulsion.

And your poets are in a like predicament. Your poets are the most persuasive of springs to a lively general patriotism. They are in the Celtic dilemma of standing at variance with Bull; they return him his hearty antipathy, are unable to be epical or lyrical of him, are condemned to expend their genius upon the abstract, the quaint,

the picturesque. Nature they read spiritually or sensually, always shrinkingly apart from him. They swell to a resemblance of their patron if they stoop to woo his purse. He has, on hearing how that poets bring praise to nations, as in fact he can now understand his Shakespeare to have done, been seen to thump the midriff and rally them for their shyness of it, telling them he doubts them true poets while they abstain from singing him to the world—him, and the things refreshing the centre of him. Ineffectual is that encouragement. Were he in the fire, melting to the iron man, the backbone of him, it would be different. At his pleasures he is anti-hymnic, repellent to song. He has perceived the virtues of Peace, without the brother eye for the need of virtuousness to make good use of them and inspire the poet. His own enrolled unrhythmical bardic troops (humorous mercenaries when Celts) do his trumpeting best, and offend not the Pierides.

This interlude, or rather inter-drone, repulsive to write, can hardly be excluded from a theme dramatizing Celtic views, and treating of a blood, to which the idea of country must shine resplendently if we would have it running at full tide through the arteries. Preserve your worship, if the object fills your optics. Better worship that than nothing, as it is better for flames to be blown out than not to ascend, otherwise it will wreak circular mischief instead of illuming. You are requested simply to recollect that there is another beside you who sees the object obliquely, and then you will not be surprised by his irreverence. What if, in the end, you were conducted to a like point of view? Self-worship, it has been said, is preferable to no trimming of the faculty, but worship does not necessarily cease with the extinction of this of the voraciously carnal. An ideal of country, of Great Britain, is conceivable that will be to the taste of Celt and Saxon in common, to wave as a standard over their fraternal marching. Let Bull boo his drumliest at such talk: it is, I protest, the thing we want and can have. He is the obstruction, not the country; and against him, not against the country, the shots are aimed which seem so malignant. Him the gay manipulators propitiate who look at him through Literature and the Press, and across the pulpit-cushions, like airy Macheath at Society, as carrion to batten on. May plumpness be their portion, and they never hanged

for it! But the flattering, tickling, pleasantly pinching of Bull is one of those offices which the simple starveling piper regards with a fresh access of appetite for the well-picked bone of his virtue. That ghastly apparition of the fleshly present is revealed to him as a dead whale, having the harpoon of the inevitable slayer of the merely fleshly in his oils. To humor him, and be his piper for his gifts, is to descend to a carnival deep underneath. While he reigns, thinks this poor starveling, Rome burns, or the explosive powders are being secretly laid. He and his thousand Macheaths are dancing the country the giddy pace, and there will, the wretch dreads, be many a crater of scoria in the island, before he stretches his inanimate length, his parasites upon him. The theme is chosen and must be treated as a piper involved in his virtue conceives it: that is, realistically; not with Bull's notion of the realism of the butcher's shop and the pendent legs of mutton and blocks of beef painted raw and glaring in their streaks, but with the realism of the active brain and heart conjoined. The reasons for the division of Celt and Saxon, what they think and say of one another, often without knowing that they are divided, and the wherefore of our abusing ourselves, brave England, our England of the ancient fortitude and the future incarnation, can afford to hear. Why not in a tale? It is he, your all for animal pleasure in the holiday he devours and cannot enjoy, whose example teaches you to shun the plaguey tale that carries fright: and so you find him sour at business and sick of his relaxings, hating both because he harnesses himself in turn bestially to each, growling at the smallest admixture of them, when, if he would but chirp a little over his work, and allow his pleasures to inspire a dose of thoughtfulness, he would be happier, and—who knows?—become a brighter fellow, one to be rescued from the poleaxe.

Now the rain is over, your carriage is at the door, the country smiles and the wet highway waves a beckoning hand. We have worn through a cloud with cloudy discourses, but we are in a land of shifting weathers, " cœlum crebris imbribus ac nebulis fœdum," not every chapter can be sunshine.

CHAPTER XVII

CROSSING THE RUBICON

Rough weather on the Irish sea discharged a pallid file of passengers from the boat at Holyhead just as the morning sun struck wave and mountain with one of the sudden sparkling changes which our Southwesters have in their folds to tell us after a tumultuous night that we have only been worried by Puck. The scene of frayed waters all rosy-golden, and golden-banded heathery height, with the tinted sand, breaking to flights of blue, was resplendent for those of our recent seafarers who could lift an eye to enjoy it. Freshness, illumination, then salt air, vivid distances, were a bath for every sense of life. You could believe the breast of the mountain to be heaving, the billows to be kissing fingers to him, the rollers shattered up the cliff to have run to extinction to scale him. He seemed in his clear-edged mass King of this brave new boundless world built in a minute out of the wreck of the old.

An hour back the vessel was laboring through rueful chasms under darkness, and then did the tricksy Southwest administer grisly slaps to right and left, whizzing spray across the starboard beam, and drenching the locks of a young lady who sat cloaked and hooded in frieze to teach her wilfulness a lesson, because she would keep her place on deck from beginning to end of the voyage. Her faith in the capacity of Irish frieze to turn a deluge of the deeps driven by an Atlantic gale was shaken by the time she sighted harbor, especially when she shed showers by flapping a batlike wing of the cloak, and had a slight shudder to find herself trickling within.

"Dear! and I am wet to the skin," she confided the fact to herself vocally.

"You would not be advised," a gentleman beside her said after a delicate pause to let her impulsive naturalism of utterance fly by unwounded.

"And aren't you the same and worse? And not liking it either, I fear, sir!" she replied, for despite a manful smile his complexion was tell-tale. "But there's no harm in salt. But you should have gone down to the cabin with Father Boyle and you would have been sure of not catching cold. But, Oh! the beautiful . . . look at

it! And it's my first view of England. Well, then, I'll say it's a beautiful country."

Her companion looked up at the lighted sky, and down at the pools in tarpaulin at his feet. He repressed a disposition to shudder, and with the anticipated ecstasy of soon jumping out of wet clothes into dry, he said: "I should like to be on the top of that hill now."

The young lady's eyes flew to the top.

"They say he looks on Ireland; I love him; and his name is Caer Gybi; and it was one of our Saints gave him the name, I've read in books. I'll be there before noon."

"You want to have a last gaze over to Erin?"

"No, it's to walk and feel the breeze. But I do, though."

"Won't you require a little rest?"

"Sure and I've had it sitting here all night!" said she.

He laughed: the reason for the variation of exercise was conclusive.

Father Boyle came climbing up the ladder, uncertain of his legs; he rolled and snatched and tottered on his way to them, and accepted the gentleman's help of an arm, saying: "Thank ye, thank ye, and good morning, Mr. Colesworth. And my poor child! what sort of a night has it been above, Kathleen?"

He said it rather twinkling, and she retorted:

"What sort of a night has it been below, Father Boyle?" Her twinkle was livelier than his, compassionate in archness.

"Purgatory past is good for contemplation, my dear. 'Tis past, and there's the comfort! You did well to be out of that herring-barrel, Mr. Colesworth. I hadn't the courage, or I would have burst from it to take a ducking with felicity. I haven't thrown up my soul; that's the most I can say. I thought myself nigh on it once or twice. And an amazing kind steward it was, or I'd have counted the man for some one else. Surely, 'tis a glorious morning?"

Mr. Colesworth responded heartily in praise of the morning. He was beginning to fancy that he felt the warmth of spring sunshine on his back. He flung up his head and sniffed the air, and was very like a horse fretful for the canter; so like as to give Miss Kathleen an idea of the comparison. She could have rallied him; her laughing

eyes showed the readiness, but she forbore, she drank the scene. Her face, with the threaded locks about forehead and cheeks, and the dark, the blue, the rosy red of her lips, her eyes, her hair, was just such a southwestern sky as April drove above her, the same in color and quickness; and much of her spirit was the same, enough to stand for a resemblance. But who describes the spirit? No one at the gates of the field of youth. When Time goes reaping he will gather us a sheaf, out of which the picture springs.

"There's our last lurch, glory to the breakwater!" exclaimed Father Boyle, as the boat pitched finally outside the harbor fence, where a soft calm swell received them with the greeting of civilized sea-nymphs. "The captain 'll have a quieter passage across. You may spy him on the pier. We'll be meeting him on the landing."

"If he's not in bed, from watching the stars all night," said Miss Kathleen.

"He must have had a fifty-lynx power of sight for that, my dear."

"They did appear, though, and wonderfully bright," she said. "I saw them come out and go in. It's not all cloud when the high wind blows."

"You talk like a song, Kathleen."

"Couldn't I rattle a throat if I were at home, Father!"

"Ah! we're in the enemy's country now."

Miss Kathleen said she would go below to get the handbags from the stewardess.

Mr. Colesworth's brows had a little darkened over the Rev. Gentleman's last remark. He took two or three impatient steps up and down with his head bent. "Pardon me; I hoped we had come to a better understanding," he said. "Is it quite fair to the country and to Miss O'Donnell to impress on her before she knows us that England is the enemy?"

"Habit, Mr. Colesworth, habit! we've got accustomed to the perspective and speak accordingly. There's a breach visible."

"I thought you agreed with me that good efforts are being made on our side to mend the breach."

"Sir, you have a noble minority at work, no doubt; and I take you for one of the noblest, as not objecting to stand next to alone."

"I really thought, judging from our conversation at Mrs. O'Donnell's that evening, that you were going to hold out a hand and lead your flock to the right sort of fellowship with us."

"To submission to the laws, Mr. Colesworth; 'tis my duty to do it as pastor and citizen."

"No, to more than that, Sir. You spoke with friendly warmth."

"The atmosphere was genial, if you remember the whisky and the fumes of our tobacco at one o'clock!"

"I shall recollect the evening with the utmost pleasure. You were kind enough to instruct me in a good many things I shall be sure to profit by. I wish I could have spent more time in Ireland. As it is, I like Irishmen so well that if the whole land were in revolt I should never call it the enemy's country."

"Excellently spoken, Mr. Colesworth," said the priest. "We'll hope your writings may do service to mend the breach. For there is one, as you know, and more's the pity; there's one, and it's wide and deep. As my friend Captain Con O'Donnell says, it's plain to the naked eye as a pair of particularly fat laundry drawers hung out to dry and ballooned in extension—if mayhap you've ever seen the sight of them in that state:—just held together by a narrow neck of thread or button, and stretching away like a corpulent frog in the act of swimming on the wind. His comparison touches the sentiment of disunion, Sir."

Mr. Colesworth had not even seen such a pair of laundry drawers inflated to symbolize the breach between Ireland and England; nor probably, if he had, would the sentiment of national disunion have struck his mind: it was difficult to him in the description. He considered his Rev. friend to be something of a slippery fish, while Father Boyle's opinion of him likewise referred him to an elemental substance, of slow movement—earth, in short: for he continued to look argumentative after all had been said.

Or perhaps he threw a coveting eye on sweet Miss Kathleen and had his own idea of mending a stitch of the breach in a quite domestic way. If so, the Holy Father would have a word to say, let alone Kathleen. The maids of his Church do not espouse her foes. For the men it is another matter: that is as the case may be. Temporarily we are in cordial intercourse, Mr. Colesworth.

Miss Kathleen returned to deck carrying her bags. The gentleman had to descend, and subsequently an amiable dissension arose on the part of the young lady and Mr. Colesworth. She, however, yielded one of her bags, and he, though doubly laden, was happy. All very transparent to pastoral observation, but why should they not be left to their chirruping youthfulness? The captain was not in view, and Father Boyle wanted to go to bed for refreshment, and Kathleen was an airy gossamer, with a boy running after it, not by any means likely to catch it, or to keep it if he did. Proceed and trip along, you young ones!

At the hotel they heard that Captain Con O'Donnell was a snug sleeper upstairs. This, the captain himself very soon informed them, had not been the kernel of the truth. He had fancied they would not cross the Channel on so rattlesome a night, or Kathleen would have had an Irish kiss to greet her landing in England. But the cousinly salute was little delayed, news of the family in Ireland and England was exchanged, and then Mr. Colesworth and the captain bowed to an introduction; and the captain, at mention of his name, immediately cried out that Mr. Colesworth might perchance be a relative of the highly intelligent admirable lady who had undertaken the secretaryship, and by her vast ability got the entire management of Miss Mattock's benevolent institution, and was conducting it with such success that it was fast becoming a grief to the generous heart of the foundress of the same to find it not only self-paying, but on the road to a fortune, inasmuch as it was already an article in the decrees of fashion among the nobility and gentry of both sexes in the metropolis to have their linen and laces washed at the Mattock laundry.

Mr. Colesworth said he was the brother of the lady in question, he had also the pleasure of an acquaintance with Miss Mattock. He was vehemently congratulated on the relationship which bore witness, the captain affirmed, to a certain hereditary share of brains greatly to be envied: brother of Miss Colesworth, a title of distinction in itself! He was congratulated not less cordially for his being so fortunate as to know Miss Mattock, one of a million.

Captain Con retained the hand of Father Boyle and squeezed it during his eulogies, at the same time dispensing nods and winks and sunny sparkles upon Kathleen. Mr. Colesworth went upstairs

to his room not unflattered. The flattery enveloped him in the pleasant sense of a somehow now established companionship for the day with a pleasant person from whom he did not wish to separate.

"You made the gentleman's acquaintance, my dear . . . ?" said Con.

Kathleen answered: "He made friends with our Patrick on the Continent, I think it was in Germany, and came to us to study the old country, bearing a letter from Patrick. He means to be one of their writers on the newspapers. He studies everything; he has written books. He called on us coming and called on us going and we came over together," said Miss Kathleen. "But tell me: our Philip?"

"Books!" Con exclaimed. "It's hard to discover a man in these days who hasn't written books. Oh! Philip! Ease your heart about Philip. They're nursing him round. He was invalided at the right moment for *him*, no fear. I gave him his chance of the last vacant seat up to the last hour, and now the die is cast and this time I'm off to it. Poor Philip — yes, yes! we're sorry to see him flat all his length, we love him; he's a gallant soldier; alive to his duty; and that bludgeon sun of India knocked him down, and that fall from his horse finished the business, and there he lies. But he'll get up, and he might have accepted the seat and spared me my probation: he's not married, I am, I have a wife, and Master Philip divides me against my domestic self, he does. But let that be: I serve duty too. Not a word to our friend up yonder. It's a secret with a time-fuse warranted to explode safe enough when the minutes are up, and make a powerful row when it does. It is all right over there, Father Boyle, I suppose?"

"A walkover! a pure ceremonial," said the priest, and yawned frightfully.

"You're for a nap to recompose you, my dear friend," remarked the captain.

"But you haven't confided anything of it to Mrs. Adister?"

"Not a syllable; no. That's to come. There's my contest! I had urgent business in Ireland, and she's a good woman, always willing to let me go. I count on her kindness, there's no mightier compliment to one's wife. She'll know it when it's history. She's fond

of history. Ay, she hates fiction, and so I'm proud to tell her I offer her none. She likes a trifling surprise too, and there she has it. Oh! we can whip up the business to a nice little bowl of froth-flummery. But it's when the Parliamentary voting is on comes the connubial pull. She's a good woman, a dear good soul, but she's a savage patriot; and Philip might have saved his kinsman if he had liked. He had only to say the word: I could have done all the business for him, and no contest to follow by my fireside. He's on his couch—Mars convalescent: a more dreadful attraction to the ladies than in his crimson plumes! If the fellow doesn't let slip his opportunity! with his points of honor and being an Irish Bayard. Why, Bayard in the nineteenth century's a Bedlamite, Irish or no. So I tell him. There he is; you'll see him, Kathleen: and one of them as big an heiress as any in England. Philip's no fool, you'll find."

"Then he's coming all right, is he?" said Kathleen.

"He's a soldier, and a good one, but he's nothing more, and as for patriotic inflammation, doesn't know the sensation."

"Oh! but he's coming round, and you'll go and stroke down mother with that," Kathleen cried. "Her heart's been heavy, with Patrick wandering and Philip on his back. I'll soon be dressed for breakfast."

Away she went.

"She's got an appetite, and looks like a strapped bit of steel after the night's tumbling," said the captain, seeing her trip aloft. "I'm young as that too, or not far off it. Stay, I'll order breakfast for four in a quiet corner where we can converse—which, by the way, won't be possible in the presence of that gaping oyster of a fellow, who looks as if he were waiting the return of the tide."

Father Boyle interposed his hand.

"Not for . . ." he tried to add "four." The attempt at a formation of the word produced a cavernous yawn: a volume of the distressful deep to the beholder.

"Of course," Captain Con assented. He proposed bed and a sedative therein, declaring that his experience overnight could pronounce it good, and that it should be hot. So he led his tired old friend to the bedroom, asked dozens of questions, flurried a withdrawal of them, suggested the answers, talked of his Rubicon, praised

his wife, delivered a moan on her behalf, and after assisting to half disrobe the scarce animate figure, which lent itself like an artist's lay-model to the operation, departed on his mission of the sedative.

At the breakfast for three he was able to tell Kathleen that the worthy Father was warm, and on his way to complete restoration.

"Full fathom five the Father lies, in the ocean of sleep, by this time," said Con. "And 'tis a curious fact that every man in that condition seems enviable to men on their legs. And similarly with death; we'd rather not, because of a qualm, but the picture of the finish of the leap across is a taking one. These chops are done as if Nature had mellowed their juiciness."

"They are so nice," Kathleen said.

"You deserve them, if ever girl in this world!"

"I sat on deck all night, and Mr. Colesworth would keep me company."

"He could hardly do less, having the chance. But that notwithstanding, I'm under an obligation to your cavalier. And how did you find Ireland, sir? You've made acquaintance with my cousin, young Patrick O'Donnell, I rejoice to hear."

"Yes, through his hearing or seeing my name and suspecting I had a sister," said Mr. Colesworth, who was no longer in the resemblance of a gaping oyster on the borders of the ebb. "The country is not disturbed."

"So the doctor thinks his patient is doing favorably! And you cottoned to Patrick? And I don't wonder. Where was it?"

"We met in Trieste. He was about to start by one of the Austrian boats for the East."

"Not disturbed! no! with a rotten potato inside it paralyzing digestion!" exclaimed Con. "Now Patrick had been having a peep at Vienna, hadn't he?"

"He had; he was fresh from Vienna when I met him. As to Ireland, the harvest was only middling good last year."

"And that's the bit of luck we depend on. A cloud too much, and it's drowned! Had he seen, do you know, anybody in Vienna?—you were not long together at Trieste?"

Mr. Colesworth had sufficient quickness to perceive that the two questions could be answered as one, and saying: "He was disap-

pointed," revealed that he and Patrick had been long enough together to come to terms of intimacy.

"To be sure, he gave you a letter of introduction to his family!" said Con. "And permit me to add, that Patrick's choice of a friend is mine on trust. The lady he was for seeing, Mr. Colesworth, was just then embarking on an adventure of a romantic character, particularly well suited to her nature, and the end of it was a trifle sanguinary, and she suffered a disappointment also, though not perhaps on that account."

"I heard of it in England last year," said Mr. Colesworth. "Did she come through it safely?"

"Without any personal disfigurement: and is in England now, under her father's roof meditating fresh adventures."

Kathleen cried: "Ye're talking of the lady who was Miss Adister—I can guess—Ah!" She humped her shoulders and sent a shudder up her neck.

"But she's a grand creature, Mr. Colesworth, and you ought to know her," said Con. "That is, if you'd like to have an idea of a young Catherine or a Semiramis—minus an army and a country. There's nothing she's not capable of aiming at. And there's pretty well nothing and nobody she wouldn't make use of. She has great notions of the power of the British Press and the British purse—each in turn as a key to the other. Now for an egg, Kathleen."

"I think I'll eat an egg," Kathleen replied.

"Bless the honey heart of the girl! Life's in you, my dear, and calls for fuel. I'm glad to see that Mr. Colesworth too can take a sight at the Sea-God after a night of him. It augurs magnificently for a future career. And let me tell you that the Pen demands it of us. The first of the requisites is a stout stomach—before a furnished head! I'd not pass a man to be anything of a writer who couldn't step ashore from a tempest and consume his Titan breakfast."

"We are qualifying for the literary craft, Miss O'Donnell," said Mr. Colesworth.

"It's for a walk in the wind up Caer Gybi, and along the coast I mean to go," said Kathleen.

"This morning?" the captain asked her.

She saw his dilemma in his doubtful look.

"When I've done. While you're discussing matters with Father Boyle. I know you're burning to. Sure it's yourself knows as well as anybody, Captain Con, that I can walk a day long and take care of my steps. I've walked the better half of Donegal alone, and this morning I'll have a protector."

Captain Con eyed the protector, approved of him, disapproved of himself, thought of Kathleen as a daughter of Erin—a privileged and inviolate order of woman in the minds of his countrymen—and wriggling internally over a remainder scruple said: "Mr. Colesworth mayhap has to write a bit in the morning."

"I'm unattached at present," the latter said. "I am neither a correspondent nor a reporter, and if I were, the event would be wanting."

"That remark, sir, shows you to be eminently a stranger to the official duties," observed the captain. "Journalism is a maw, and the journalist has to cram it, and like anything else which perpetually distends for matter, it must be filled, for you can't leave it gaping, so when nature and circumstance won't combine to produce the stuff, we have recourse to the creative arts. 'Tis the necessity of the profession."

"The profession will not impose that necessity upon me," remarked the young practitioner.

"Outside the wheels of the machine, sir, we indulge our hallucination of immunity. I've been one in the whirr of them, relating what I hadn't quite heard, and capitulating what I didn't think at all, in spite of the cry of my conscience—a poor infant below the waters, casting up ejaculatory bubbles of protestation. And if it is my reproach that I left it to the perils of drowning, it's my pride that I continued to transmit air enough to carry on the struggle. Not every journalist can say as much. The Press is the voice of the mass, and our private opinion is detected as a discord by the mighty beast, and won't be endured by him."

"It's better not to think of him quite as a beast," said Mr. Colesworth.

"Infinitely better: and I like your 'guile,' sir! But wait and tell me what you think of him after tossing him his meat for a cer-

tain number of years. There's Rockney. Do you know Rockney? He's the biggest single gun they've got, and he's mad for this country, but ask him about the public, you'll hear the menagerie-keeper's opinion of the brute that mauled his loins."

"Rockney," said Mr. Colesworth, "has the tone of a man disappointed of the dictatorship."

"Then you do know Rockney!" shouted Captain Con. "That's the man in a neat bit of drawing. He's a grand piece of ordnance. But wait for him too, and tell me by and by. If it isn't a woman, you'll find, that primes him, ay, and points him, and what's more, discharges him, I'm not Irish born. Poor fellow! I pity him. He had a sweet Irish lady for his wife, and lost her last year, and has been raging astray politically ever since. I suppose it's hardly the poor creature's fault. None the less, you know, we have to fight him. And now he's nibbling at a bait—it's fun: the lady I mentioned, with a turn for adventure and enterprise: it's rare fun:—he's nibbling, he'll be hooked. You must make her acquaintance, Mr. Colesworth, and hold your own against her, if you can. She's a niece of my wife's and I'll introduce you. I shall find her in London, or at our lodgings at a Surrey farm we've taken to nurse my cousin Captain Philip O'Donnell invalided from India—an awful climate!—on my return, when I hope to renew the acquaintance. She has beauty, she has brains. Resist her, and you'll make a decent stand against Lucifer. And supposing she rolls you up and pitches you over, her noticing you is a pretty compliment to your pen. That'll be consoling."

Mr. Colesworth fancied, he said, that he was proof against feminine blandishments in the direction of his writings.

He spoke as one indicating a thread to suggest a cable. The captain applauded the fancy as a pleasing delusion of the young sprigs of Journalism.

Upon this, Mr. Colesworth, with all respect for French intelligence, denied the conclusiveness of French generalizations, which ascribed to women universal occult dominion, and traced all great affairs to small intrigues.

The captain's eyes twinkled on him, thinking how readily he would back smart Miss Kathleen to do the trick, if need were.

He said to her before she started: "Don't forget he may be a clever fellow with that pen of his, and useful to our party."

"I'll not forget," said she.

For the good of his party, then, Captain Con permitted her to take the walk up Caer Gybi alone with Mr. Colesworth: a memorable walk in the recollections of the scribe, because of the wonderful likeness of the young lady to the breezy weather, and the sparkles over the deep, the cloud that frowned, the cloud that glowed, the green of the earth greening out from under wings of shadow, the mountain ranges holding hands about an immensity of space. It was one of our giant days to his emotions, and particularly memorable to him through the circumstance that it insisted on a record in verse, and he was unused to the fetters of metre: and although the verse was never seen by man, his attempt at it confused his ideas of his expressive powers. Oddly too, while scourging the lines with criticism, he had a fondness for them: they stamped a radiant day in his mind, beyond the resources of rhetoric to have done it equally.

This was the day of Captain Con's crossing the Rubicon between the secret of his happiness and a Parliamentary career.

(*To be continued*)

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI

H. G. WELLS

Book the Second

MARGARET

CHAPTER THE FIRST

Margaret in Staffordshire

I

I MUST go back a little way with my story. In the previous book I have described the kind of education that happens to a man of my class nowadays, and it has been convenient to leap a phase in my experiences that I must now set out at length. I want to tell in this second book how I came to marry, and to do that I must give something of the atmosphere in which I first met my wife and some intimations of the forces that went to her making. I met her in Staffordshire while I was staying with that uncle of whom I have already spoken, the uncle who sold my father's houses and settled my mother in Penge. Margaret was twenty then and I was twenty-two.

It was just before that walking tour in Switzerland that opened up so much of the world to me. I saw her once, for an afternoon, and circumstances so threw her up in relief that I formed a very vivid memory of her. She was in the sharpest contrast with the industrial world about her; she impressed me as a dainty blue flower might do, come upon suddenly on a clinker heap. She remained in my mind at once a perplexing interrogation and a symbol. . . .

But first I must tell of my Staffordshire cousins and the world that served as a foil for her.

II

I first went to stay with my cousins when I was an awkward youth of sixteen, wearing deep mourning for my mother. My uncle wanted to talk things over with me, he said, and if he could, to persuade me to go into business instead of going up to Cambridge.

I remember that visit on account of all sorts of novel things, but chiefly I think because it was the first time I encountered anything that deserves to be spoken of as wealth. For the first time in my

life I had to do with people who seemed to have endless supplies of money, unlimited good clothes, numerous servants; whose daily life was made up of things that I had hitherto considered to be treats or exceptional extravagances. My cousins of eighteen and nineteen took cabs, for instance, with the utmost freedom, and traveled first class in the local trains that run up and down the district of the Five Towns with an entire unconsciousness of the magnificence, as it seemed to me, of such a proceeding.

The family occupied a large villa in Newcastle, with big lawns before it and behind, a shrubbery with quite a lot of shrubs, a coach house and stable, and subordinate dwelling-places for the gardener and the coachman. Every bedroom contained a gas heater and a canopied brass bedstead, and had a little bath-room attached equipped with the porcelain baths and fittings my uncle manufactured, bright and sanitary and stamped with his name, and the house was furnished throughout with chairs and tables in bright shining wood, soft and prevalently red Turkish carpets, cosy corners, curtained archways, gold-framed landscapes, over-mantels, a dining-room sideboard like a palace, with a large Tantalus at the side, and electric light fittings of a gay and expensive quality. There was a fine billiard room on the ground floor with three comfortable sofas and a rotating bookcase containing an excellent collection of the English humorists from *Three Men in a Boat* to the penultimate Jacobs. There was also a conservatory opening out of the dining-room, to which the gardener brought potted flowers in their season. . . .

My aunt was a little woman with a sacred look and a cap that would get over one eye, not very like my mother, and nearly eight years her junior; she was very much concerned with keeping everything nice, and unmercifully bullied by my two cousins, who took after their father and followed the imaginations of their own hearts. They were tall, dark, warmly flushed girls, handsome rather than pretty. Gertrude, the eldest and tallest, had eyes that were almost black; Sibyl was of a stouter build, and her eyes, of which she was shamelessly proud, were dark blue. Sibyl's hair waved, and Gertrude's was severely straight. They treated me on my first visit with all the contempt of the adolescent girl for a boy a little younger and infinitely less expert in the business of life than herself. They were very busy with the writings of notes and certain mysterious goings and comings of their own, and left me very much to my own devices. Their speech in my presence was full of unfathomable allusions. They were the sort of girls who will talk over and through an uninitiated stranger with the pleasantest sense of superiority.

I met them at breakfast and at lunch and at the half-past six o'clock high tea that formed the third chief meal of the day. I heard

them rattling off the compositions of Chaminade and Moskowski, with great decision and effect, and hovered on the edge of tennis foursomes where it was manifest to the dullest intelligence that my presence was unnecesary. Then I went off unsought to find some readable book in the place, but apart from miscellaneous popular novels, some veterinary works, a number of comic books, old bound volumes of *The Illustrated London News* and a large, popular illustrated History of England, there was very little to be found. My aunt talked to me in a casual feeble way, chiefly about my mother's last illness. The two had seen very little of each other for many years; she made no secret of it that the ineligible qualities of my father were the cause of that estrangement. The only other society in the house during the day was an old and rather decayed Skye terrier in constant conflict with what were no doubt imaginary fleas. I took myself off for a series of walks and acquired a considerable knowledge of the scenery and topography of the Potteries.

It puzzled my aunt that I did not go westward, where it was countryside and often quite pretty, with hedgerows and fields and copses and flowers. But always I went eastward, where in a long valley industrialism smokes and sprawls. That was the stuff to which I turned by nature, to the human effort, and the accumulation and jar of men's activities. And in such a country as that valley social and economic relations were simple and manifest. Instead of the limitless confusion of London's population, in which no man can trace any but the most slender correlation between rich and poor, in which everyone seems disconnected and adrift from everyone, you can see here the works, the pot-bank or the iron works or what not, and here close at hand the congested, meanly-housed workers and at a little distance a small middle-class quarter, and again remoter, the big house of the employer. It was like a very simplified diagram —after the untraceable confusion of London.

I prowled alone, curious and interested, through shabby back streets of mean little homes, I followed canals, sometimes canals of mysteriously heated waters with wisps of steam rising ghostly from their waters against blackened walls or a distant prospect of vegetable gardens, dustbin fed, I saw the women pouring out from the pot-banks, heard the hooters summoning the toilers to work, lost my way upon slag heaps as big as the hills of the south country, dodged trains at manifestly dangerous level crossings, and surveyed across dark intervening spaces, the flaming uproar, the gnome-like activities of iron foundries. I heard talk of strikes and rumors of strikes, and learned from the columns of some obscure labor paper I bought one day, of the horrors of the lead poisoning that was in those days one of the normal risks of certain sorts of pottery workers. Then

back I came, by the ugly groaning and clanging steam tram of that period, to my uncle's house and lavish abundance of money and more or less furtive flirtations and the tinkle of Moskowski and Chaminade. It was, I say, diagrammatic. One saw the expropriator and the expropriated—as if Marx had arranged the picture. It was as jumbled and far more dingy and disastrous than any of the confusions of building and development that had surrounded my youth at Bromstead and Penge, but it had a novel quality of being explicable. I found great virtue in the word "exploitation."

There stuck in my mind as if it was symbolical of the whole thing the twisted figure of a man, whose face had been horribly scalded—I can't describe how, except that one eye was just expressionless white—and he ground at an organ bearing a card which told in weak and bitterly satirical phrasing that he had been scalded by the hot water from the tuyères of the blast furnace of Lord Pandram's works. He had been scalded and quite inadequately compensated and dismissed. And Lord Pandram was worth half a million.

That upturned sightless white eye of his took possession of my imagination. I don't think that even then I was swayed by any crude melodramatic conception of injustice. I was quite prepared to believe the card wasn't a punctiliously accurate statement of fact, and that a case could be made out for Lord Pandram. Still there in the muddy gutter, painfully and dreadfully, was the man, and he was smashed and scalded and wretched, and he ground his dismal hurdy-gurdy with a weary arm, calling upon Heaven and the passer-by for help, for help and some sort of righting—one could not imagine quite what. There he was as a fact, as a by-product of the system that heaped my cousins with trinkets and provided the comic novels and the abundant cigars and spacious billiard room of my uncle's house. I couldn't disconnect him and them.

My uncle, on his part, did nothing to conceal the state of war that existed between himself and his workers and the mingled contempt and animosity he felt for them.

III

Prosperity had overtaken my uncle. So that quite naturally he believed that every man who was not as prosperous as he was had only himself to blame. He was rich and he had left school and gone into his father's business at fifteen, and that seemed to him the proper age at which everyone's education should terminate. He was very anxious to dissuade me from going up to Cambridge and we argued intermittently through all my visit.

I had remembered him as a big and buoyant man, striding de-

structively about the nursery floor of my childhood, and saluting my existence by slaps, loud laughter and questions about half herrings and half eggs subtly framed to puzzle and confuse my mind. I didn't see him for some years until my father's death, and then he seemed rather smaller, though still a fair size, yellow instead of red and much less radiantly aggressive. This altered effect was due not so much to my own changed perspectives, I fancy, as to the facts that he was suffering from continuous cigar smoking, and had been greatly taken in hand by his adolescent daughters, who had just returned from school.

During my first visit there was a perpetual series of—the only word is rows, between them and him. Up to the age of fifteen or thereabouts, he had maintained his ascendency over them by simple old-fashioned physical chastisement. Then after an interlude of a year it had dawned upon them that power had mysteriously departed from him. He had tried stopping their pocket money, but they found their mother financially amenable; besides which it was fundamental to my uncle's attitude that he should give them money freely. Not to do so would seem like admitting a difficulty in making it. So that after he had stopped the allowances for the fourth time Sybil and Gertrude were prepared to face beggary without a qualm. It had been his pride to give them the largest allowances of any girls at the school, not even excepting the grand-daughter of Fladden the Borax King, and his soul recoiled from this discipline as it had never recoiled from the ruder method of the earlier phase. Both girls had developed to a high pitch in their mutual recriminations a natural gift for damaging retort, and he found it an altogether deadlier thing than the power of the raised voice that had always cowed my aunt. Whenever he became heated with them, they frowned as if involuntarily, drew in their breath sharply, said: "Daddy, you really must not say—," and corrected his pronunciation. Then, at a great advantage, they resumed the discussion. . . .

My uncle's view, about Cambridge, however, was perfectly clear and definite. It was waste of time and money. It was all damned foolery. Did they make a man a better business man? Not a bit of it. He gave instances. It spoiled a man for business by giving him false ideas. Some men said that at college a man formed useful friendships. What use were friendships to a business man? He might get to know lords, but, as my uncle pointed out, a lord's requirements in his line of faience were little greater than a common man's. If college introduced him to hotel proprietors there might be something in it. Perhaps it helped a man into Parliament, Parliament still being a confused retrogressive corner in the world where lawyers and suchlike sheltered themselves from the onslaughts of

common sense behind a fog of Latin and Greek and twaddle and tosh; but I wasn't the sort to go into Parliament, unless I meant to be a lawyer. Did I mean to be a lawyer? It cost no end of money and was full of uncertainties, and there were no judges nor great solicitors among my relations. "Young chaps think they get on by themselves," said my uncle. "It isn't so. Not unless they take their coats off. I took mine off before I was your age by nigh a year."

We were at cross purposes from the outset because I did not think men lived to make money; and I was obtuse to the hints he was throwing out at the possibilities of his own pot-bank, not wilfully obtuse but just failing to penetrate his meaning. Whatever City Merchants had or had not done for me, Flack, Topham and old Gates had certainly barred my mistaking the profitable production and sale of lavatory basins and bathroom fittings for the highest good. It was only upon reflection that it dawned upon me that the splendid chance for a young fellow with my uncle, "me having no son of my own," was anything but an illustration for comparison with my own chosen career.

I still remember very distinctly my uncle's talk,—he loved to speak "reet" Staffordshire—his rather flabby face with the mottled complexion that told of crude ill-regulated appetites, his clumsy gestures—he kept emphasizing his points by prodding at me with his finger—the ill-worn, costly, gray tweed clothes, the watch chain of plain solid gold, and soft felt hat thrust back on his head. He tackled me first in the garden after lunch, and then tried to raise me to enthusiasm by taking me to his pot-bank and showing me its organization, from the dusty grinding mills in which whitened men worked and coughed, through the highly ventilated glazing room in which strangely masked girls looked ashamed of themselves,—"They'll risk death, the fools, to show their faces to a man," said my uncle, quite audibly—to the firing kilns and the glazing kilns, and so round the whole place to the railway siding and the gratifying spectacle of three trucks laden with executed orders.

Then we went up a creaking outside staircase to his little office, and he showed off before me for a while, with one or two subordinates and the telephone.

"None of your Gas," he said, "all this. It's Real every bit of it. Hard cash and hard glaze."

"Yes," I said, with memories of a carelessly read pamphlet in my mind, and without any satirical intention, "I suppose you *must* use lead in your glazes?"

Whereupon I found I had tapped the ruling grievance of my uncle's life. He hated leadless glazes more than he hated anything,

except the benevolent people who had organized the agitation for their use. "Leadless glazes aint only fit for buns," he said. "Let me tell you, my boy—"

He began in a voice of bland persuasiveness that presently warmed to anger, to explain the whole matter. I hadn't the rights of the matter at all. Firstly, there was practically no such thing as lead poisoning. Secondly, not everyone was liable to lead poisoning, and it would be quite easy to pick out the susceptible types—as soon as they had it—and put them to other work. Thirdly, the evil effects of lead poisoning were much exaggerated. Fourthly, and this was in a particularly confidential undertone, many of the people liked to get lead poisoning, especially the women, because it caused abortion. I might not believe it, but he knew it for a fact. Fifthly, the workpeople simply would not learn the gravity of the danger, and would eat with unwashed hands and incur all sorts of risks, so that as my uncle put it: "the fools deserve what they get." Sixthly, he and several associated firms had organized a simple and generous insurance scheme against lead poisoning risks. Seventhly, he never wearied in rational (as distinguished from excessive, futile and expensive), precautions against the disease. Eighthly, in the ill-equipped shops of his minor competitors lead poisoning was a frequent and virulent evil, and people had generalized from these exceptional cases. The small shops, he hazarded, looking out of the cracked and dirty window at distant chimneys, might be advantageously closed. . . .

"But what's the good of talking?" said my uncle, getting off the table on which he had been sitting. "Seems to me there'll come a time when a master will get fined if he don't run round the works blowing his girls' noses for them. That's about what it will come to."

He walked to the black mantelpiece and stood on the threadbare rug, and urged me not to be misled by the stories of prejudiced and interested enemies of our national industries.

"They'll get a strike one of these days, of employers, and then we'll see a bit," he said. "They'll drive Capital abroad and then they'll whistle to get it back again." . . .

He led the way down the shaky wooden steps again, and cheered up to tell me of his way of checking his coal consumption. He exchanged a ferocious greeting or so with one or two workpeople, and so we came out of the factory gates into the ugly narrow streets, paved with a peculiarly hard diapered brick of an unpleasing inky blue color, and bordered with the mean and squalid homes of his workers. Doors stood open and showed grimy interiors, and dirty ill-clad children played in the kennel.

We passed a sickly looking girl with a sallow face, who dragged her limbs and peered at us dimly with painful eyes. She stood back,

as partly blinded people will do, to allow us to pass, although there was plenty of room for us.

I glanced back at her.

"*That's* ploombism," said my uncle casually.

"What?" said I.

"Ploombism. And the other day I saw a fool of a girl, and what d'you think? She'd got a basin that hadn't been fired, a cracked piece of biscuit it was up on the shelf over her head, just all over glaze, killing glaze, man, and she was putting up her hand if you please, and eating her dinner out of it. Got her dinner in it!

"Eating her dinner out of it," he repeated in loud and bitter tones, and punched me hard in the ribs.

"And then they comes to *that*—and grumbles. And the fools up in Westminster want you to put in fans here and fans there—the Longton fools have. . . . And them eating their dinners out of it all the time!" . . .

At high tea that night—my uncle was still holding out against evening dinner—Sibyl and Gertrude made what was evidently a concerted demand for a motor car. "You've got your mother's brougham," he said, "that's good enough for you." But he seemed shaken by the fact that some Burslem rival was launching out with the new invention. "He spoils his girls," he remarked. "He's a fool," and became thoughtful.

Afterwards he asked me to come into his study, it was a room with a writing desk, and full of pieces of earthenware and suchlike litter, and we had our great row about Cambridge.

"Have you thought things over, Dick?" he said.

"I think I'll go to Trinity, Uncle," I said firmly. "I want to go to Trinity. It's a great college."

He was manifestly chagrined. "You're a fool," he said.

I made no answer.

"You're a damned fool," he said. "But I suppose you've got to do it. You could have come here—. That don't matter though now. . . You'll have your time and spend your money, and be a poor half-starved clergyman mucking about with the women all the day and afraid to have one of your own ever, or you'll be a schoolmaster or some such fool for the rest of your life. Or some newspaper chap. That's what you'll get from Cambridge. I'm half a mind not to let you. Eh? More than a half a mind. . . "

"You got to do the thing you can," he said after a pause, "and likely it's what you're fitted for."

IV

I paid several short visits to Staffordshire during my Cambridge days, and always these relations of mine produced the same effect of hardness. My uncle's thoughts had neither atmosphere nor mystery. He lived in a different universe from the dreams of scientific construction that filled my mind. He could as easily have understood Chinese poetry. His motives were made up of intense rivalries with other men of his class and kind, a few vindictive hates springing from real and fancied slights, a habit of acquisition that had become a second nature, a keen love both of efficiency and display in his own affairs. He seemed to me to have no sense of the state, no sense and much less any love of beauty, no charity, and no sort of religious feeling whatever. He had strong bodily appetites, he ate and drank freely, smoked a great deal, and occasionally was carried off by his passions for a " bit of a spree " to Birmingham or Liverpool or Manchester. The indulgences of these occasions were usually followed by a period of reaction, when he was urgent for the suppression of nudity in the local Art Gallery, and a harsh and forcible elevation of the superficial morals of the valley. And he spoke of the ladies who ministered to the delights of his jolly dog period, when he spoke of them at all, by the unprintable feminine equivalent. My aunt he treated with a kindly contempt and considerable financial generosity, but his daughters tore his heart; he was so proud of them, so glad to find them money to spend, so resolved to own them, so instinctively jealous of every man who came near them.

My uncle has been the clue to a great number of men for me. He was an illuminating extreme. I have learnt what not to expect from them through him, and to comprehend resentments and dangerous sudden antagonisms I should have found incomprehensible in their more complex forms, if I had not first seen them in him in their feral state.

With his soft felt hat at the back of his head, his rather heavy, rather mottled face, his rationally thick boots and slouching tweed-clad form, a little round-shouldered and very obstinate looking, he strolls through all my speculations sucking his teeth audibly and shrewdly, and occasionally throwing out a shrewd aphorism, the intractable unavoidable ore of the new civilization.

Essentially he was simple. Generally speaking, he hated and despised in equal measure whatever seemed to suggest that he personally was not the most perfect human being conceivable. He hated all education after fifteen, because he had had no education after fifteen, he hated all people who did not have high tea until he himself under duress gave up high tea, he hated every game except football, which

he had played and could judge, he hated all people who spoke foreign languages because he knew no languages but Staffordshire, he hated all foreigners because he was English and all foreign ways because they were not his ways. Also he hated particularly, and in this order, Londoners, Yorkshiremen, Scotch, Welsh and Irish, because they were not "reet Staffordshire," and he hated all other Staffordshire men as insufficiently "reet." He wanted to have all his own women inviolate, and to fancy he had a call upon every other woman in the world. He wanted to have the best cigars and the best brandy in the world to consume or give away magnificently, and everyone else to have inferior ones. (His billiard table was an extra large size, specially made and very inconvenient.) And he hated Trade Unions because they interfered with his autocratic direction of his works, and his work-people because they were not obedient and untiring mechanisms to do his bidding. He was, in fact, a very naïve, vigorous human being. He was about as much civilized, about as much tamed to the ideas of collective action and mutual consideration as a Central African Negro.

There are hordes of such men as he throughout all the modern industrial world. You will find the same types with the slightest modifications in the Pas de Calais or Rhenish Prussia or New Jersey or North Italy. No doubt you would find it in New Japan. These men have raised themselves up from the general mass of untrained uncultured poorish people in a hard industrious selfish struggle. To drive others they have had first to drive themselves. They have never yet had occasion nor leisure to think of the state or social life as a whole, and as for dreams or beauty it was a condition of survival that they should ignore such cravings. All the distinctive qualities of my uncle can be thought of as dictated by his conditions; his success and harshness, the extravagances that expressed his pride in making money, the uncongenial luxury that sprang from rivalry, and his self-reliance, his contempt for broad views, his contempt for everything that he could not understand.

His daughters were the inevitable children of his life. Queer girls they were! Curiously "spirited" as people phrase it, and curiously limited. During my Cambridge days I went down to Staffordshire several times. My uncle, though he still resented my refusal to go into business, was also in his odd way proud of me. I was his nephew and poor relation, and yet there I was, a young gentleman learning all sorts of unremunerative things in the grandest manner, "Latin and mook," while the sons of his neighbors, not nephews merely, but sons, stayed unpolished in their native town. Every time I went down I found extensive changes and altered relations, and before I had settled down to them off I went again. I don't think I

was one person to them, I was a series of visitors. There is a gulf of ages between a gaunt school-boy of sixteen in unbecoming mourning and two vividly self-conscious girls of eighteen and nineteen, but a Cambridge " man " of two and twenty with a first and good tennis and a growing social experience, is a fair contemporary for two girls of twenty-three and twenty-four.

A motor car appeared, I think in my second visit, a bottle-green affair that opened behind, had dark purple cushions and was controlled mysteriously by a man in shiny black costume and a flat cap. The high-tea had been shifted to seven and rechristened dinner, but my uncle would not dress nor consent to have wine; and after one painful experiment, I gathered, and a scene, he put his foot down and prohibited any but high necked dresses.

" Daddy's perfectly impossible," Sybil told me.

The foot had descended vehemently! " My own daughters! " he had said, " dressed up like—" and had arrested himself and fumbled and decided to say—" actresses, and showin' their fat arms for every fool to stare at! " Nor would he have any people invited to dinner. He didn't, he had explained, want strangers poking about in his house when he came home tired. So such calling as occurred went on during his absence in the afternoon.

One of the peculiarities of the life of these ascendant families of the industrial class to which wealth has come, is its tremendous insulations. There were no customs of intercourse in the Five Towns. All the isolated prosperities of the district sprang from economising, hard-driven homes, in which there was neither time nor means for hospitality. Social intercourse centred very largely upon the church or chapel, and the chapels were better at bringing people together than the Establishment to which my cousins belonged. Their chief outlet to the wider world lay therefore through the acquaintances they had formed at school and through two much less prosperous families of relations who lived at Longton and Hanley. A number of gossiping friendships with old schoolmates were " kept up," and my cousins would " spend the afternoon " or even spend the day with these; such occasions led to other encounters and interlaced with the furtive correspondences and snatched meetings that formed the emotional thread of their lives. When the billiard table had been new, my uncle had taken to asking in a few approved friends for an occasional game, but mostly the billiard room was for glory and the girls. Both of them played very well. They never, so far as I know, dined out, and when at last after bitter domestic conflicts they began to go to dances, they went with the quavering connivance of my aunt, and changed into ball frocks at friends' houses on the way. There was a tennis club that formed a convenient afternoon rendezvous, and

I recall that in the period of my earlier visits the young bloods of the district found much satisfaction in taking girls for drives in dog-carts and such-like high-wheeled vehicles, a disposition that died in tangled tandems at the apparition of motor cars.

I can see now the pathetic difficulty of my cousins' position in life; the absence of any guidance or instruction or provision for their development. They supplemented the silences of home by the conversation of schoolfellows and the suggestions of popular fiction. They had to make what they could out of life with such hints as these. The church was much too modest to offer them any advice. It was obtruded upon my mind upon my first visit that they were both carrying on correspondences and having little furtive passings and seeings and meetings with the mysterious owners of certain initials, S. and L. K. and, if I remember rightly, " the R. N." brothers and cousins, I suppose, of their friends. The same thing was going on, with a certain intensification, at my next visit, excepting only that the initials were different. But when I came again their methods were maturer or I was no longer a negligible quantity, and the notes and the initials were no longer flaunted quite so openly in my face.

My cousins had worked it out from the indications of their universe that the end of life is to have a " good time." They used the phrase. That and the drives in dog-carts were only the first of endless points of resemblance between them and the commoner sort of American girl. When some years ago I paid my first and only visit to America I seemed to recover my cousins' atmosphere so soon as I entered the train at Euston. There were three girls in my compartment supplied with huge decorated cases of sweets and being seen off by a company of friends, noisily arch and eager about the " steamer letters " they would get at Liverpool; they were the very soul-sisters of my cousins. The chief elements of a good time, as my cousins judged it, as these countless thousands of rich young women judge it, are a petty eventfulness, laughter, and to feel that you are looking well and attracting attention. Shopping is one of its leading joys. You buy things, clothes and trinkets for yourself and presents for your friends. Presents always seemed to be flying about in that circle; flowers and boxes of sweets were common currency. My cousins were always getting and giving, my uncle caressed them with parcels and cheques. They kissed him and he exuded sovereigns as a stroked *Aphis* exudes honey. It was like the new language of the Academy of Lagado to me, and I never learnt how to express myself in it, for nature and training make me feel encumbered to receive presents and embarrassed in giving them. But then, like my father, I hate and distrust possessions.

Of the quality of their private imagination I never learnt any-

thing; I suppose it followed the lines of the fiction they read and was romantic and sentimental. So far as marriage went, the married state seemed at once very attractive and dreadfully serious to them, composed in equal measure of becoming important and becoming old. I don't know what they thought about children. I doubt if they thought about them at all. It was very secret if they did.

As for the poor and dingy people all about them, my cousins were always ready to take part in a Charitable Bazaar. They were unaware of any economic correlation of their own prosperity and that circumambient poverty, and they knew of Trade Unions simply as disagreeable external things that upset my uncle's temper. They knew of nothing wrong in social life at all except that there were "Agitators." It surprised them a little, I think, that Agitators were not more drastically put down. But they had a sort of instinctive dread of social discussion as of something that might breach the happiness of their ignorance. . . .

V

My cousins did more than illustrate Marx for me; they also undertook a stage of my emotional education. Their method in that as in everything else was extremely simple, but it took my inexperience by surprise.

It must have been on my third visit that Sybil took me in hand. Hitherto I seemed to have seen her only in profile, but now she became almost completely full face, manifestly regarded me with those violet eyes of hers. She passed me things I needed at breakfast—it was the first morning of my visit—before I asked for them.

When young men are looked at by pretty cousins, they become intensely aware of those cousins. It seemed to me that I had always admired Sybil's eyes very greatly, and that there was something in her temperament congenial to mine. It was odd I had not noted it on my previous visits.

We walked round the garden somewhere that morning, and talked about Cambridge. She asked quite a lot of questions about my work and my ambitions. She said she had always felt sure I was clever.

The conversation languished a little, and we picked some flowers for the house. Then she asked if I could run. I conceded her various starts and we raced up and down the middle garden path. Then, a little breathless, we went into the new twenty-five guinea summer-house at the end of the herbaceous border.

We sat side by side, pleasantly hidden from the house, and she became anxious about her hair, which was slightly and prettily disarranged, and asked me to help her with the adjustment of a hairpin.

I had never in my life been so near the soft curly hair and the dainty eyebrow and eyelid and warm soft cheek of a girl, and I was stirred—.

It stirs me now to recall it.

I became a battleground of impulses and inhibitions.

"Thank you," said my cousin and moved a little away from me.

She began to talk about friendship, and lost her thread and forgot the little electric stress between us in a rather meandering analysis of her principal girl friends.

But afterwards she resumed her purpose.

I went to bed that night with one proposition overshadowing everything else in my mind, namely, that kissing my cousin Sybil was a difficult, but not impossible achievement. I do not recall any shadow of a doubt whether on the whole it was worth doing. The thing had come into my existence, disturbing and interrupting its flow exactly as a fever does. Sybil had infected me with herself.

The next day matters came to a crisis in the little upstairs sitting room which had been assigned me as a study during my visit. I was working up there, or rather trying to work, in spite of the outrageous capering of some very primitive elements in my brain, when she came up to me, under a transparent pretext of looking for a book.

I turned round and then got up at the sight of her. I quite forgot what our conversation was about, but I know she led me to believe I might kiss her. Then when I attempted to do so she averted her face.

"How *could* you?" she said; "I didn't mean that!"

That remained the state of our relations for two days. I developed a growing irritation with and resentment against cousin Sybil combined with an intense desire to get that kiss for which I hungered and thirsted. Cousin Sybil went about in the happy persuasion that I was madly in love with her, and her game, so far as she was concerned, was played and won. It wasn't until I had fretted for two days that I realized that I was being used for the commonest form of excitement possible to a commonplace girl; that dozens perhaps of young men had played the part of Tantalus at cousin Sybil's lips. I walked about my room at nights, damning her and calling her by terms which on the whole she rather deserved, while Sybil went to sleep pitying "poor old Dick!"

"Damn it!" I said, "I *will* be equal with you."

But I never did equalize the disadvantage and perhaps it's as well, for I fancy that sort of revenge cuts both people too much for a rational man to seek it. . . .

"Why are men so silly?" said cousin Sybil next morning, wriggling back with down-bent head to release herself from what should have been a compelling embrace.

"Confound it!" I said with a flash of clear vision, "You *started* this game!"

"Oh!"

She stood back against a hedge of roses, a little flushed and excited and interested, and ready for the delightful defensive if I should renew my attack.

"Beastly hot for scuffling," I said, white with anger, "I don't know whether I'm so keen on kissing you, Sybil, after all. I just thought you wanted me to."

I could have whipped her, and my voice stung more than my words.

Our eyes met; a real hatred in hers leaping up to meet mine.

"Let's play tennis," I said, after a moment's pause.

"No," she answered shortly, "I'm going indoors."

"Very well."

And that ended the affair with Sybil.

I was still in the full glare of this disillusionment when Gertrude awoke from some preoccupation to an interest in my existence. She developed a disposition to touch my hand by accident, and let her fingers rest in contact with it for a moment,—she had pleasant soft hands; she began to drift into summer houses with me, to let her arm rest trustfully against mine, to ask questions about Cambridge. They were much the same questions that Sybil had asked. But I controlled myself and maintained a profile of intelligent and entirely civil indifference to her blandishments.

What Gertrude made of it came out one evening in some talk—I forget about what—with Sybil.

"Oh, Dick!" said Gertrude a little impatiently, "Dick's PI."

And I never disillusioned her by any subsequent levity from this theory of my innate and virginal piety.

VI

It was against this harsh and crude Staffordshire background that I think I must have seen Margaret for the first time. I say I think because it is quite possible that we had passed each other in the streets of Cambridge, no doubt with that affectation of mutual disregard which was once customary between undergraduates and Newnham girls. But if that was so I had noted nothing of the slender graciousness that shone out so pleasingly against the bleaker midland surroundings.

She was a younger schoolfellow of my cousins', and the stepdaughter of Seddon, a prominent solicitor of Burslem. She was not only not in my cousins' generation but not in their set, she was one of

a small hard-working group who kept immaculate notebooks, and did as much as is humanly possible of that insensate pile of written work that the Girls Public School movement has inflicted upon schoolgirls. She really learnt French and German admirably and thoroughly, she got as far in mathematics as an unflinching industry can carry anyone with no great natural aptitude, and she went up to Bennett Hall, Newnham, after the usual conflict with her family, to work for the History Tripos.

There in her third year she made herself thoroughly ill through overwork, so ill that she had to give up Newnham altogether and go abroad with her step-mother. She made herself ill as so many girls do in those university colleges through the badness of her home and school training. She thought study must needs be a hard straining of the mind. She worried her work, she gave herself no leisure to see it as a whole, she felt herself not making headway and she cut her games and exercise in order to increase her hours of toil, and she worked into the night. She carried a knack of laborious thoroughness into the blind alleys and inessentials of her subject. It didn't need the badness of the food for which Bennett Hall is celebrated and the remarkable dietary of nocturnal cocoa cakes and soft biscuits with which the girls have supplemented it, to ensure her collapse. Her mother brought her home, fretting and distressed, and then finding her hopelessly unhappy at home, took her and her half-brother, a rather ailing youngster of ten who died three years later, for a journey to Italy.

Italy did much to assuage Margaret's chagrin. I think all three of them had a very good time there. At home Mr. Seddon, her stepfather, played the part of a well-meaning blight by reason of the moods that arose from nervous dyspepsia. They went to Florence, equipped with various introductions and much sound advice from sympathetic Cambridge friends, and having acquired an ease in Italy, there, went on to Siena, Orvieto, and at last Rome. They returned, if I remember rightly, by Pisa, Genoa, Milan and Paris. Six months or more they had had abroad, and now Margaret was back in Burslem, in health again and consciously a very civilized person.

New ideas were abroad, it was Maytime and a spring of abundant flowers,—daffodils were particularly good that year—and Mrs. Seddon celebrated her return by giving an afternoon reception at short notice, with the clear intention of letting everyone out into the garden if the weather held.

The Seddons had a big old farm house modified to modern ideas of comfort on the road out towards Misterton, with an orchard that had been rather pleasantly subdued from use to ornament. It had rich blossoming cherry and apple trees. Large patches of grass full

of nodding yellow trumpets had been left amidst the not too precisely mown grass, which was as it were grass path with an occasional lapse into lawn or glade. And Margaret, hatless, with the fair hair above her thin, delicately pink face very simply done, came to meet our rather too consciously dressed party,—we had come in the motor four strong, with my aunt in gray silk. Margaret wore a soft flowing flowered blue dress of diaphanous material, all unconnected with the fashion and tied with pretty ribbons, like a slenderer, unbountiful Primavera.

It was one of those May days that ape the light and heat of summer, and I remember disconnectedly quite a number of brightly lit figures and groups walking about, and a white gate between orchard and garden and a large lawn with an oak tree and a red Georgian house with a verandah and open French windows, through which the tea drinking had come out upon the moss edged flagstones, even as Mrs. Seddon had planned.

The party was almost entirely feminine except for a little curate with a large head, a good voice and a radiant manner, who was obviously attracted by Margaret, and two or three young husbands still sufficiently addicted to their wives to accompany them. One of them I recall as a quite romantic figure with abundant blond curly hair on which was poised a gray felt hat encircled by a refined black band. He wore moreover a loose rich shot silk tie, of red and purple, a long frock coat, gray trousers and brown shoes, and presently he removed his hat and carried it in one hand. There were two tennis playing youths besides myself. There was also one father with three daughters in anxious control, a father of the old school scarcely half broken in, reluctant, rebellious and consciously and conscientiously "reet Staffordshire." The daughters were all alert to suppress the possible punnings, the undesirable humorous impulses of this almost feral guest. They nipped his very gestures in the bud. The rest of the people were mainly mothers with daughters—daughters of all ages, and a scattering of aunts, and there was a tendency to clotting, parties kept together and regarded parties suspiciously. Mr. Seddon was in hiding, I think, all the time, though not formally absent.

Matters centred upon the tea in the long room of the French windows, where four trim maids went to and fro busily between the house and the clumps of people seated or standing before it; and tennis and croquet were intermittently visible and audible beyond a bank of rockwork rich with the spikes and cups and bells of high spring.

Mrs. Seddon presided at the tea urn and Margaret partly assisted and partly talked to me and my cousin Sibyl—Gertrude had found a disused and faded initial and was partnering him at tennis in a state of gentle revival—while their mother exercised a divided chaperonage

from a seat near Mrs. Seddon. The little curate, stirring a partially empty cup of tea, mingled with our party, and preluded, I remember, every observation he made by a vigorous resumption of stirring.

We talked of Cambridge and Margaret kept us to it. The curate was a Selwyn man and had taken a pass degree in theology, but Margaret had come to Gaylord's lectures in Trinity for a term before her breakdown, and understood these differences. She had the eagerness of an exile to hear the old familiar names of places and personalities. We capped familiar anecdotes and were enthusiastic about Kings' Chapel and the Backs, and the curate, addressing himself more particularly to Sibyl, told a long confused story illustrative of his disposition to reckless deviltry (of a pure-minded kindly sort) about upsetting two canoes quite needlessly on the way to Grantchester.

I can still see Margaret as I saw her that afternoon, see her fresh fair face, with the little obliquity of the upper lip, and her brow always slightly knitted, and her manner as of one breathlessly shy but determined. She had rather open blue eyes and she spoke in an even musical voice with the gentlest of stresses and the ghost of a lisp. And it was true, she gathered, that Cambridge still existed. "I went to Grantchester," she said, "last year, and had tea under the apple-blossoms. I didn't think then I should have to come down." (It was that started the curate upon his anecdote.)

"I've seen a lot of pictures, and learnt a lot about them—the Pitti and the Brera,—the Brera is wonderful—wonderful places,—but it isn't like real study," she was saying presently. . . . "We bought bales of photographs," she said.

I thought the bales a little out of keeping.

But fair-haired, and quite simply and yet graciously and fancifully dressed, talking of art and beautiful things and a beautiful land and with so much manifest regret for learning denied, she seemed a different kind of being altogether from my smart, hard, high-colored, black-haired and resolutely hatted cousin, she seemed translucent beside her. Even the little twist and droop of her slender body was a grace to me.

I liked her from the moment I saw her, and set myself to interest and please her as well as I knew how.

We recalled a case of ragging that had rustled the shrubs of Newnham, and then Chris Robinson's visit—he had given a talk to Bennett Hall also—and our impression of him.

"He disappointed me too," said Margaret.

I was moved to tell Margaret something of my own views in the matter of social progress, and she listened—oh! with a kind of urged attention and her brow a little more knitted, very earnestly. The little curate desisted from the appendices and refuse heaps and gen-

eral débris of his story, and made himself look very alert and intelligent.

"We did a lot of that when I was up in the eighties," he said. "I'm glad Imperialism hasn't swamped you fellows altogether."

Gertrude, looking bright and confident, came to join our talk from the shrubbery; the initial a little flushed and evidently in a state of refreshed relationship, came with her, and a cheerful lady in pink and more particularly distinguished by a pink bonnet joined our little group. Gertrude had been sipping admiration and was not disposed to play a passive part in the talk.

"Socialism!" she cried, catching the word. "It's well Pa isn't here. He has Fits when people talk of socialism. Fits!"

The initial laughed in a general kind of way.

The curate said there was socialism *and* socialism, and looked at Margaret to gauge whether he had been too daring in this utterance. But she was all, he perceived, for broad-mindedness, and he stirred himself (and incidentally his tea) to still more liberality of expression. He said the state of the poor was appalling, simply appalling; that there were times when he wanted to shatter the whole system, "only," he said, turning to me appealingly, "What have we got to put in its place?"

"The thing that exists is always the more evident alternative," I said.

The little curate looked at it for a moment. "Precisely," he said explosively, and turned stirring and with a head a little on one side, to hear what Margaret was saying.

Margaret was saying, with a swift blush and an effect of daring, that she had no doubt she was a socialist.

"And wearing a gold chain!" said Gertrude, "And drinking out of eggshell! I like that!"

I came to Margaret's rescue. "It doesn't follow that because one's a socialist one ought to dress in sackcloth and ashes."

The initial colored deeply, and having secured my attention by prodding me slightly with the wrist of the hand that held his tea cup, cleared his throat and suggested that "one ought to be consistent."

I perceived we were embarked upon a discussion of the elements. We began an interesting little wrangle, one of those crude discussions of general ideas that are dear to the heart of youth. I and Margaret supported one another as socialists, Gertrude and Sybil and the initial maintained an anti-socialist position, the curate attempted a cross bench position with an air of intending to come down upon us presently with a casting vote. He reminded us of a number of useful principles too often overlooked in argument, that in a big

question like this there was much to be said on both sides, that if everyone did his or her duty to everyone about them there would be no difficulty with social problems at all, that over and above all enactments we needed moral changes in people themselves. My cousin Gertrude was a difficult controversialist to manage, being unconscious of inconsistency in statement and absolutely impervious to reply. Her standpoint was essentially materialistic; she didn't see why she shouldn't have a good time because other people didn't, they would have a good time, she was sure, if she didn't. She said that if we did give up everything we had to other people, they wouldn't very likely know what to do with it. She asked if we were so fond of work-people, why we didn't go and live among them, and expressed the inflexible persuasion that if we *had* socialism, everything would be just the same again in ten years' time. She also threw upon us the imputation of ingratitude for a beautiful world by saying that so far as she was concerned she didn't want to upset everything. She was contented with things as they are, thank you.

The discussion led in some way that I don't in the least recall now and possibly by abrupt transitions, to a croquet foursome in which Margaret involved the curate, without involving herself, and then stood beside me on the edge of the lawn as the others played. We watched silently for a moment.

"I *hate* that sort of view," she said suddenly in a confidential undertone, with her delicate pink flush returning.

"It's want of imagination," I said.

"To think we are just to enjoy ourselves," she went on; "just to go on dressing and playing and having meals and spending money!" she seemed to be referring not simply to my cousins but to the whole world of industry and property about us. "But what is one to do?" she asked. "I do wish I had not had to come down. It's all so pointless here. There seems to be nothing going forward, no ideas, no dreams. No one here seems to feel quite what I feel, the sort of need there is for *meaning* in things. I hate things without meaning."

"Don't you do—local work?"

"I suppose I shall. I suppose I must find something. Do you think—if one were to attempt some sort of propaganda?"

"Could you—?" I began a little doubtfully.

"I suppose I couldn't," she answered after a thoughtful moment. "I suppose it would come to nothing. And yet I feel there is so much to be done for the world, so much one ought to be doing. . . . I want to do something for the world."

I can see her now as she stood there with her brows nearly frowning, her blue eyes looking before her, her mouth almost petulant.

"One feels that there are so many things going on—out of one's reach," she said. . . .

I went back in the motor-car with my mind full of her, the quality of delicate discontent, the suggestion of exile. Even a kind of weakness in her was sympathetic. She told tremendously against her background. She was, I say, like a protesting blue flower upon a cinder heap. It is curious too how she connects and mingles with the furious quarrel I had with my uncle that very evening. That came absurdly. Indirectly Margaret was responsible. My mind was running on ideas she had revived and questions she had set clamoring, and quite inadvertently in my attempt to find solutions I talked so as to outrage his profoundest feelings. . . .

VII

What a preposterous shindy that was!

I sat with him in the smoking room, propounding what I considered to be the most indisputable and non-contentious propositions conceivable—until to my infinite amazement he exploded and called me a "damned young puppy." It was seismic.

"Tremendously interesting time," I said, "just in the beginning of making a civilization."

"Ah!" he said with averted face, and nodded, leaning forward over his cigar.

I had not the remotest thought of annoying him.

"Monstrous muddle of things we have got," I said, "jumbled streets, ugly population, ugly factories—"

"You'd do a sight better if you had to do with it," said my uncle regarding me askance.

"Not me. But a world that had a collective plan and knew where it meant to be going would do a sight better anyhow. We're all swimming in a flood of ill-calculated chances—"

"You'll be making out I organized that business down there—by chance—next," said my uncle, his voice thick with challenge.

I went on as though I was back in Trinity.

"There's a lot of chance in the making of all great businesses," I said.

My uncle remarked that that showed how much I knew about businesses. If chance made businesses, why was it that he always succeeded and grew while those fools Ackroyd and Sons always took second place. He showed a disposition to tell the glorious history of how once Ackroyd's overshadowed him, and how now he could buy up Ackroyd's three times over. But I wanted to get out what was in my mind.

"Oh!" I said, "as between man and man and business and busi-

ness, some of course get the pull by this quality or that—but it's forces quite outside the individual case that make the big part of any success under modern conditions. *You* never invented pottery, nor any process in pottery that matters a rap in your works; it wasn't *your* foresight that joined all England up with railways and made it possible to organize production on an altogether different scale. You really at the utmost can't take credit for much more than being the sort of man who happened to fit what happened to be the requirements of the time, and who happened to be in a position to take advantage of them—"

It was then my uncle cried out and called me a damned young puppy and became involved in some unexpected trouble of his own.

I woke up as it were from my analysis of the situation to discover him bent over a splendid spittoon, cursing incoherently, retching a little and spitting out the end of his cigar which he had bitten off in his last attempt at self-control, and withal fully prepared so soon as he had cleared for action to give me just all that he considered to be the contents of his mind upon the condition of mine.

The particular things we said and did in that bawling encounter matter nothing at all in this story. I can't now estimate how near we came to fisticuffs. It ended with my saying after a pungent reminder of benefits conferred and remembered, that I didn't want to stay another hour in his house. I went upstairs, in a state of puerile fury, to pack and go off to the Railway Hotel, while he with ironical civility telephoned for a cab.

"Good Riddance!" shouted my uncle seeing me off into the night.

On the face of it our row was preposterous, but the underlying reality of our quarrel was the essential antagonism, it seemed to me, in all human affairs, the antagonism of ideas and the rule of thumb. The world I hate is the rule of thumb world, the thing I and my kind of people exist for primarily is battle with that. We question everything, disturb anything that cannot give a clear justification to our questioning, because we believe inherently that our sense of disorder implies a possibility of order. My uncle was of that other vaster mass who accept everything for the thing it seems to be, hate enquiry and analysis as a tramp hates washing, dread and resist change, oppose experiment, despise science. The world is our battleground, and all history, all literature that matters, all science, deals with our conflict. . . .

But that is why I did not see Margaret Seddon again for five years.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FORUM
FOR NOVEMBER 1910

BANKRUPT TURKEY

ALLEN UPWARD

I

 OR two years Europe has been looking on at one of the most extraordinary comedies ever put on the international stage. A government without courage, without honesty, without ability, and without good intentions, has been allowed to pose as a glorious democratic regeneration of an oppressed people, and by means of that false pretence to obtain money from the credulous foreign investor, which it cannot repay, and would not repay if it could.

The European governments have tolerated this state of things for the same reason that they tolerated the rule of Abdul Hamid; because no Power was quite ready to act. They have encouraged their nationals to cast money and merchandise into the bottomless gulf of Turkish corruption, in order to provide themselves with a pretext for annexation hereafter. It has become the common routine of European diplomacy to raise the national flag on the grave of the private citizen. A German missionary is murdered in China, and Germany annexes Kiao-chou. A French doctor is murdered in Morocco, and France lands an army for the purpose of "peaceful penetration."

At present the Powers appear to be waiting for a massacre of Europeans in some part of the Turkish empire; and there are many signs that they will not have to wait very long.

In the meanwhile the European press has been in a conspiracy

to conceal the truth from the European public; the Liberal organs because they have been honestly deceived by the professions of the Young Turks, and the government organs because the governments are not ready to move.

The sufferers from this comedy are the Christians of Turkey, and with them the Liberal Turks, as well as the foreign traders and investors who are being induced to finance insolvency.

In their desperate straits for money the Young Turks have crossed the Atlantic, and made an effort to borrow in New York. Fortunately for the American public its financiers have so far declined to lure it on to the quicksands of Turkish credit. Yet in case the attempt should be repeated it may be worth while to emphasize three considerations which should operate to restrain the American investor from coming to the aid of the Young Turks.

In the first place, the sacrifice of the American citizen will be made in vain, so far as the political interests of his country are concerned. America has no territorial ambitions to gratify in the Turkish empire. For that very reason I advised my Turkish friends, when I was last in Constantinople, to favor Americans before Europeans in allotting concessions and employing foreign experts.

But even if the Young Turks were intelligent enough to take that advice, they would not be permitted to do so. While I was on the spot a railway concession granted to an American syndicate was annulled at the bidding of the German ambassador. Such concessions are the price exacted by the Powers for their political forbearance.

It follows, therefore, in the second place, that the American investor has little to hope for in the way of commercial advantages in return for financing the Young Turks. I found in Constantinople a representative of the Standard Oil Company who had been trying for two years to start an oil store in the city. By the Ottoman laws any one is entitled to set up an oil store in Constantinople, provided that the site chosen for it be not dangerous. The Standard Oil agents have submitted no less than twenty sites one after the other for the approval of the municipality, and the municipality has gravely pronounced each one in turn "dangerous." It is diffi-

cult to resist a certain feeling of admiration for a government which has baffled for two years the enterprise of the Standard Oil Company. But where that combination has failed, it does not seem as though there were much chance for lesser American concerns.

In the third place, whatever money may be given to the Young Turks will be used for purposes destructive of those very ideals and principles of which America is the mouthpiece and champion, and to her support of which she owes her great place in the history of mankind.

II

Next to the mere excursionist who hurries past with eyes glued to the pages of his guide-book, perhaps the worst interpreter of a country is the man on the spot, who has been on the spot too long. I have had the peculiar advantage of visiting Turkey three times, each time in a different capacity; and as the trustworthiness of a witness is essential to the value of his evidence, I need not apologize for recalling that the judgments recorded in my former book, *The East End of Europe*, were generally endorsed by the English and American press, and have been fairly borne out by subsequent events.

My first visit was paid, rifle in hand, as a soldier in the war of 1897. The Greek force in which I served defeated an Albanian force opposed to it, after three days' fighting on the Aracthos; we invaded Epiros, and were within a short march of Janina when we were recalled in consequence of the defeats sustained by the Greeks in Thessaly. No brave man will refuse to indulge me in protesting here, on behalf of the comrades who fought and fell beside me, against the undeserved stigma which has been affixed on the courage of the Greeks, in consequence of a series of retreats dictated, not by their military failure, but by the policy of the government which directed the war from Athens.

My second visit was paid, six months before the Turkish revolution, at the request of a member of the English Balkan Committee, in order that I might enquire into and report on the strife between the Bulgarian and Greek bands in Macedonia. It did not form

part of my purpose to study the Turks, except incidentally, in their relation to this internecine strife between the Christians; nevertheless I was greatly impressed by the evidence I found of a real desire on the part of the then Sultan to promote peace and education and civilization among all classes of his subjects, so far as his morbid fears would permit him. To-day the traveler in Turkey who is struck by any evidence of progress, whether a railway or a government school, a hospital or a museum, has only to ask to whose initiative it was due, and he will be told—Abdul Hamid. Indeed, it is a commonplace that the Sultan educated the very men who overthrew him, and thus fulfilled his own fears.

I came across comparatively few traces of that impatience with the Sultan's despotism and that longing for free institutions which are supposed to have inspired the revolution. Oriental races are accustomed to autocratic rule, their character is adapted to it, and the admiration for Western institutions is probably confined to Christians, and to a small educated class among the Turks of Europe. It is significant that Saloniki is and remains the headquarters of the Committee of Union and Progress, and the seat of their power. In Constantinople the new government is still unpopular, and only holds the capital in subjection by keeping it under martial law.

What I did find everywhere among the Turks, on the eve of the revolution, was an impatience with the suzerainty of Europe. Step by step the six great Powers had established a joint control which was tending more and more to resemble the control exercised by England over Egypt. And in the Macedonian vilayets this control had begun to take regular shape with a machinery of financial boards and international gendarmery, all with the scarcely concealed design of detaching Macedonia from the Ottoman dominions as fully as Bosnia or Crete.

This was the grievance of the Turkish officers and officials whom I encountered, and they evidently attributed it to the infirmity of the Sultan's government. It was not against Abdul Hamid the tyrant of Turkey, but Abdul Hamid the vassal of Europe, that they were preparing to revolt. Whatever desire they may have felt for freer institutions was due in great measure to the belief that such institutions were necessary to raise their country to the rank

of a civilized power, and to enable her to get rid of foreign interference.

We are apt to forget that liberty has two aspects. Freedom from foreign control has been the ambition of all mankind in all ages of the world. Freedom in the sense of representative government is an ideal launched on the world by the Greeks, and one which is still struggling for existence everywhere.

Accordingly when the news of the revolution reached me in Switzerland, I had no hesitation in attributing it, and the amazing swiftness of its first success, to patriotism rather than to liberalism; and I went so far as to warn my Greek friends that they might find the little finger of the Young Turk thicker than the loins of Abdul Hamid. Unhappily that distrust has been too fully justified by subsequent events.

The true impulse which brought about the Turkish revolution was the victory of Japan in her war with Russia. And since it is the example of Japan which really inspires all the unrest of Asia to-day, and has deluded both the Young Turks themselves and their friends in the foreign press, it will be worth while to dissipate that delusion.

III

When a humble captain in the United States Navy administered that galvanic shock which was destined to reach St. Petersburg and Vienna, Japan enjoyed advantages which no other nation has yet possessed. She was an island empire, more secure than England from invasion. Her population of forty millions was homogeneous in blood, language and national instinct, and neither of the two great religions which sway the people has ever been responsible for the strife and hatred which have marked the course of religions further west. Another unifying force was found in the person of a sacred emperor able to describe himself, in language which rebukes the pretensions of Bourbons and Habsburgs, as "seated on the throne of my ancestors from time immemorial." The government had hardly been vexed by any of the problems that beset statesmen elsewhere, and divide nations into hostile camps of monarchists and

republicans, clericals and socialists. Japan had had no Poland to hold down, no Ireland to try in vain to assimilate. And a still greater source of strength had been found in the character of the people, brave, frugal, sober, industrious and inspired by that devoted patriotism of which we read in the annals of Sparta and Rome.

With all these advantages to begin with, the wise and unwearying labors of a generation of statesmen raised Japan in the course of thirty years to a point at which she was able to wage successfully a defensive war with a single European power, at the extremity of that Power's dominions.

The Turkish Empire is the most unwieldy and incapable of defence on the face of the earth. It is a thinly inhabited region, broken up by deserts, and extending from the Adriatic sea to the Indian ocean. Its population, estimated at twenty-six millions, is broken up among nearly a dozen different nationalities, speaking as many distinct languages, and further divided by the mutual hatred engendered by hostile proselytizing faiths. And all these divisions have been stereotyped and strengthened by the common history, a history of five hundred years of oppression, insurrection, spoliation and massacre. Turkey has a Poland on every frontier, in Arabia, in Armenia, in Macedonia and in Albania. The government is little more than an anarchy checked by a military despotism. And this anarchy is girt round by an inner ring of states which represent successful insurrections, and are thirsting to emancipate their subject brethren; and by an outer ring of greedy Powers, each one more than a match for the doomed empire, which has been spared so long merely because its enemies have not been able to agree on the division of the spoils. Lastly, the intelligence and industry of the population is chiefly to be found among the races most hostile to the continuance of the empire. The ruling race possesses the supreme virtue of courage, but it is utterly lacking in enterprise, in foresight, in perseverance, and in administrative capacity.

Such are the materials out of which a group of enthusiastic young officers expect in a few years to construct a great military power, strong enough to reconquer the lost provinces of the empire, and to threaten the supremacy of Christendom.

IV

The government of the Young Turks showed itself to be politically insolvent as soon as it was set up. Having gained the support of the Christians, and the sympathy of Europe and America, by the promise of free institutions, they found themselves confronted with the fact that such institutions were unwelcome to the mass of the Turkish population, who had neither the intelligence nor the education required to work them. The first elections resulted everywhere in favor of the Christians. Accordingly the dictatorship, exercised by the Committee of Union and Progress, annulled the returns. The Turks were allotted an overwhelming majority in the pretended Parliament, and the Christian communities were bidden to nominate a small number of deputies approved by their masters. The excuse offered to Europe for these proceedings was fear of the so-called reactionaries. In order to prevent the Old Turks from destroying the Constitution, the Young Turks had been obliged to destroy it themselves.

From that moment things have gone from bad to worse. The Turkish Liberal Party, which proposed to win the good will of the subject races by good treatment, and respect for their racial and religious sentiments, was crushed, and its leaders driven into exile once more. The Greeks were called upon to give up their schools, and to renounce the privileges accorded by the first conqueror, and respected even by Abdul Hamid. The Albanians were ordered to abandon their language, and their tribal organization. The various franchises won from successive despots were withdrawn in the name of liberty. All Turkey was to become one great centralized Prussianized power, organized with a single view to military efficiency.

Patmos should be a name of interest in every Christian ear. For ages this islet and its tiny neighbors have been the home of a scanty Greek population which gains a bare subsistence by fishing for sponges off the coast of Africa. Their poverty was spared by the first Turkish conquerors, who granted them protection in exchange for their neutrality when Rhodes was being wrested from the Knights Hospitallers. Since then an annual tribute of sponges, their sole revenue, has averted the visits of the Turkish tax-gath-

erer, and the islanders have lived under their own laws and their native magistrates. These barren rocks are now regretting the reign of Abdul Hamid. Imperialism has swept them into its ravening maw, and they have received liberty in the form of Turkish laws and governors and taxes and conscription. The Constitution has been proclaimed on the spot of St. John's vision, and the unhappy islanders are forsaking their homes, and fleeing as before the face of Antichrist.

What has happened on Patmos is a type of what the Young Turks are doing, or trying to do, throughout the Turkish empire. And it would be difficult to find many Christians in that empire, or many Moslems, who do not sigh for the days of—

"Abdul the damned on his infernal throne."

Turkey has exchanged one despot, whose name and character were known, for a committee of anonymous despots, striking in the dark, with the ruthlessness of petty Robespierres. They have reduced the Parliament to an Assembly of Notables, practically nominated by themselves; they have proclaimed a state of siege in Constantinople; they have suppressed every newspaper that has dared to criticise them, and have employed bravos to assassinate their opponents in the streets.

Their government resembles a kaleidoscope; the Grand Vizier is changed every few months, Cabinet Ministers every few weeks, and the Prefect of Constantinople every few days:—during the three weeks which I spent in the city four of such shadowy figures flitted through the Prefecture. The Sultan will probably be changed next year.

The solitary reform they have carried out in Constantinople has been to collect a number of the dogs which infest the streets into compounds outside the walls, where they have been left to eat each other alive. Not a yard of pavement has been laid in the capital; not a mile of road or railway outside.

A Turkish friend sensibly remarked to me that, because men have carried out an insurrection, it does not follow that they can build a house. The Young Turks seem equally unable to build the house themselves, and unwilling to let it be built by others. They

are jealous of foreign aid, to the point of leaving their minerals undug, and their navigable waters unused, rather than permit others to sink mines or run steamboats on their behalf. The first English admiral whom they employed to reorganize the collection of floating scrap iron which they call a navy, was obliged to resign. His successor has been obliged to require the resignation of the Minister of Marine. The eminent engineer Willcocks was sent, in the first flush of reforming energy, to do for the Euphrates what he had done for the Nile. Already an intrigue to drive him away is in full blast; the Vali of Baghdad has officially denounced his work as extravagant and harmful to the country, and the Young Turk press is demanding his dismissal.

Abdul Hamid himself was not more jealous of his instruments. On the Grand Vizier's official day for receiving the ambassadors he finds himself summoned away to attend the Sultan on a picnic up the Bosphorus, the Sultan himself being a puppet even more helpless than the Vizier. The Embassies have been forbidden to send their dragomans to the government departments. A German subject was arrested and tried by a Turkish Court in defiance of the Capitulations; but Germany knows the Young Turks, and her national was promptly released.

V

Turkey has been bankrupt for a generation, and it is, after all, the economical crisis that will probably play the decisive part in the break-up of the empire.

There are many reasons which make it unlikely that the crash can be staved off much longer, unless Christendom is willing to finance the revolt of Islam.

The revenues of Turkey are deeply mortgaged already, and the service of her existing debt is administered by an international commission. By treaty Turkey is restrained from raising her customs revenue without the assent of the Powers, and there are too many Powers interested in her downfall for this consent to be readily obtained. It is equally difficult for her to increase the internal taxation in face of the opposition of the whole population, including the

Moslems. The municipality of Constantinople is afraid to levy a rate. The attempt to collect taxes in Albania provoked a rising which was secretly supported by Austria and Italy, and has only nominally been subdued. The Arabs can laugh at any attempt to tax them; and the unfortunate islanders have nothing that can be taxed.

The proper sources of fresh wealth would require many years and much foreign aid to develop, and the Young Turks cannot afford the time, and will not accept the help.

Meanwhile they are plunging deeper in the mire by borrowing money which is spent, not in useful public works, but in providing uniforms and arms for the troops. And this is a fatal necessity for them. Their government is a military tyranny, resting on force, and this expenditure is the bribe paid to the Pretorians.

The sole asset the Turks possess is the good will of the great Jewish financial houses, who are rightly and naturally grateful for the favorable treatment their race has always received in Mohammedan countries. But even the financiers cannot afford to throw their own money into the bog, and hence resort has been had to devices which wear the appearance of deliberate fraud.

Before launching their first loan on the market, the Young Turks made a solemn and public promise to redeem the floating debt of the empire. Invitations were printed in the leading newspapers of the world, addressed to the creditors of the late government, who were asked to register their claims in the Turkish consulates with a view to their prompt liquidation. The puppet Parliament was ordered to vote a special budget for the redemption of these debts, and the Finance Minister undertook to appoint a commission and frame a scheme for paying off every creditor in full.

On the faith of this demonstration of honesty a loan was obtained on fairly favorable terms. Nearly two years have elapsed, and not one serious step has been taken to fulfil the promise made. Creditors from all parts of Europe have come forward, claims some of them thirty years old have been registered, dusty contracts and dishonored bills have been presented, and the creditors have had their trouble for their pains. The Floating Debt Commission sits in a castle of Spain, and the energies of the Finance Minister are taken

up by the effort to raise other and yet other loans, to meet the enormous annual deficit.

A device equally difficult to justify has been employed to finance the insolvent municipality of Constantinople. It would almost certainly have proved impossible to obtain a public loan for a city in a state of siege; without a head, except the shifting creatures of a military clique; without the means of raising a revenue, except at the risk of insurrection; threatened from day to day with revolution, and already the scene of robberies and murders in the open streets, under the eyes of the public.

The means taken have been to set up a National Bank which has advanced five million dollars to the municipality out of its own resources. Now it is proposed to convert the bank into a limited company, in whose assets this loan must evidently form an important item. The shares will be placed in the market, and the foreign investor will thus be induced to buy Constantinople municipal stock disguised as shares in the National Bank.

VI

The Turk in office is generally the worst Turk. The race has many fine qualities, and under a civilized government like that of Austria in Bosnia, the Turks may yet become a great people once more. The signs are that such is the future being prepared for them.

Austria is awake at last, and on the march. The paralysis of Russia has relieved her from one hindrance, and the neutralization of France and England of another. England has done her best for Turkey; she has reaped nothing but ingratitude and insolence, and to-day it is Germany, not England, whose word is law in Constantinople. The wiser Turks regret this, the Young Turks are too blind to see it. Austria is coming, as the advance guard of Germany, and there is no longer any moral opposition to her march. The only thing that could stay her advance would be a federation of the Balkan races, and that is rendered impracticable by the ambition of Bulgaria, and the intolerance of the Young Turks. Greece

has tried to obtain an understanding with Bulgaria, and been betrayed. She has sought to live in peace with Turkey, and been rebuffed and threatened. Now even the Greeks, the pioneers of Balkan freedom, are sorrowfully resigning themselves to seeing Austria in Saloniki.

"Hands off, Austria!" was once the watchword of Gladstone. It will be the bitter disappointment of many dreams when the friend of liberty are nevertheless obliged to pronounce the invocation: "Advance, Austria!"

THE POET'S TOWN

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

I

'Mid glad green miles of tillage
  And fields where cattle graze,
A prosy little village,
  You drowse away the days.

And yet—a wakeful glory
  Clings round you as you doze;
One living lyric story
  Makes music of your prose.

Here once, returning never,
  The Feet of Song have trod;
And flashed—O once forever!—
  The Singing Flame of God.

II

These were his fields Elysian:
  With mystic eyes he saw
The sowers planting Vision,
  The reapers gleaning Awe.

Serfs to a sordid duty,
  He saw them with his heart,
Priests of the Ultimate Beauty
  Feeding the Flame of Art.

The weird untempled Makers
  Pulsed in the things he saw;
The Wheat through its virile acres
  Billowed the Song of Law.

The epic roll of the furrow
Flung from the writing plow,
The dactyl phrase of the green-rowed maize
Measured the music of Now.

III

Sipper of ancient flagons,
Often the lonesome boy
Saw in the farmers' wagons
The chariots hurled at Troy.

Trundling in dust and thunder
They rumbled up and down,
Laden with princely plunder,
Loot of the tragic Town.

And once when the Rich Man's daughter
Smiled on the boy at play,
Sword-storms, giddy with slaughter,
Swept back the ancient day!

War steeds shrieked in the quiet,
Far and hoarse were the cries;
And O, through the din and the riot,
The music of Helen's eyes!

Stabbed with the olden Sorrow,
He slunk away from the play;
For the Past and the vast To-morrow
Were wedded in his To-day.

IV

Rich with the Dreamer's pillage,
An idle and worthless lad,
Least in a prosy village,
And Prince in Allahabad;

Lover of golden apples,
  Munching the daily crust;
Haunter of dream-built chapels,
  Worshiping in the dust;

Dull to the worldly duty,
  Less to the town he grew,
And more to the God of Beauty
  Than even the Grocer knew!

V

Corn for the buyers, and cattle—
  But what could the Dreamer sell?
Echoes of cloudy battle?
  Music from heaven and hell?

Spices and bales of plunder,
  Argosied over the Sea?
Tapestry woven of Wonder,
  And myrrh from Araby?

None of your dream-stuffs, Fellow
  Looter of Samarcand!
Gold is heavy and yellow,
  And Value is weighed in the hand!

VI

And yet, when the years had humbled
  The Kings in the Realm of the Boy,
Song-built bastions crumbled,
  Ash-heaps smothering Troy;

Thirsting for shattered flagons,
  Quaffing a brackish cup,
With all of his chariots, wagons—
  He never could quite grow up.

The debt to the Ogre, To-morrow,
He never could comprehend:
Why should the borrowers borrow?
Why should the lenders lend?

Never an oak tree borrowed,
But took for its needs—and gave.
Never an oak tree sorrowed;
Debt was the mark of the slave.

Grass in the priceless weather
Sucked from the paps of the Earth,
And the hills that were lean it fleshed with its green—
O what is a lesson worth?

But still did the buyers barter
And the sellers squint at the scales;
And Price was the stake of the martyr,
And Cost was the lock of the jails.

VII

Windflowers herald the Maytide,
Rendering worth for worth;
Ragweeds gladden the wayside,
Biting the dugs of the Earth;

Violets, scattering glories,
Feed from the dewy gem:
But Dreamers are fed by the living and dead—
And what is the gift from them?

VIII

Never a stalk of the Summer
Dreams of its mission and doom:
Only to hasten the Comer—
Martyrdom unto the Bloom.

Ever the Mighty Chooser
  Plucks when the fruit is ripe,
Scorning the mass and letting it pass,
  Keen for the cryptic Type.

Greece in her growing season
  Troubled the lands and seas;
Plotted and fought and suffered and wrought—
  Building a Sophocles!

Only a faultless temple
  Stands for the vassal's groan.
The harlot's strife and the faith of the wife
  Blend in a graven stone.

Ne'er do the stern gods cherish
  The hope of the million lives;
Always the Fact shall perish,
  And only the Truth survives.

Gardens of roses wither
  Shaping the Perfect Rose:
And the Poet's song shall live for the long
  Dumb aching years of prose!

IX

King of a Realm of Magic,
  He was the fool of the town,
Hiding the ache of the tragic
  Under the grin of the clown.

Worn with the vain endeavor
  To fit in the sordid plan;
Doomed to be poet forever,
  He longed to be only a man;

To be freed from the god's enthralling,
Back with the reeds of the stream;
Deaf to the Vision calling,
And dead to the lash of the Dream.

X

But still did the mighty Makers
Stir in the common sod;
The Corn through its awful acres
Trembled and thrilled with God!

More than a man was the Sower,
Lured by a man's desire,
For a triune Bride walked close at his side—
Dew and Dust and Fire!

More than a man was the plowman,
Shouting his gee and haw,
For a Something dim kept pace with him,
And ever the poet saw;

Till the Winds of the Cosmic Struggle
Made of his flesh a flute,
To echo the tune of a whirlwind rune
Unto the million mute.

XI

Son of the Mother of mothers,
The womb and the tomb of Life,
With Fire and Air for brothers,
And a clinging Dream for a wife;

Ever the soul of the Dreamer
Strove with its mortal mesh,
And the lean flame grew till it fretted through
The last thin link of flesh.

O rending the veil asunder,
  He fled to mingle again
With the dread Orestean Thunder,
  The Lear of the driven Rain!

XII

Once in a cycle the Comet
  Doubles its lonesome track.
Enriched with the tears of a thousand years,
  Æschylus wanders back.

Ever inweaving, returning,
  The Near grows out of the Far;
And Homer shall sing once more in a swing
  Of the austere Polar Star!

Then what of the lonesome Dreamer
  With the lean blue flame in his breast?
And who was your clown for a day, O Town,
  The strange, unbidden Guest?

XIII

'Mid glad green miles of tillage
  And fields where cattle graze,
A prosy little village,
  You drowse away the days.

And yet—a wakeful glory
  Clings round you as you doze.
One living lyric story
  Makes music of your prose!

THE BRASS CANDLESTICK

J. NILSEN LAURVIK

I

In the little village that nestles behind the promontory, far out where the arm of the bay stretches its long finger into the sea, there lived, some forty odd years ago, old Peter Van der Voort and his daughter Mary.

He was the last of a long line of venturesome sea captains, whose fame had spread from Tromsoe to Singapore. And now that a wooden leg and a declining sight prevented him from longer following the sea, he spent his days and a considerable part of the nights in smoking endless quantities of Dutch tobacco, and in planning a suitable match for his daughter, who was the idol of his heart and the despair of all the lads for miles around.

Lacking a son to carry on the family traditions of seamanship, the old man fondly dreamt of a grandson, who might, perchance, inherit the Van der Voort ardor and love for the sea.

But Mary would have none of all the mates and captains that came a-wooing to her father's house. Nor, for that matter, did she seem to look with any great favor on the lads of the village, who made court to her. So Peter Van der Voort, who was getting on in years, fretted and fumed, smoked more incessantly than before, and shook his head doubtfully at the prospect of ever seeing his grandson. And all the women of the village, who had marriageable daughters of their own, called her a heartless flirt, undeserving of all the attention that was being bestowed on her.

To this and other things that came to her ear, Mary gave little heed. She laughed and sang and appeared quite indifferent throughout all the ado that was being made about her, as though she were a disinterested spectator and not the talk of the whole village.

There the matter rested for a time.

Then, one morning in early spring, the village woke up to find the old Captain stamping up and down outside of his cottage, in a mighty rage. Between great puffs of smoke, like a spouting vol-

cano, he muttered and swore to himself. At times he stopped at the open window and roared in a voice husky with anger: "So you'll defy your father, will you? What? Marry that sleepy fool of a land-lubber? That blithering figurehead of a man! As well splice yourself to a cobbler, yes—a cobbler, or an itinerant umbrella mender would be better yet than marry that ship carpenter, that tinker of old vessels!"

So the Captain scolded and threatened and cajoled by turns, but all to no purpose.

Mary remained immovable in her resolve. She would marry whom she pleased or die an old maid, and he could find a grandson elsewhere. Before evening she had her way as always with the old man, and it was bruited abroad that Mary Van der Voort was betrothed to Jack Page, the son of the shipwright, who lived down near the jetty.

The next Sunday the banns were announced from the pulpit of the little white church, standing up on the hill. That night, Fred Hall, a fine, strapping young fellow, who had been studying navigation all winter with the idea of becoming old Peter Van der Voort's son-in-law, got dead drunk for the first time in his life.

He stumbled his way down to the jetty where lived Jack Page, who was sitting outside his house, leisurely whittling a piece of wood and whistling softly to himself in the moonlight. Fred came to an abrupt but somewhat uncertain stop, square in front of him; for a brief moment he stood regarding Jack half quizzically out of his leary eyes.

After several futile efforts he began to talk: "You damn—hic—lucky dog, you—you—acshept my—hic—congra—hic—ulations. Nice girl, Mary! hic—hic—hic—fine stchick, the old man, eh? You—hic—carve him nice figurehead for a grandson, eh? He, he, he!" With this he turned around and went away, mumbling and chuckling to himself, as if possessed of some huge joke. And in their different ways, every one in the village said about the same thing.

That Mary should have chosen Jack Page of all men, was more than most of them could explain. He was a quiet, dreamy sort of a chap, who took greater delight in fashioning strange figureheads

than in doing any of the practical work about his father's shipyard. By the fishermen and sailors he was regarded as a good-for-naught from whom little was to be expected. He was a man out of his proper element; in short, a little too fine-grained for the understanding of these simple folk, who were piqued by his quiet aloofness, which was the very thing that attracted and captivated the beautiful, clever and capricious Mary.

II

Spring turned into summer, and the day was set for the wedding. It was to be in October.

Already the gossips were discussing Mary's bridal dress and what it might be like,—whether she would wear a wreath or the old silver crown brought from Holland by her great-great-grandmother and worn successively by each one of her maternal ancestors, as was the custom in her family. But one day all these speculations were set at naught for the time being, by the rumor noised about that Jack Page was working on some marvelous wedding gift for his bride.

For some time the fishermen coming home at night had noticed a light in Page's work-shop. One of these had cautiously peered in at the window and seen Jack busily at work on some great shining object, that looked like gold and that seemed to fill the whole shop with its lustre. Speculation was rife as to what this marvelous thing might be, but nothing more was found out about it, as Jack covered the window when he discovered that he was being watched. So they continued to wonder and he smiled his queer, inscrutable smile.

At last the wedding day arrived. It was a glorious October day, with the heavens a brilliant blue and the distant hills scarlet with the fullness of autumn. Down in the bay the vessels rode gently at anchor, deserted to a man. Everybody for miles around was at the wedding.

After the ceremony every one accompanied the bride and groom to the house, which he had built up on the promontory, overlooking the sea. All were curious to see the wedding gifts, especially Jack's gift to his bride.

Nowhere was it to be seen, however.

When questioned about it, he smiled his queer smile and said nothing. When evening came and the board was spread for the wedding guests, he disappeared, only to reappear again in a moment. In one hand he carried a large, curiously-shaped two-armed brass candlestick, holding two brightly burning tapers, which he placed on the table in front of Mary.

To these simple folk there was something uncanny, weird and mysterious about this tall young man bearing so gravely this strange candlestick. There was something ritualistic, devotional and savoring of adoration in his placing the burning tapers before Mary, and some of the more superstitious crossed themselves in holy awe.

As they scrutinized it more closely, they saw that it resembled the trunk or stalk of a plant with roots outspread for a foot, and bearing at its apex two branches that formed the arms of the candlestick.

It was the most marvelously wrought candlestick ever seen in those parts.

Around the top were a number of small apertures that seemed to serve no purpose. Late in the evening, after the couple's health had been drunk in many a deep cup, old Peter approached Jack somewhat unsteadily and asked what the damned old light was for anyway, but received only an enigmatic smile for answer.

After the last guest had departed, and they were alone together, Jack took Mary in his arms and looked at her long and steadfastly before he kissed her.

Then he explained to her the meaning of the candlestick, to which she listened in rapt wonder. It was to be the symbol of their love, of their joys and sorrows, the centre around which their family life would revolve, he said. As enduring as brass, and springing from one common impulse, like the two arms of the candlestick, intertwining and branching out from the same trunk, their love would ever shine like these two burning tapers and throw its radiance over their home. Each little aperture, he softly explained, was the visible token of their future hope—the hope that their marriage might be blessed with children. Thus he discoursed on their life and love.

As she listened a profound joy took possession of her, and she knew that her bark had found a safe haven.

From that day Jack Page was a different man. He was more industrious than before and tended the business of the shipyard with great resourcefulness and forethought. In fact, he surprised everyone by his energy; his father not the least, who was getting old and no longer able to get about the yard as he had been wont.

The winter passed, spring came and the summer followed fast on its heels. And now, after his day's work in the shipyard, Jack spent the evenings singing quaint songs to Mary, as he watched her sewing little garments for the one that was soon to come.

Late one blustery night in November, old Peter Van der Voort was summoned up to the house on the promontory. When the old man came puffing and panting in through the door, he was greeted with the sight of Jack tenderly holding a sturdy little chap in his arms. Yonder in the bed lay Mary, with a wan but happy smile on her face.

So the old Captain got his much longed-for grandson; and Jack fashioned another branch for the candlestick—an oak branch, with an acorn for a cup to hold the newcomer's candle, in token of the apparent vigor and sturdiness of the little fellow. The overjoyed grandfather declared he would make a mighty sailor some day, and wrung Jack's hand heartily, before he took leave of him in the small hours of the morning.

The years passed; two more boys came, and the little family on the promontory prospered. And with the coming of each, the father added a new branch to the candlestick, so that now, on Christmas and other red-letter days there were five candles lit instead of two.

In accordance with the original idea of the candlestick he made each branch symbolic of the one it represented. Thus the second boy, who seemed to the father so wholesome and strong-fibred, had a pine branch with a pine cone to hold his candle, and the third, a lissome slender lad, was given a birch branch, whose leaves, upturned at the end, made, as it were, fingers that held his candle.

So far nothing had come to mar the quiet joy of this little circle of friends. Then, one day at high noon, in mid-summer, the father was hastily summoned from the shipyard. When

he came home he found two little girls lying in the bed beside the mother, one crying lustily.

She stopped the moment she saw the father, who picked her up gently and regarded her intently. So beautiful a child he had never beheld before, and he was quite taken aback at the thought of being the girl's father. But he felt no real joy in her.

An unutterable sadness gripped his heart as in a vise; he knew not why, but instinctively he felt that this little throbbing bit of life, resting so contentedly in the hollow of his two hands, would be the thorn in his side. So he fashioned with an almost desperate care and cunning a thorn branch with a full-blown rose, most beautifully wrought, to hold her candle. And he called her "Rose."

The other was a pale, peaked little thing, whose only purpose in coming into the world, seemed to be to set off and make more resplendent by contrast, the robust vigor and beauty of her sister. As the father bent over this weak, puny handful of life, he was filled with an infinite tenderness that possessed him for many days. Lovingly he called her his lily-maid, and fashioned a glorious water-lily to bear her candle.

The slender, delicate stem of this, which swept out so gracefully among the rest, was the last branch to be added to Mary's curious candlestick. "Lily" was the name he gave to her.

III

The years passed and the happy family gathered nightly around the candlestick standing on the centre of the table, all ablaze with light. On their separate birthdays, a taper, bespangled and encircled with pretty colored paper, was substituted for that child's candle, and a clapping of little hands and exclamations of wonder would be heard as the taper was lighted.

Thus the time went by and the children grew, each in his own way; the boys into fine, brawny chaps, who early developed a love for the sea; the girls into visions of loveliness, the one vieing with the other in the interest they aroused—the fragile and evanescent beauty of Lily always making the full-blown vigor of Rose more resplendent by her presence. The first thought it natural to love

and minister to others; the second thought it more natural to be loved and courted by everyone.

The boys had long since served their time before the mast, taken their mates' and captains' examinations and were considered among the most daring navigators on the coast.

One day Peter Van der Voort, heavy with years, had the inexpressible joy of seeing his oldest grandson, together with his two brothers, take out his first vessel, bought for him by their father. That winter the old Captain died and was taken to his fathers, up in the little graveyard on the hill. The boys made many successful voyages.

It had now become the custom of Mary to place the great candlestick with its seven blazing candles in the window, facing the sea at night—"to light her boys safely home," she said. And as they returned in the late fall of the year to lay up their ship for the winter, the light in the window was a beacon of welcome more eagerly looked for than any light on the coast. It was the first link in a chain of tender memories that carried them back through the years.

During the long winter evenings that followed, there were gay times in the little house up on the promontory; with tales of strange adventures among strange peoples, under foreign skies, by the sons, and many a lilt and lay by the father. Occasionally, Rose, who usually sat listening with shining eyes to these wondrous tales, would contribute in some surprising manner to the evening's entertainment.

She had grown lovelier with the years, and was more the despair of the lads than ever her mother had been. She was now in the full flush of early womanhood, with scores of suitors whom she spurned in careless disdain.

Then it happened one fall that the boys did not return as usual.

That was the stormiest winter in the memory of any man on the coast, which was strewn with wreckage for miles. One by one, vessel after vessel, battered and storm-tossed, came limping into port with unparalleled tales of grim battle with wind and sea, and a gloom fell over Mary's household. But she would not give up hope, and nightly she placed the lighted candlestick in the window, facing

the sea, so that if they came they would know they had not been given up for lost.

One night in November, a large, white-painted four-master came into port, with foremast gone, bowsprit and figurehead smashed, and a fathom of water in her hold.

The Captain, a tall, dark and handsome Portuguese, of about the same age as Mary's eldest son, came up the next evening to consult Jack Page about repairs on his ship.

In language as picturesque as himself, he related the events of his voyage—how, when but ten days out, the cook's galley was smashed to pieces and most of their provisions spoiled. The next day they sighted a bark with but one mast standing, and flying a flag of distress. They got within hailing distance of her and found that she was "*The Dolphin,*" but of what port they were unable to make out. She was laboring heavily in the sea, and seemed in a bad way. They put out a boat and made several attempts to get to her, but the sea was running too high. They were forced to put back, smashing the boat and losing a man in the attempt to get aboard again. They signaled that they would stand by her, but when morning came she had disappeared. Then the wind hit up into a hurricane, the bowsprit was torn out, the foremast went by the board, and they were driven into this port.

Without knowing it, he had set the seal of doom on all their hopes, and a deathlike stillness filled the room when he finished his narrative.

In one corner, near the candlestick, sat Mary, bent and haggard with grief, rocking to and fro in her unutterable woe. Yet she would not surrender all hope, and continued to place the burning candles in the window at night.

And that night of all nights, Rose fell desperately, irresistibly and irrevocably in love with the Portuguese Captain.

Jack Page was a changed man. He went about his work in the shipyard, now overflowing with work, in a listless, indifferent manner that accomplished little. The Captains, eager to get their ships into shape, fretted and complained of the delay, and threatened to take their vessels down the coast for repairs. But Jack gave little heed to their demands. If they became too importunate, he

told them they could go where they pleased for all he cared—and they did. All but the Portuguese—he remained. The young Captain was now a daily visitor at the house on the promontory, where he was made welcome because of the succor he had tried to give their sons.

The winter passed and spring came, and by now everyone in the village was talking about Rose and her affair with the Captain. They were seen everywhere together, taking long walks up through the dunes, coming home late at night; and soon ugly rumors were heard here and there, regarding their relation to each other. To all this, Jack Page seemed entirely oblivious, or, more properly speaking, quite heedless of its portentousness, like a man convinced of the futility of attempting to forestall fate.

At last, one day in late April, the repairs on the Portuguese were finished—all but the figurehead, which had not yet been put in place; Jack had not been in the mood to finish it, he said; would get it done in time, however; and finally it came.

It was a wonderful piece of carving, and, for the time being, the villagers forgot their gossip about Rose and the young Captain to talk about this strange figure of a mermaid, holding a full-blown rose between her laughing lips. Then one afternoon, under full sail, before a fair wind, the Portuguese sailed away.

Up in her little room, looking out over the sea, Rose sat weeping bitterly—the first bitter tears of her life.

IV

The summer passed, and Rose was seldom seen by the curious villagers, whose glances pierced her heart like icicles.

Autumn came; the farmers reaped what they had sown and Rose the fruit of her folly. For the last time in his life, Jack Page was summoned to look at a new-born child. As he looked at this dark-haired and somewhat dark-complexioned boy, who lay kicking and sprawling beside Rose, he felt a twinge in his side, and he knew that the thorn so long expected had come, never to be dislodged.

The young Portuguese Captain was reputed to be the father of the boy, and next Sunday Rose was read out of the church in

which her mother had been baptized, confirmed and married, and no minister could be found willing to christen the boy. So they named him Peter.

And nightly Mary tended her candles, hoping against all hope that her boys might yet return to lighten this new sorrow, which was threatening to break her heart. But they did not come.

The next summer when Rose ventured forth with her little son, she was met with mocking jeers and sneers on all sides. Wherever she went, it was the same. All seemed to know the story of her shame—all were intent on making her feel the full enormity of her guilt, until life in the village was made intolerable for her. To this was added the daily sight of the inexpressible sorrow in her mother's face and the silent woe of her old father, that seemed to envelop him as with a dark cloak, which made her own grief, no less poignant than theirs, unendurable. Then one night she disappeared, leaving her thorn behind, with a little note, stating that she had gone to the big City up the river, far, far away from the relentless sea, where there were no accusing eyes to plague her days and rob her nights of sleep, and where life was less uncompromising.

Time passed, and Lily, worn out by watching over her sister during her illness, sickened and was forced to take to her bed. Despite the tender nursing of her mother and the loving care of her father, she grew steadily worse, and in the spring of the following year, she died, and was buried near old Peter in the little churchyard on the hill.

For the first time in years, a number of the villagers went up to the house on the promontory to condole with Mary in her great sorrow.

They were met with a quiet aloofness, that provoked and puzzled them. Surely this old woman was possessed of an ungodly pride, to be outwardly so unbending and calm in the midst of all her trouble; and slowly they came to hate her for it. And all this nonsense with the candlestick, which she kept lighted in her window, night after night, year in and year out, was to them nothing less than a wicked waste of good money.

One day, when little Peter was about seven years old, Jack Page came home and told Mary that he had closed up the shipyard for

good. Of late, a restlessness, that kept him from attending any one thing to its completion, had taken possession of him.

He would sit for hours at a time, looking out to sea with dimmed eyes, while little Peter chased the sandpipers on the beach. Out there, somewhere, lay his three sons, while up in the City, on the banks of the great river, was his Rose. *They* at least had done him honor, died bravely as men should die, while *she*—ah, it was hard to have to think of the great shipwreck that might be threatening her bark, and the thought almost choked him. He must find her, save her from the maëlstrom of life that was probably sucking her down, and bring her back, or he would die of despair. He thought of it by day and through long sleepless nights, until this became the one absorbing thought of his life. Mary saw and understood and choked a sob that would come at night when she lighted the candles.

When spring came, with blue skies and balmy weather, he could endure it no longer, and it was decided that he should go to the big City and try to find Rose. And one morning the villagers were astonished to see old Jack Page, bent under the heavy burden of a pack on his back, trudging off on the road that would take him to the place, many miles away, where he could be ferried over to the City.

So Mary was left alone to tend her candlestick and little Peter, who never forgot the parting of his grandfather with Mary. Something subtle and overpowering gripped his little heart, and he went behind the house and cried. It was his first acquaintance with sorrow, and the world, so wonderful and pretty, never seemed quite so gay to him after that.

In the years to come he was to feel the fullness of its bitterness. Already he was beginning to be sensible of its hostile qualities in the speech of the children and the demeanor of their elders, both toward himself and his grandmother. They regarded him curiously, like the strange product of some devilish power, and he became shy and short of speech. And Mary, now that she was left alone with her shame and sorrow, was more than ever the object of the petty persecutions of the offended villagers.

She had insisted upon her husband taking with him most of their

little stock of ready cash, and was now forced to eke out a meagre existence by selling the produce of her little garden. This, Peter trundled to town on his little cart, twice a week, in return for which she brought back with her the few bare necessities of life and the supply of candles for the candlestick. These it was impossible to procure in the village, as they only kept tallow dips and she must needs have the best, so that the light could shine brightly and be seen from afar. For, who knows, she said, but that her sons might yet return to bless her old age, and besides, there were her husband and Rose; *they* would surely come back some day, and then the light must be there to welcome them. So she tended her candles and often went hungry to bed.

V

Many years had now passed since Jack Page had left the village, and, though his name was seldom spoken by any of the villagers, yet he was not entirely forgotten. They had a constant and irritating reminder in the curiously shaped candlestick with its seven candles which blazed forth into the night. It was as though Mary would flaunt her pride in their faces and make them feel small and mean by contrast with her prodigality. For who had ever heard of any but the rich, who live in big houses, burning seven wax candles every night? It was nothing less than gross folly and impertinence, which in its stiff-necked perseverance, bordered on idolatry and must surely be an abomination in the eyes of the Lord.

Thus her silent devotion to an idea, her high courage and unending love, which the candlestick only personified, was made a byword and a thing of reproach, and they damned old "Candlestick Mary," as she was now called by the fishermen, who had to pass her house on the way back and forth to their boats. But by all the sailors who came in from the sea, weary of long voyaging, her little light was hailed with the joy wherewith one greets a friend.

When it was sighted, the look-out, from his perch in the crow's nest, would call down "Lighthouse Mary on the starboard bow," for so she was called by all the sailors who made that port. The call was caught up and passed on from mouth to mouth, until the

whole ship's crew knew that Mary was still tending her brass candlestick, with its seven curiously shaped arms, that each held a candle which flickered and flared out into the night. And they blessed old "Candlestick Mary" in their rough sailor fashion and waved their caps to her in the dark as they passed by.

Peter had now grown into a tall, dark, fine lad of fifteen. He loved Mary, his grandmother, to the point of adoration. He did not care overmuch for work, however, except to collect driftwood down on the beach. When he had gathered enough, he would sit for hours looking out to sea, watch the ships go by, and with his knife scratch little verses on all the good pieces of board which the sea brought him.

They were now so poor that he could afford neither pencil nor paper for these verses, which he composed secretly and hid under his bed. All the wrapping paper brought them by their little purchases in town was most religiously saved for the exercises in writing and arithmetic, in which Mary instructed her grandson.

In time Peter had quite a collection of verses carefully hidden away under his bed. In one of these, a poem of seven verses, which he called "Blessed Mary of the Seven Candles," he had celebrated the tragic history of Mary and her candlestick.

Occasionally, after Mary had sat silently weeping for days, he would seek surcease from sorrow down in the village grog-shop. Here he would now and then attempt to recite his verses, especially the ballad of "Blessed Mary of the Seven Candles," but he was always shouted down. For old "Candlestick Mary" had now become a thorn in their flesh, and who knew what Peter might not say in his verses? So his attempts were invariably greeted with a shuffling of feet and a scraping of steins on the table and cries of "Now shut up with your moonshine, Peter, and give us a song." And Peter sang—sang like a bird—sang like a genius, with a full-throated abandon, that was almost awe-inspiring to these simple fisher folk.

Their faces grew tense and stern, their pipes went out and their grog remained untouched on the table. There were not wanting those who gravely maintained that Peter was possessed of the Devil in these moments. This the rest were quick to catch up, as it gave

them an excuse for their fear of Peter when he sang, though on all other occasions he was so easily bullied. Secretly, however, they cursed themselves for their unmanly weakness, which found vent in further persecutions and attempts to humiliate this poor, proud woman, sitting up there alone with her sorrow. And one day, the much longed-for opportunity came to break her haughty spirit.

It happened this way: Peter was about eighteen years old, when the tax collector came in late winter, to collect the tax on Mary's house. The winter, following a summer of scorching heat and drought, had been unusually severe, with continual snow and squally weather. No ships ventured out and few came in. Every living thing seemed in a state of suspense. Even the sea gulls forgot to croak their melancholy note. Mary's garden had been burned as brown as her old shawl, and for the first time it failed to supply her little necessities. They were forced to live on half parched roots and an occasional sandpiper snared by Peter. And one day, when the snow was piled house high and the woodshed was empty, Peter was compelled to bring down his treasured verses with which to keep the fire going. That was his first realization of the fact that love means sacrifice, and as he threw the boards on the fire, he sang softly to himself the ballad of "Blessed Mary of the Seven Candles."

Her little fund of money, reserved for the purchase of candles for the candlestick, was almost depleted. And now the tax collector was here, sternly demanding the payment of the yearly tax, or the forfeiture of the candlestick, to be sold in the annual auction in lieu of payment.

Tremblingly she put him off, pleaded for time to raise the money, assured him it would be forthcoming, if he would but give her a few days' respite. He considered a moment, granted her request, and took leave of her with the solemn admonition to be ready to pay up when next he called. When left alone she laughed and cried—laughed because she still had the candlestick—cried to think that anyone would dare to take it from her.

Then she put on her old bonnet and shawl and trudged off to the town where she sold her garden produce. But every house she came to was deserted, their occupants driven to the City by the severe weather. Nowhere could she raise a cent. It was late when

she returned, stumbling through deep snow drifts. Once she almost lost her way, but caught sight of the blazing candles in her window, which Peter had lighted, and pressed on again. As she watched the flickering light throw fantastic shadows on the snow outside, it occurred to her that, perchance, Rose might also be wending her way thither, perhaps to be lost in the big drifts, or turn aside, fearful of entering, if the light were not there. The anguish of the thought almost stunned her and she would have sunk down helpless, outside the door, if Peter had not come and helped her in.

That night she remained up, watching the candles and anxiously peering out from time to time into the darkness. The next day she had a high fever and could be prevailed upon to eat nothing, but at last permitted Peter to assist her into bed. The following morning she was no better, and betrayed considerable uneasiness as the day wore on.

In the afternoon, the tax collector came for the money—was somewhat taken aback at finding her in bed—but immediately concluded that it was only a device to deceive him. When he found that she could not pay, he threatened to carry the candlestick off with him forthwith, whereupon she frantically jumped out of bed, threw herself down before him and implored him to give her a few days' more grace, promising not to disappoint him again. He agreed, said they would not be unjust, would give her until the day of the auction—three days hence; quoted something about being the friend of widows and orphans, and departed.

Again she trudged to town, more slowly this time than before. Again she returned empty-handed, and sat down to wait in silent despair for the day of the auction, a fever of anxiety burning up her blood. The next day, the wind, which had been blowing fitfully for a week or more, blew up into a hurricane. That night, a large, white-painted four-master, with sails torn and tattered, sought shelter from the fury of the storm in the little harbor. When morning came she was seen to be pretty badly battered, topmast gone and bowsprit torn out, leaving plainly in view its peculiar figurehead, which remained intact—a mermaid with a rose between its laughing lips.

That day, the last of her respite, old "Candlestick Mary" walked

to town once more, to make a last attempt to raise the money necessary to pay her tax, and to replenish her supply of candles. About noon, a tall, dark stranger, the Captain of the white-painted four-master down in the harbor, gravely inquired for Mary up at the little house on the promontory and was curtly answered by Peter that she was not at home. He departed, leaving word that he would return the following day.

Late in the afternoon Mary returned, utterly broken in spirit, her mission a failure. In the dogged belief, however, that the candlestick would not be taken from her, that no human power could wrest it from her, she had bought the weekly supply of candles with the remainder of her money. These she was carrying carefully under her arm as she hobbled painfully into the village.

Where the long road, which is the main street of the village, bends up the hill, she met the tax collector. He greeted her with "Well, you've got the money, I suppose?" She did not answer and he understood that she had failed to raise the amount of the tax. He noticed the bundle under her arm, knew it to contain candles for the crazy old candlestick, and in a rage knocked it out of her arm, so that it broke open and the candles flew out over the road. In dismay she stood speechless, regarding her precious candles, while he berated her for a proud old shrew, who thought she could avoid paying her tax and still flaunt her pride in their faces. But now there was an end to it and she could take the consequences of her folly! In an hour he would call for the candlestick! With this he left her.

Laboriously she picked up the candles and staggered on up the hill. It was now quite dark and she had great difficulty in keeping to the road, but at last came in sight of the light in her window. Peter had again lighted the candles. And then this old, broken-hearted woman, weary of life, knelt down in the snow outside the house, and thanked her Lord for all the joy and pain, the gladness and sorrow, which the blazing candlestick betokened. She asked that it might not be taken from her, but ended her prayer with "Thy will be done, not mine, O Lord," and entered the house.

That was the last time "Candlestick Mary" saw her candles blaze forth their welcoming light. An hour later, the tax collector called for the candlestick. Silently, without a protest, she permitted

him to take it down from its time-hallowed place in the window. As he snuffed out the candles and swung the great candlestick under his arm, it was as though the whole world had suddenly become very dark to the eyes of Mary. Something seemed to snap and freeze up within her, as she looked out straight before her, with blank, unseeing eyes. The tax collector shuddered and knew that those eyes would forever haunt his dreams, and he hastened away with his spoil, down to the auction room.

Peter followed him, urged on by a vague hope that in some way he could retrieve the candlestick. How, he did not know, but try he must.

Down in the crowded town hall, where the auction was being held, all were anxiously waiting for the candlestick to come up for sale. No one doubted that Mary would be unable to pay her tax, and they were all there to glory in her humiliation,—all except the sailors from the ships that made that port. They loved old "Candlestick Mary" and her blazing light, and had pooled their money to save it if they could.

At last the candlestick came up, and some one began by bidding fifty cents, which was immediately raised to five dollars by a dapper, well-dressed man in front. He was a collector of old brass and copper from the City who had been up on the coast shooting for a week, had heard of the remarkable candlestick, and had determined to secure it at all costs. The sailors made it seven dollars, and he made it fifteen. Instinctively the people in the room felt that the contest lay between the sailors and the man from the City, and they stopped bidding. Some were beginning to put small bets on who would secure the candlestick, as the auctioneer raised the hammer and called out "going, going, going at fifteen, who'll make it twenty?" A pale, haggard looking woman in black, who had sidled into the room when the bidding on the candlestick began, shook as with the ague, every time the hammer went down. The sailors made it twenty, and the collector raised it to fifty at one jump, which almost took the breath away from these simple villagers. There was a pause while the monotonous voice of the auctioneer was heard above the buzz of conversation, calling out "Fifty I have, do I hear sixty,—going at fifty, who'll make it sixty?" And the woman in black

shuddered. The sailors were consulting among themselves. Sixty-five dollars was all they had between them. They decided to risk the whole at one throw, and their spokesman called out that they made it sixty-five. The man from the City smiled and made it eighty, confident that it was his. Then as the hammer was going down for the second time on his bid, something unlooked-for happened.

Peter, who had been standing near the sailors and knew that they had reached their limit, was wringing his hands in silent despair, when an inspiration came to him. And he sang—sang the ballad of "Blessed Mary of the Seven Candles," and silence fell upon the room. No one thought of stopping him, all were under the spell of his song. When he had finished the first verse, a tall, dark man (the Captain of the white-painted four-master now lying in the harbor), who towered head and shoulders above the rest, looked over toward Peter with a startled expression. When he had finished the second verse, the woman in black made her way through the silent crowd over to the tall, dark man, whose fine beard was streaked with gray. She plucked his sleeve and shrank away a step.

He looked down at the upturned, pleading face, staggered with his hands clapped to his eyes, caught himself, and swept her up into his arms, to the great astonishment of those who saw it. So this was what she had come to—his Rose—this poor, forlorn-looking woman, who wept in his arms. Between long heart-breaking sobs, that almost choked her, she appealed to him to buy the candlestick, said that it must not fall into other hands, that they must bring it back. It was the price of their redemption, she said. He understood and assured her that none other than she should get it. Peter was now singing the fifth verse which told about Rose and her lover, and the Captain looked darkly around at the people standing about with bowed heads, and the woman in his arms trembled. Here and there handkerchiefs could be seen stealing to moist eyes, and men sniffled.

At last they understood the meaning of the candlestick, and it was borne in upon them how cruelly unjust their treatment of Mary had been. When Peter finished his song, there was not a dry eye in the room. Up on the auctioneer's desk the great brass candlestick glittered and shone in the fitful light of the lamp hanging under the ceiling. The auctioneer, as though in a trance, was meditatively

mopping his brow with a red bandanna handkerchief, while the man from the City, visibly perturbed, was trying to attract his attention. After moistening his dry lips several times, he succeeded in asking whether the candlestick had not been knocked down to him. The auctioneer, who seemed enclosed within an impenetrable wall of thought, mechanically flicked a fly off the candlestick, and gave no heed to his question.

When again he repeated the question, somewhat louder than before, he was answered from quite an unexpected quarter. In a ringing, sonorous voice, that shocked and startled everyone out of their stupor, the tall, dark man at the other end of the room, announced that he would make it a hundred. And the collector realized that here was a man not to be easily downed, and he made it a hundred and fifty. The Captain did not wait, but made it two hundred at once, whereupon the collector raised it to three.

The people were now in a state of wild excitement. All were on the side of the Captain—all were hoping that he would secure the candlestick. They now felt that it must never be permitted to be taken away from the village, and many had recognized the woman standing flushed and expectant, beside the Captain, and they understood why he was bidding. He made it five hundred dollars, and the other, his sporting blood now aroused, determined not to be beaten, made it seven hundred. To this the Captain quietly answered that he made it a thousand, which quite staggered the crowd, who were now beginning to doubt the sanity of these two men, willing to barter what seemed to them a fortune in exchange for a brass candlestick.

The man from the City would not be outdone, however, and offered fifteen hundred dollars. The Captain faltered a moment, bent over and spoke a few words to the woman beside him, who listened to him anxiously. Fifteen hundred dollars was all the ready cash he possessed, he said. He was at the end of his rope, what should he do? "Don't let him get it!" she implored. "Sell your vessel, everything, only get the candlestick. We can never go back without that." He acquiesced, and once more his voice rang out in the still room,—this time with a warning note of battle in it. The auctioneer gasped, requested him to repeat the bid, whereupon the Captain very firmly said he made it two thousand and was ready to make

it more. The collector looked at him a moment, raised it a hundred more just as a feeler, and before his words were out of his mouth was met with a raise of four hundred, which made it twenty-five hundred. Once, twice, three times, the auctioneer announced the last bid. The man from the City signified that he was finished, the hammer came crashing down on the desk, and the auctioneer whispered in a voice husky with emotion, " Sold at twenty-five hundred."

The spell was broken, and in a moment there was a hubbub of conversation on all sides. The Captain, with Rose, now radiant with joy, advanced through the press of people up to the auctioneer's desk, and gave his note in payment for the candlestick. Reverently he picked it up from the desk and held it while Rose lighted the candles, which a few hours ago had been so remorselessly snuffed out. Side by side, she with her arm linked in his, and he bearing the blazing candlestick, they moved out into the still night, followed by the villagers.

Not a breeze was stirring. Overhead the stars shone with their old assurance. Below, the world lay white and still. Solemnly the long, black procession wound its way up the road leading to the house on the promontory. A little in the rear of the Captain and Rose walked Peter. As he looked at the two figures ahead of him, he thought that life was indeed mysterious, governed by some inscrutable power, and ofttimes as fantastic as the jumping and dancing shadows cast on the snow by the light of the candlestick in his father's hand.

Up at the house of " Candlestick Mary " everything was enveloped in darkness. Inside reigned the stillness of death. With her head drooping down on her breast and the last supply of candles outspread before her on the table, Mary was sitting as in a deep sleep. When Rose approached and gently touched her mother on the shoulder, horror froze her blood, and she sank down on the floor and buried her face in Mary's lap. To her cries of despair there came no answer but the echo of her own voice, which awoke a response in the hearts of all the conscience-stricken villagers.

THE PILOT FISH

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

He was twenty-one feet from snout to tail-tip. Full speed ahead, he could make thirty knots, covering in under ten hours the three hundred miles from Key West to Nassau; and once in a fit of caprice, despite the laziness of his kind, and perhaps called by some mysterious voice, he had made the thousand miles from Kingston to the Windward Islands only seeing three sunsets.

This scout of the sea knew every sand spit of the Caribbean, every reef, every passage; from the passage dividing Turks Island from the Caicos, to the trick-bottle entrance to the Gulf of Maracaibo.

He was of the wandering order of shark. Just as you find old stay-at-homes like Port Royal Tom or Pelorus Jack, sharks that keep to fixed business premises and regular hours, so do you find the reverse; gypsies of the sea, wanderers whose wanderings are bounded only by parallels and meridians.

When the sun rises over the Bahamas, he lights with one flash a thousand miles of the bluest water on earth, and holds it glittering in his grasp like a vast sapphire till he sets over Tampico way in a sea of seething gold. From dawn to dark, color celebrates her triumph; the corn-flower blue of the shallows, the deep violet blue of the depths, the sea gardens of the Antilles ablaze with colored coral and spangled with flights of colored fish, the white of coral sand, purple and olive of reef, all these will wake to life with the first ray of the sun; then you may see the foam on the reefs or on the strands, not as foam, but as a fleece of living gold.

On earth there is nothing more beautiful than the sea-foam touched by the first rays of the tropic sun. Then, and for a moment after, a breeze from some seashore of the golden age seems to fill the world with youth: a moment after, and the sun, freeing himself from the sea that seems to cling to him, rises in the blue rapidly, hurriedly, like a king hastening to ascend his throne, and the tremendous day of the tropics has begun.

Now, in a hundred blue harbors, from the Straits of Florida to Port of Spain, flags of all nations are fluttering to the wind, boats

are putting out to the ships, the markets are crowded and the gaiety of life is in full swing. So it will hold till toward noon, when life begins to die out, or, if it pleases you better—sleep. In the depths of the sea, in the heart of the forests, in the centre of the town, no living thing is untouched by the ebbing of life's tide. There is an armistice in the eternal war of the sea, and amidst the hills of the islands you will not hear a voice, except now and then, silvery and flute-like, the call of the *siffleur de montagne*.

It was just at this hour of peace that our friend the slayer, lazily swimming outside the Bahamas fifty miles or so south-east of Watling Island, heard through his drowsiness a sound.

He was swimming five fathoms below the surface; above and around him lay a vague bottle-green world that grew vaguely lighter and darker with the passage of the swell above. He was heading north-west on a course that would take him by a maze of passages to Cape Sable, steering by the tune of the reef that lies exposed just here, and by some sixth sense, some compass of the brain; a compass unaffected by any error of variation or deviation.

The sound which now in a flash caused him to alter his course, and, with the grace of a bending and straightening bow, head due north-east, was a sound less loud than the turmoil of the sea-tormented reef. Prolonged, musical and sonorous, it loudened at every fin and tail stroke, and now it was passing overhead, accompanying the shadow of a swiftly moving cloud that was passing due south.

Again, with the movement of a bending and straightening bow, the slayer altered his course and hung in the shadow of the moving cloud, moving as it moved, effortless, at nine knots and with a gentle lift, till at four fathoms the cloud above became the solid bottom of a rushing ship and he could see the vague fringe of weeds growing from the copper sheathing and feel the whirl and suck of her passage.

Then, letting her slowly slip ahead, he rose less than a fathom from the surface.

She was a three hundred ton brig, bound from Halifax to Port au Prince. He could see the lettering on the counter, the after-rail, and away up above that, like a hard white cloud, the sails cutting the dim blue sky.

The murky, bottle-green world of four fathoms had given place to a world of azure, broken by streaky shadows caused by the lines of foam and the swirl cast behind her by the brig. As though he were gazing upward through sheets of blue crystal, the slayer could see the brig's counter, the lettering, the sails, the spars; and then a sheet of rushing foam would pass, wiping the picture out, and the boom and wash of the water would mix with the groan of the great rudder and the creak of spar and block. A small darting shadow was now crossing and re-crossing before the sight of the slayer. It was the pilot fish; a brown streak seen from below, a streak of blue and gold seen from above.

It was always with him, though not always in sight. Swimming above, below or behind, it would go with him as swiftly as he might, as far as he chose; only in certain difficulties and dangers, and when the question of food came uppermost, would the pilot fish take the lead.

It was taking it now.

It suited the lazy mood of the slayer to lie in the wake of the brig on the lookout for scraps, but it did not suit the little blue and gold pilot fish.

The pilot fish was disturbed. Electrical and magnetic influences were telling it things; the yelling hurricane that had passed the Bermudas early that morning and which was now touching the northern skyline with its darkness, had spoken to the little blue and gold fish, just as it had spoken to the barometer on board the brig.

The mercury in the barometer was pumping, the fish flitting here and there was in agitation, saying to its great friend as plainly as movement could speak: "Come, follow. It is not here we shall find food. Follow me. I am wiser than you."

The slayer, with that perfect obedience to instinct without which life in the sea depths could not exist, turned with a movement of the tail and, led by the faithful pilot, set his course due south.

Now, the brig was a hundred miles off her course. A drunken captain and a drunken mate had thrown her off it. Thirty miles south lay a terrible mass of reefs and shoals, forming a veritable trap for the unwary. Did the pilot fish, who could tell the force and direction of the coming storm, know vaguely, but surely, of the

weakness and misdirection of the brig? Who can say, or who can fathom the instincts of the sea? The instinct that brings the sharks from numberless leagues away to the cutting in of the cachalot, the instinct that joins the thresher and the killer-whale in their hunting expeditions; the instinct that, unlike intellect, never errs, having for sure foundation awful and mysterious knowledge.

As they drove through the water, swimming at a fathom and a half and just below the perturbation of the swell, a shadow spread before them, dimming the blue-green world through which they were passing. It was the shadow of the coming storm, and scarcely had the murmur of the reef-sown water reached them from the south, than from the north the first crash of thunder shook the sea.

With the current in their favor they had been making thirty knots; now, momently the murmur of the reefs loudened before them and the footsteps of the storm behind. To a shark, the razor-edged coral reefs are as dreadful as to a ship; but the slayer, undeflected by any fear, held on his tremendous course, swift as an arrow from the bow.

The tide had just turned and was on the ebb. Right in the course of the slayer and his pilot lay a long razor-backed reef, protecting a vast pool, deep and floored with sand, a natural harbor without an entrance.

At low tide, and even midway between flood and ebb, this reef would be exposed, but now it was covered by nearly a fathom of water. There was sufficient draught for the slayer to pass over it uninjured, but only just sufficient. Beaten by the swirling water, he felt for a second the touch of the murderous reef; then knowing himself at his journey's end, he held his speed and sank, slowly as a feather sinks through air, to the sandy bottom of the pool.

As he touched it, the whole pool was lit by a lightning flash: the parrot fish, the gropers, the large shells crawling with outspread feelers on the sandy floor, floating strips of fuci, all were lit and stood out for a moment clearly in the green light of the flash, and then vanished as the thunder shook the pool to its heart.

Now could be heard the yell of the wind above, a wind so tremendous in its strength that before it the waves vanished, flattened out on a sea of foam like driving snow.

The foam rushing over the reef made a roof for the pool, through which the next flash came, dimly as if through a scuttle of deeply muffed glass.

Nothing could be heard for a while but the yell of the wind and the hiss of the foam, then like a deep-drawn note came the boom of the first great wave.

Skulking on the sand, the slayer lay through it all. Toward midnight something happened of a nature more tragic than the howling of the wind and the beating of the waves.

With a crash as though the whole reef had been shattered, the waters of the pool were displaced and shaken. Then, as though in that convulsion the hurricane had spent its anger and its strength, the yell of the wind lost its ferocity, the waves fell gradually and as hour followed hour a dim light broke above, strengthened to the rising sun, and then, all at once, as if by magic, the pool became lit and burned like a vast and flawless emerald.

With back broken on the sandy floor, masts and spars and rigging all tangled in a hideous ruin, lay the brig, the tune of whose passage above had attracted the slayer yesterday. Lifted clear over the reef she lay, nevermore to be seen by man; a corpse lashed to the wheel, corpses lashed to the rigging, sunlit in the clear green water, silent, strange beyond expression.

The slayer, leaving the sand, floated upward, hideous as death, terrible as fate. As he rose, he opened his mouth and from it, beautiful with grace and color, flashed the little pilot fish. She had sheltered from the gropers and the other savages of the pool all night long in the stomach of the slayer, and now she flitted before him, leading him triumphantly to the corpse-strewn wreck.

It was as though she were saying: "Did I not lead you right when yesterday you were in search of food?"

Had she, then, in her subtle brain worked out the destruction of the brig and the place of its destruction? Who knows? But there, hovering over the shattered brig, one might have fancied her the embodiment of that instinct which was before Thought and will be when the works of Intellect are in ruin.

ART AND LIFE

HALDANE MACFALL

I

OF ART

WHATSOEVER his religion or code of life may be, man's supreme desire is to live. Joy and happiness lead to the fulfilment thereof; pain turns us from transgression against it. The burnt child avoids the fire. All is sacrilege that mishandles the wondrous miracle.

The most vastly interesting thing to man is Life.

It is his feverish search during his little span, from birth to death, to discover its significance; it is his hope beyond the grave—eternal life.

Cramp a people enough, deny them life enough, and at last, sullenly they turn, and gazing out of eyes that see red, they spill blood like water so that they may find fuller life.

Be his ambitions, his passing desires, his utterances, his denials, his affirmations, his acts, what they may—at the back of all, permeating all, above all, dominating all, unless he be a madman or an idiot, man's one supreme instinct is to live. Life is the right and the heritage of every one of us.

Whence it comes, whither it goes, this life—these are a part of the eternal mystery. But we can and ought to experience all of life 'twixt its coming and its going.

Now, there are only two paths by which we may arrive at this wonderful and miraculous thing. Either *we must each of us live the whole of the adventures of life ourselves;* or *we can experience life at second-hand through their communion to us of their adventures by our fellow-men.*

Every man, of course, must be born, grow to manhood, know hunger and thirst, love and die. But it is abundantly clear that the thoughts, the emotions, feelings and sensations, of the life of any single being, even if he be one of the greatest of the great, cannot but be child's play when set beside the vast experiences and per-

ceptions of the lives of all his fellows. Our personal adventures and experiences in life, though we bestride the world like a Napoleon, can at best be but a small and parochial affair, when all's said, as against the multitudinous experience of our generation. Shut off from communion with our fellows, we walk little better than a blind man's wandering in a desert place.

Fortunately, it has been granted to us to experience life through the communion of our fellows. In that, at once, we stand arrayed in splendor, supreme above the brutes. It is thereby that we have gained lordship over all created things.

Now, we can only know of life at second-hand from our fellows by the communion of their *Thoughts* to us; and we can only become partakers of their life at second-hand by their communion to us of their *Sensations.*

But it is not enough to *speak* of Life in order to experience it—that is an affair of the Intellect alone. Before we can experience life we must *sense* it—*feel* it.

And just as the Thoughts of others can only become our Thoughts when we can be made to understand them—that is to say through the communication of speech; so the Sensations of others can only be communicated to us when they *make us feel through* our senses what they have felt—either by so skilful a use of colors that they arouse through our sight the sense of what they have felt through their vision by the craftsmanship of Painting; or by the subtle employment of sounds in our hearing so that we feel what they have felt through the craftsmanship of Music; or by their conjuring up our emotions through the cunning craftsmanship of words, as in Oratory or Prose or Verse or the Drama or Romance, or the like; so that we actually experience their sensations as though we ourselves had lived them, and the whole gamut of joy or sorrow, anger or pity, awe or laughter, heroism or cowardice, may be brought into our existence. This power of being able to transfer to us their sensations by a skilful playing upon our senses is Art.

The province of art, then, is the whole wide realm of the Imagination; it is born in the Imagination; rooted in the Imagination; grows in the Imagination; and blossoms and bears fruit in Imagination —aroused through the senses.

The music pipes up a dancing measure—trips it in merry fashion, gay, blithe—immediately the sun shines in our hearts. But to the stately tramp of the mourners of Death, the music steadies to more solemn and majestic cadence; at once the shadow of sorrow stalks in the land. A rollicking lilt upon the barrel-organ sets all the children's feet a-jigging down the alley.

Speech is our intellectual means of communion with our fellows.

Art is our emotional means of communion with our fellows.

Let us be clear, here and now, not to confuse Speech with Art. Speech as Speech has nothing to do with Art; it is only when words are so compelled into forms by the artist in words—the poet in prose or verse—that they arouse feelings in us that they become art.

Nor let there be any fumbling with the word Emotion. By Emotion, be it understood, is meant everything that we sense or feel. There is danger of tangle in using the word, since it has come to be employed in a false sense meaning extravagant sensing. And Emotion runs the danger of being thought of as a mere agitation of the mind, or more often as emotionalism—a superficial excitation of the weaker sensings of the body. By Emotions are here meant the Impressions, however varied, however deep or subtle, however stupendous or peaceful or tender or delicate, upon the feelings, as separate from the Reason and the Thinking. Unfortunately, again, the word Impressionism has come to a particularly false usage in relation to the Arts; but Impression of the Emotion or Thing Felt is that which creates and is created by all Art whatsoever—and Emotion is its sole province, aim, and significance. No scientific theorizing, no book-learning, no elaborate scholarship will enable us to perceive Art; no lack of such things will give us the power to perceive art. The impression left upon our senses by a face, a character, by the moods of men or of nature—the impression left upon our feelings by our hearing or touch or the like, all of these are of the realm of the artist, and these alone.

It is the essential act of Art, then, by skill and cunning of craftsmanship, so to turn sensations into such a form that they will convey

to others the like sensations that have been produced in the artist. That is the one essential quality of Art.

Art is, in other words, the Emotional Communion of Life.

Art is not an oil-painting on canvas in a gilt frame. Art is not the exclusive toy of a few prigs—nor the password of a cult. Art is universal, eternal—not parochial. Every man is an artist in his degree—every man is moved by art in his degree. For one act of our day to which we are moved by calculated Reason, we are moved to a score by the emotions, by instinct, by our senses—by the thing felt.

Every child is an artist. When a child essays to explain an experience, that child, by instinct, almost invariably utters that experience or sensation in such terms as to make us feel what it has felt. It at once becomes an artist thereby. A child is not content to commune with us through its thoughts, that is to say by Speech; it endeavors so to employ words, so to turn words about, as to make us feel what it has felt—in plain words, it employs Art.

Simple people always endeavor, in rude fashion enough, to interpret the effect of things felt upon them. The simple folk employ Art even more than they employ Speech. Their power to commune with us through Art is prodigiously greater than their power to employ Thought through Speech. The very way in which we say Yes or No depends for its result more upon the art with which we say it than upon the mere saying of it.

Around the camp-fire, rough men gather and tell tales. They are artists—greater or less according to their skill of craftsmanship. In camp or quarter, in palace or cottage, in mansion or hovel, in church or pothouse, joy bursts into song, or sorrow into refrain; the limner, with wondrous hand's skill, tells what his eyes have seen; the singer utters what his ears have heard: the hand moulds the clay into shapes that are symbols of the emotions evolved by forms; the painter catches the mood of the twilight or the freshness of the dawn; the actor by gesture and voice shows how something sensed may be repeated into the senses of others, whether it arouse laughter or tears. They are all artists—in their degree of skill as craftsmen.

Art, then, so far from being a mere dandified luxury for the rich, or for the entertainment of the prig, is an absolute hunger of every intelligent being.

Art, so far from being the little exclusive preciosity that the so-called artistic coteries pride themselves alone on understanding, is far removed from that preciosity—and whilst these very coteries are hugging themselves on possessing it, they are generally embracing a dead thing or a sham, whilst the very people they affect to despise are partakers in the Reality.

If you would realize what your life would be without the means to commune with your fellow-men so as to be partakers in their sensations and their emotions, try to think of a man in that awful solitude that is never broken by contact with any other human soul; and you scarcely exaggerate what a man's punishment would be without the arts. He who is without art lives in a blind man's parish; nay, worse, walks in the fantastic isolation of the kingdom of the mad, little higher than the beasts.

II

OF CRAFTSMANSHIP

Now just as Speech must be an *intelligent* utterance of Thought, so Art must be an *intelligent* utterance of the emotions.

It is not enough to have uttered a Thought to account it Speech; otherwise we are but in a Babel of Strange Sounds, signifying nothing.

Nor is it enough to have uttered Emotion to account it Art. It is vital that the Emotion shall be so uttered as to arouse the like emotion in others—otherwise are we but in a tangled whirl of confusion.

Thus, just as Thought is the more perfectly understood as it is deftly expressed; so is Emotion the more exquisitely transmitted as it is most perfectly uttered.

Art can only be created, therefore, by skill of handling, which is called Craftsmanship.

Craftsmanship is the skill or cunning whereby we utter Art; whereby we create the body that holds the spirit of Art and gives it form; the means whereby we give utterance to that which we have sensed, and hand on the Emotion aroused so that others may sense it in like fashion.

In simple terms, by Craftsmanship we can create impressions through colors so that we hand on to others the sensation that we have had aroused through our vision; or by employing words in such a form of prose or verse that these things become poetry; that is to say, they convey into the hearing of others not only Thoughts but Sensations, arousing in the hearing of others the feelings and impressions that we desire to convey. So with music, or other such like craftsmanship.

Supreme Craftsmanship is the perfection of statement by and through which Art is uttered.

By this craftsmanship, by this cunning skill wherewith the material—color, words, sounds, marble, bronze, or what not—is so wrought by the artist that by his wizardry it arouses in us the emotions, sensations, impressions, which the artist has felt, he creates his impression, whether the sense of majesty, of awe or pity, of suffering, of horror, of melancholy, of joy, or the like. Whatever the emotion, it can be created by the craftsmanship of the artist to whom has been granted a power and faculty, subtle, rhythmic, indefinable as life itself, to mould the wondrous thing so that we become partakers in his emotions. So instinctive is this faculty that artists can rarely explain it—they can only do it.

The moment that the artist by his skill of craftsmanship creates and transmits sensation to us, a work of art is born.

All Art is one; but the crafts by which Art is uttered are many. Whether by sound or words or color or what not, whether it be by music or oratory or painting or prose or verse, these are but the means whereby we utter Art; but *to each craft is given power to utter Art in fitting fashion.* The craft of painting gives forth emotions roused by things seen, through the sense of color, which cannot be so fitly felt by any other sense such as hearing, therefore cannot be so fitly uttered by music. The craft of music utters emotions

roused in the hearing, which cannot be so fitly evoked by any other craft. So it comes about that each craft works within its right domain; and any attempt to make one craft do what another would do better, must ever end in feeble artistry.

But fitness of craftsmanship to the art it would utter is the only limitation to any craft or means of expression. It can be judged by no law, or created by no law, but success or failure.

But—and mark this well!—Art is not Craftsmanship.

At no time in the history of man has there been greater need to mark the difference between Art and the Craft by which Art is produced, than to-day, when most of our teachers and critics constantly bemuddle the one with the other.

Art must *create*. Art must transfer Sensation from the creator of it to us. Whatever the craftsmanship, Art is ever the same, one and indivisible—the communion of emotion to others. By emotion being meant the thing sensed, the thing felt.

Craftsmanship is that wondrous skill whereby we shape words or color or sound or other elusive or rigid stuff into that rhythmic essence that brings Art to life; it has nothing to do with mimicry of old masters or other pedantry—it is that wizardry whereby the alchemy of the creator makes a fitting and appropriate body for the giving forth of the impression that he desires to express—and it is that and nothing but that. You shall find it never by mimicry, whether of the old masters or of nature or of life; but solely by the power and the perfection by which the impression is suggested. Therefore the sole aim of Craftsmanship is interpretation.

And just as genius in the old masters painted pictures which rouse the guffaw of the ignorant in being very often absolutely untrue to the mere realities and details of nature—and so far as they are untrue to such realities the guffaw is on the side of mere scientific truth—so also the genius of the modern masters does well to disregard the mere tricks and conventions of the old masters, and to create a means of impression wholly concerned with stating Art fitly and in harmony with the emotional idea, and rejecting all tradition whatsoever, and all scientific accuracies or mere bald facts.

The prodigious value of art is that by and through it we are enabled to experience the life of our age, and largely the life of the dead generations. And yet the astounding fact remains that even artists often become content with skill of craftsmanship in creating one masterpiece, and proceed for the rest of their careers to employ the same craftsmanship to create their future endeavor. The monotony of even so great a master of painting as Velasquez alone accounts for his limited range of achievement. This statement will shock the academic who have largely come to see in everything that Velasquez wrought the highest and widest art—but as most of the academic and the critical shower their unstinted praise upon a masterpiece by Velasquez, until they find it to be by someone else, when they forthwith considerably rebate their ecstasies, the value of their praise may be discounted on every hand. The artist should never allow monotony of craftsmanship to benumb his soul and hand—for the utmost skill of tricks of thumb will not create the work of art, once it is unfitted to the statement of the emotion desired.

The art of painting has suffered most from this limitation; no painter has wrought so vast an empire of the imagination as Shakespeare conquered in the wide gamut of the emotions through words. The painter who has come nearest is Turner, whose range of artistry was prodigious.

The quarrels that vex the arts are almost always due to the bemuddling of Art with the Craft that is employed to create works of Art.

And just as ignorant men, and the half-ignorant who consider themselves initiate, lacking wisdom, gaze in admiration at a political leader because they cannot understand him; and, fearing to own that they cannot understand him, consider that he must therefore be wise; fall back on the ecstatic cry: "How clever!" or "He's such a gentleman!"—so the little academic souls, and such as preen themselves on being superior and initiate in the mysteries of craftsmanship, gaze upwards at the false prophets of Art and cry: "Wonderful!" and "How true!" and "He must be right, for the common folk do not understand."

For him who does not sense a work of art, that work of art does not exist.

The quarrels of the schools are mere parochial warfare, concerned with craftsmanship. The Isms—impressionism, realism, idealism, and the rest of it—concern the studio alone. The artist may employ any Ism. That is his affair of selection of weapon. What he is compelled to do to create art is so to employ his Ism or tricks of thumb or what not, that he shall create the impression desired. Nothing else matters.

III

OF BEAUTY

Art is not Beauty.

Nor has it aught to do with Beauty.

A poker may be a beautiful thing—it is not art thereby. A photograph may be a beautiful thing—it is not therefore art. A woman may be beautiful—she is not necessarily a work of art.

But Craftsmanship depends on perfection of statement by and through which Art is uttered; it is therefore often, as a result of a sense of perfection, beautiful—but it is not the essential quality even of craftsmanship that it shall create a sense of Beauty, but that it shall convey Art with fittingness, being rugged in suggestion if essaying to convey ruggedness of Life, beautiful if essaying to convey Beauty. This is a very different thing.

There are those who, parrot-like, have repeated throughout the ages that Art is Beauty. There are far greater, far more profound, deeper, vaster, more majestic, more subtle, more dreadful emotions than are aroused by mere Beauty.

Art is as much concerned with tears and pathos and tragedy and ugliness and grayness and the agonies of life, as with laughter and comedy and beauty. The dread of death, the horror of fear, the awful sense of vengeance, the hatred of wrong, the promptings of terror, the lust to kill, the indignation at a lie, the agonies of suffering, are all as legitimate a province of art as the prettier emotions. All sensed activities are within the realm of the artist—the

ignoble and the noble. But if we make the ignoble to appear noble, or the noble ignoble, by skill of suggesting beauty, then we fail in artistry—for art may not lie and live. He who makes an unbeautiful thing beautiful, commits the unforgivable lie; it is an essential act of Art to show the unbeautiful thing unbeautiful.

The Greek genius set up Beauty as the *ultimate goal of Life*—it therefore set up Beauty as the ultimate goal of Art. Beauty being the aim of life to the Greeks, they were justified in making Beauty the sole aim of their Art. The Greeks did really mean that Beauty of Craftsmanship alone was not enough—but that Art must create Beauty as its sole aim.

But the world has moved to higher goals, to nobler aspirations, to a larger concept of life than the Greeks knew or dreamed—and mere Beauty is no longer the ultimate aim of Art.

This falsity of making Beauty the end and all of life, this absolute aim to achieve Beauty, was the cause of the triumph of the Greeks in their art—a greatly over-rated triumph when stated against the full significance of life; and of which the schoolmaster tells us much. It was also the cause of their limitations and of their eventual failure to achieve the complete and supreme mastery in art —of which we hear little.

The art of Greece achieved Beauty in wondrous fashion; but a mightier significance than Greece or Beauty reigns over life; Greece fell, and her art fell with her, giving place to a vaster art, a wider significance. In color Greece never approached the artistry of the sumptuous and spacious art of Italy, that gave place to the supreme art of Spain and Holland, which concerned themselves with the supreme significance of human *character* and of the varying moods of nature—a far deeper significance than mere Beauty holds.

It was the aim of Classic Art to glorify *Sameness*—to create the type—to polish man to an exquisitely perfect model in his outward seeming—to make the temples he reared and the houses he built a very regularity. To the Greek the perfect outer man had two sides, the one the likeness of the other—as he stands upright and full fronted to us, his right side the exact counterpart of his left. The

Greek ideal ever chiseled to create the type, and make for the destruction of character—being a splendid annulling of the *differences* that create character, in order that there might be created the Unities—smoothing away exactly those differences which give their charm to the *individual*. But the Greek forgot that man is not all in his outward seeming—that he has a heart within—that the Within of Man is not as the Without—and the one side not as the other.

It was to them of the Gothic blood, to the peoples whose whole art and glory are deep-rooted in character, who give the bays to character above all other human qualities, however rugged the body wherein that character flames—it was to them who founded their genius on the individual as against the classic ideal that seeks beauty alone, through perfection of exact balance—it was to the North, and, by some strange whim of fate, to Spain, perhaps from her mixture of Gothic blood of the North, her vision so akin to the vision of the North—that Art revealed itself in deeper fashion than in the mere outward seeming of cold perfection. The rude, rugged North! It was in the North, and Spain with the North, that portraiture came to its supreme achievement; that character in drama found its most exquisite statement. For, always in the life and art of the North you shall see this basic adoration of character—the tribute to the *difference* of individuals. You will find the eventual failure of the mediæval church in that she forgot her wide-embracing arms of catholicism and became subject to the classic spell of Romè, putting on a classic tyranny that sought to grind down individuals to a type, thereby alienating the peoples whose very breath and being are founded on the Liberty of the individual. Their art, their religion, their whole state are founded upon character, grow in it, have blossomed upon it.

Watch the exquisite agonies of the pencil of the North—see how the eager eye of the North guides the brush—searching out each little difference of each different feature in everything upon which it looks, where the classic eye would seek to bring things to formal balance, and the classic chisel would carve down all irregularities to the type. With what fastidious care the brush sweeps in forthright mastery over the canvas, hand and eye following each form that pronounces

Character—whether of a Dutch bottle, an apple, the cattle in the fields, the mood of the hour, or the distinction of men!

To those of the Northern blood, in all its many diffusions, setting character upon the altars of their living faith, there was revealed (to the English and the Dutch and the French) a still deeper sense of the mysteries, so that they have filched the haunting sweet-sadness out of the twilight, the mood out of the sunset, the ecstasies out of the sunlight's flicker amongst the leaves of the trees and the meadows. They have caught the thunder and the roar, the peace and the varying moods of the seas, with a subtlety and an inquisitive searching into the moods of nature such as the ancient world scarce dreamed of. They have sought in the labor of the workers of the fields, and the swarthy toilers of the market and the street and factories, a lyric theme to glory in the mighty industry of man, or in the tragedies and comedies that assail men and women; have essayed to interpret the atmosphere and moods aroused by their stupendous endeavor.

To-day live art concerns itself and must concern itself with the emotions that move humanity, as art has ever been concerned with the sensations. And the mystery of it all is no less profound than the searchings of the heart and the hunger of the soul to know of life that moved the old Egyptians to their fantastic, majestic and large Art.

Splendid as was the mighty achievement of Greece, she never reached to the majesty and the grandeur of that masterpiece of sculpture that stands upon the edge of Africa, head and shoulders above her highest achievement, in the wondrous thing that is called the Sphinx—a work of art that moves the homage of the world and of the ages. The genius of Egypt spent itself upon the majesty of the mystery of life—and it moved thereby to higher purpose and vaster significance.

For, when all is said, and the last eager craving done, it is all a mystery, this wondrous wayfaring that we call Life; and it is well so, lest the reason reel.

VOTES FOR WOMEN IN ENGLAND

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

That crisis in the movement for woman's suffrage, toward which events have consistently been shaping themselves for the past five years in England, seems at last to be not only imminent, but unavoidable. Step by step, the militant suffragettes have proceeded in their campaign for the vote with all the strategy and reasoned policy of a highly trained military organization. The leaders have exhibited not merely a spirit of perseverance and endurance worthy of any group of human beings engaged in a great struggle for vindication of human rights; they have exhibited as well a political sagacity and a knowledge of the historic features of woman's struggle for the ballot which endows their movement with exceptional character and significance.

As I watched their great procession in London on Saturday, June 18th, in which more than ten thousand women took part, I realized as never before the splendid, almost tragic, earnestness of this great contemporary upheaval of human conscience. The demonstration in 1908, when Hyde Park was crowded to overflowing with all the different clans and sects of the women's organization, has been pronounced the largest political demonstration ever held in the United Kingdom. At that time, there was no triumph of organization, simply the triumph of marshaling in a single spot and at a given moment a vast body of human beings of a single sex united in their demand for a common good. But the demonstration of the present year was a triumph of organization and of consolidation. It embodied a refutation of the charges of the anti-suffragists that the suffragists cannot unite in a single demand, cannot consolidate all their jarring factions into one solid phalanx animated with single mind and single purpose. In the procession marched representatives of every phase, not simply of opinion, but of action, profession, creed. In this procession, which took more than two hours to pass a single point, were more than one hundred and thirty Branches, Leagues and Societies; the music of forty bands furnished the martial note in abundance; at brief intervals appeared banners bearing such

inscriptions as "Taxation without Representation is Tyranny" (Mr. Asquith's favorite saying!), "The Longest Day has an End," "Live or Die with Honor," "Hear it, Old Europe, we have Sworn the Death of Slavery," "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon," and—in honor of the late Premier's advice—"Keep on Pestering." At the head of the Women's Social and Political Union was borne Laurence Housman's beautiful banner, "From Prison to Citizenship"; and behind, the glittering host of steely broad arrows, carried as the wide-spreading points of spears by the six hundred and seventeen women of the Union who have suffered imprisonment for the cause—by them or by their representatives. Behind the banner, in the first ranks of prisoners, by right of endurance and of honor, came the world-famed leaders of the movement: Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, Miss Annie Kenney, Miss Mary Gawthorpe; nearby was Lady Constance Lytton. In their midst was upheld a banner inscribed with the signatures of the eighty who, in extremity of protest against injustice, resorted to the hunger-strike, with all its attendant cruelty and suffering. The Women's Freedom League made an imposing display; and the 800 women graduates—gorgeous in the scarlet and gold of their doctors' caps, gowns and hoods—won unstinted applause all along the line of march. It is impossible to enumerate all the divisions of the procession: graduates of science, arts, music, every branch of the highest knowledge; artists, actresses, writers, nurses, athletes; the pitiable sweated workers from the slums and delicate mill girls from Lancashire; an extraordinary number of men united in behalf of women's enfranchisement; etc., etc. Afterwards came the tremendous overflow meeting at the Albert Hall, addressed by Mrs. Pankhurst, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Miss Annie Kenney, and Lord Lytton, Chairman of the Conciliation Committee of the House of Commons.

The significance of this monster demonstration is to be interpreted, not simply in terms of its splendid organization, its representative character, its pageantry and display. The great change in public sentiment was markedly noticeable; the public, no longer called upon to prevent defiance of the law, gave every assistance in facilitating the passage of the procession; and tens of thousands of

interested and in many cases enthusiastic spectators applauded these resolute women in their triumphant demonstration.

The real significance of the demonstration is to be read primarily in association with the moving events of the hour. By their vigorous, at times violent, and in many cases heroic tactics, the militant suffragettes have changed the women's cause from a sensational insurrection into a political *cause célèbre*. In the early days, they pursued a policy of "heckling" political speakers which led to their forcible ejection from political meetings. When Cabinet Ministers tried to avoid the "heckling" of women by confining their audiences to men, the women continued their protest in more aggressive ways. First they sought out Cabinet Ministers at their homes or at other places, and laid their demands before them. Second, women entered meeting halls by strategy and delivered their protest from the roof, from under the platform or from elsewhere. Thirdly, at the suggestion of women, men who were champions of the women's cause heckled Cabinet Ministers at their meetings, and in consequence suffered severely at the hands of the stewards. Fourthly, women have headed street demonstrations outside the meetings with the view of entering them by force; and, when effectively barred out, have sent a material protest into the hall in the shape of a well-directed stone.

At certain times in the course of the agitation—for instance, after the monster Hyde Park demonstration in 1908—the Women's Social and Political Union have requested Mr. Asquith to receive a deputation. Until the other day, he had proved obdurate, invariably refusing all such requests. Refused all access to the Prime Minister, refused the right granted under all free and representative governments, namely the right to present their grievances to the ruling authority, the women resorted to still more forceful measures. They had been persistently taunted, notably by the Minister of War, Mr. R. B. Haldane, with pursuing a policy of pin-pricks; and they were openly challenged to "do something serious." The suffragettes who have been imprisoned maintain that their actions are not the result of moral turpitude, but are actions taken with a political object. Hence they claimed in prison the partial immunity that enlightened governments are wont to accord to political prisoners. From the beginning, the English Government has departed from this

honorable tradition. In October, 1905, Miss Christabel Pankhurst and Miss Annie Kenney were sentenced to the third division in Strangeways Gaol, Manchester; thereby they were degraded to the rank of the lowest criminals. In July, 1906, of the eleven women arrested, ten were sent to the second division and one to the third. It is characteristic of English public sentiment that, in this instance, considerable feeling was aroused,—not on account of the injustice!—but because one of the prisoners was the daughter of Richard Cobden. Mr. Gladstone was forced by public sentiment to have the prisoners transferred to the first division and given treatment approximating to that accorded political prisoners. After twelve months, there was a reversion to the former method—presumably no other daughters of Richard Cobden having been arrested; and suffrage prisoners were sent to the second and in some cases to the third division, and there suffered the full treatment of prison discipline.

At first the women endured these indignities in silence; as time went on they realized that by remaining silent, they were allowing the traditions of proper treatment of political offenders to be abrogated. On appeal, the Home Secretary refused to make any change; and this in the face of the protests of the Women's Social and Political Union, continued over a period of eighteen months. In June, 1909, prison tactics were decided on by the members of the W. S. P. U. as a definite policy. If their claim for treatment as political prisoners was disregarded, they were to make a protest inside the walls of the prison: passive resistance to prison regulations, to wearing prison dress, to confinement in separate cells, to the routine of prison life; and this was to be followed by breaking the windows of their cells. Not only were these methods carried out; a still more impressive method of protest was inaugurated by the courage of one woman. Miss Wallace Dunlop, following the example of Russian prisoners, adopted the hunger strike—passive resistance carried to the limit, boldly staking life in the effort to win justice. She, and fourteen other women suffrage prisoners sent to Holloway Gaol a few days later, won the day and were released by the Government after having faced starvation for four, five, six and more days. The Government dared not take the responsibility for their death.

"When the annals of these times come to be written," says the

author of *Women's Fight for the Vote*, " historians will stand aghast at the extraordinary and inhuman method by which the Government attempted to put an end to the hunger strike, and they will wonder how in this civilized age such a course of action could be permitted by the people of the country. But beyond all this their thoughts will be filled with reverent admiration for the women who for the sake of their cause were prepared to endure so terrible an ordeal." This terrible ordeal was feeding by force, which Mr. Gladstone in September, 1909, determined to adopt. The woman was seized by a number of wardresses, forcibly held down or strapped down in a chair, and food poured into her stomach through her mouth, prized open by a steel instrument, her throat being pinched to make her swallow. Another method was to force a tube up through the nostrils and down into the stomach. These methods caused intense suffering and retching, amounting in some cases to sickness continued during the whole period of the operation. Some of the prison doctors were said to have been frankly callous, others directly brutal, in carrying on the revolting operation of forcible feeding. The legality of the proceedings was tested in a case brought by Mrs. Leigh, backed by the W. S. P. U., against the Home Secretary, the Governor, and the Doctor of Birmingham Gaol, where she was forcibly fed. The Lord Chief Justice, agreeing that it was necessary for the authorities of the prison to take this course in order to enable them to safeguard the life and health of the prisoners, refused to allow the main question to go to the jury at all. Lady Constance Lytton, after she had begun the hunger strike in Newcastle—emulating the example of Mrs. Leigh at Birmingham—was examined by a specialist from London, instead of being fed by force. Her heart was pronounced weak and she was released after fifty-six hours. Mr. Gladstone hotly denied the charge of being a " respecter of persons." Some months later Lady Constance Lytton again resolved to share the lot of her fellow suffragettes, notably Selina Martin and Leslie Hall, who were said to have suffered exceptional brutality in Liverpool Prison. Disguised and under the feigned name of Jane Warton, she led a march of the men against the prison, was arrested and sent to gaol for a fortnight. No specialist was sent to see *her*, the unknown, undistinguished " Jane Warton "; no examination of her

heart took place until after she had been fed by force three times; the examination, when it was actually made, was only of a perfunctory character, and she was pronounced quite sound! After several days, an order for her release was sent from the Home Office! Thus was Mr. Gladstone's "bluff" called—for there seems little reason to doubt that the fact of her identity becoming either suspected or known was the cause of her release. Soon after, Mr. Gladstone left England to become Governor of South Africa; and Mr. Bernard Shaw maintains that he was virtually "banished" by Lady Constance Lytton. The Women's Social and Political Union declared a "truce"; and Mr. Churchill, the new Home Secretary, introduced a thoroughly humane rule for the treatment of women political prisoners.

For the first time since he has been Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith received a deputation from women on the subject of woman suffrage on the Tuesday following the "March of the Ten Thousand" on June 18th. Just one week before, notably on Tuesday, June 14th, Mr. David J. Shackleton, M.P., introduced the Woman Suffrage Bill in the House of Commons; there was no call for a division, and the bill was received with consideration and respect. This bill, prepared by the Woman Suffrage Conciliation Committee, of which the Earl of Lytton is chairman, is not all that the suffragettes desire or contend for; still, it will accomplish, if passed, the great step for which all are fighting: the granting of the ballot to women. It would give the ballot to women who are "householders" or "occupiers" (not to owners, lodgers or university graduates), and its practical effect would be to enfranchise about one million women.

The anti-suffragists, the mentally slovenly who have given no thought to the question, and those who still have an open mind in regard to the subject, have persistently condemned the methods employed by the "militant" suffragettes as "unwomanly," "in bad taste," "unfair," "ineffective." And while it is true that the methods employed have not always been those that are exercised by women in polite society for securing their desires, it is indubitable that the present state of public opinion has been brought about, and *could only have been brought about*, by such overt acts of violent protest as would force the attention of the whole world upon the

issues involved. History has shown that dignified petitions containing the signatures of hundreds of thousands of representative citizens have availed the suffrage cause nothing. As John Stuart Mill said in his *Subjection of Women:* "The concessions of the privileged to the unprivileged are seldom brought about by any better method than the power of the unprivileged to extort them." The "militant" suffragists have caused a bill to be introduced into Parliament and forced Mr. Asquith to hear their demands in person. Why? Because they have literally stuck at nothing, because they have been prepared to sacrifice life itself in vindication of their right to vote.

The memorandum of the Committee on the Conciliation Bill contains these significant words:

"We do not claim for our bill that it is an ideal solution; it is a working compromise. Its single merit is that, in a way which no party can consider objectionable or unfair, it breaks down the barrier which at present excludes all women from citizen rights. It is against this insulting exclusion that women are protesting. For those women who care most about the suffrage, it is a secondary matter whether this or the other woman will be qualified under any given bill. They are fighting for the status of their sex. . . .

"This question is as urgent as it is important. It is forty years since the first suffrage bill passed its second reading in the House of Commons. The patience and ability of the women of the older societies deserved an earlier reward. The failure of Parliaments to give effect to an opinion which they have repeatedly avowed would, if continued, justify women in complaining that in regard to them the Constitution had broken down. The painful struggle of the past four years is an experience which no one would wish to see repeated. However opinions may differ as to the methods by which this cause has recently been advocated, everyone must deplore the fact that many women, whose high character gives them a commanding interest with their fellows, should be found in open hostility to the laws of the land, and that their capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice should be called forth in opposition to public order. It is with the object of preventing the continuance of this evil and of forwarding an act of justice, long overdue, that we ask for support for this bill. The reform will be the more gracious if it comes by the united effort of men of all parties."

In answer to the petitions presented by representatives of the National Union of Woman Suffrage Societies and of the Women's

Liberal Federation, Mr. Asquith replied that as he had stated in his speech at the Albert Hall on December 10th last, he was still of the opinion that the new House of Commons ought to have an opportunity to express an opinion upon the question of woman suffrage. He made no effort to conceal his own personal opposition to granting the suffrage to women; but promised to consult the Cabinet and announce his decision at an early date. On Thursday, June 23d, he announced in the House of Commons that before the close of the session the House would be given an opportunity of a full debate and a division on the second reading—a process from which he anticipated an "instructive light" on Parliamentary opinion in this matter. But, in view of its contentious nature and the exigencies of business, no further facilities would be allowed the measure.* He went on to say that "the House ought to have opportunities, if that is their deliberate desire, for effectively dealing with the whole question." Upon this latter statement, seemingly so precise and unmistakable, the friends of woman suffrage relied implicitly. All their energies were devoted to rallying the extreme strength of the woman suffrage movement to the vote on the second reading of the Conciliation Bill. Should they succeed in rolling up a large majority in behalf of the bill, they would advance that fact as an expression, on the part of the House, of their "deliberate desire" to have opportunities "for effectively dealing with the whole question." Only in this way could they hope to induce Mr. Asquith to consent to allow further facilities to the bill. Again and again, during his incumbency as Prime Minister, he had yielded, under strong pressure, and subsequently taken positions strikingly at variance with his originally expressed views. His "firm purpose" in regard to Veto proposals had been altered—under the pressure brought to bear upon him by the factions whose support was essential to the maintenance of his government in power. And his *volte-face* in respect to the Royal Declaration Bill was only another example—with aspects of high comedy—of his faculty for dialectical quibble and striking compromise. This aspect of the situation was pertinently set forth by the suffragettes in a cartoon of familiar Gilbertian

* The "further facilities" referred to are: committee, report, and third reading.

extravaganza—"What, never?" "No, never!" "What, never?" "Well, hardly ever."

In her address to the Prime Minister, Mrs. Fawcett warned him of the consequences of refusing to grant "special facilities" to the Conciliation Bill. "Great hopes have been raised by the introduction of this particular bill," she said, "and I know there will be great disappointment if it is not carried, and I fear there will be a great outburst of anger if these hopes are doomed to disappointment. If you cannot hold out any hope of anything being done for this great principle, I am afraid there will be a very undesirable outburst of feeling and indignation." In the official organ of the suffragettes, *Votes for Women*, Miss Christabel Pankhurst wrote: "By promising a second reading, which is to take place too late in the session to be of any practical value, Mr. Asquith is considered to have added insult to injury." Lady McLaren threatened Mr. Asquith that, in the event of his refusing to allow an early opportunity for a vote on the second reading of the Conciliation Bill, the suffragettes would go to the country and say: "You, who are working against the Veto of the House of Lords, are planning a Veto on the House of Commons." All the manifestoes of the suffragettes and their adherents contained the slightly veiled threat of a reopening of "hostilities" beside which the smashing of window-panes would seem like the peaceable diversion of holiday excursionists. Mr. Pethick Lawrence, one of the editors of *Votes for Women*, predicted that if Mr. Asquith persisted in placing obstacles in the way of the Conciliation Bill, he would "invite a further campaign of militancy more serious and more widespread and with more far-reaching results even than that which we have recently witnessed."

A deputation from the Committee on the Conciliation Bill waited on Mr. Asquith and demanded an early date for the second reading of that bill. A remarkable Memorial, containing 196 names in all—including thirty out of the forty Labor members, and over a hundred influential Liberals—was also prepared, and presented to the Prime Minister, urging him to grant the necessary facilities for the passage of the Conciliation Bill. A further Memorial, signed by many of the leading men in public life—in art, letters, science, education—was also prominently put forward. In response to this

formidable expression of sentiment, Mr. Asquith reconsidered his decision and set July 11th, and "if the promoters wish," July 12th, for the debate and vote on the second reading of the Parliamentary Franchise (Women) Bill. The Committee on the Conciliation Bill decided to ask for the two days for the debate; and to resist any motion for committing the Bill to the whole House.

On July 11th, and again on July 12th, there ensued a remarkable debate, of the most general and circumstantial character, engaged in by the most distinguished members of the English Parliament. In his opening remarks, Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Opposition, made the vastly significant statement: "I do not suppose that there has ever been a debate in this House conducted under such unique circumstances as that in which we are now engaged, or one in which parties on both sides of the House have been so strangely divided."

The second reading of the bill was moved by Mr. Shackleton, and seconded by Sir J. Rolleston, in speeches of a perfectly formal character—neither significant in themselves, nor in their bearing upon the future discussion of the subject. The rejection was moved by Mr. F. E. Smith in a long and elaborate speech which, for futility of argument and lamentable expression of antiquated views, is without a parallel in the contemporary discussion of the subject of woman suffrage. He denied that the bill was democratic in character—though it represented the composite views of the various factions in English political life ready to support a bill for granting women the vote; he denied that women had any "right" to vote; he denied that women wanted the franchise—though lamely confessing that, if he were satisfied that every woman in England wanted the vote, he would not be influenced thereby one iota; he warned the House of the "anarchy" that would result were women granted the franchise; and, in a peroration, paid a ludicrous and fatuously insincere tribute to "true womanhood!"

The first really significant speech was that of Mr. Haldane, the Secretary of War, a supporter of the measure. Among other things, he said:

"Matthew Arnold was fond of saying that the attitude of the British aristocracy toward what he called the great spiritual movement of his time reminded him very much of the attitude of Pontius

Pilate in presence of the phenomenon of Christianity. To-day you have the very same illustration. You have people who will discuss things on abstract grounds, and upon the footing of the supposed wishes of women on the subject, and the supposed finding of a large and increasing body of women opposed to the commission which is asked for. But look at what has gone on in the country, and what is likely to be going on still more next year. Every month brings forward some new phase of these great social questions, in which the interest of women is so intense. The practical problems of to-day are problems which women come more in contact with. . . . Everybody knows the position of women, in regard to remuneration, is not so good as that of men, and I cannot get it out of my mind that this is, to some extent, due to the fact that the women cannot associate themselves with that force and authority which is given by the fact that men possess a certain political force. . . .

"I believe the time will come when people will look back upon the state of things to-day with as much amazement as we look back on the period when slavery was believed to be the very foundation and essence of the well-being of the State, when they will feel that our doubts were the outcome of a great superstition, and will marvel that humanity did not emancipate itself earlier."

The most logical and able speech in opposition to the bill was made by the Prime Minister—a frankly confessed opponent of granting the suffrage to women. The strength of his speech lay in the concentration of his opposition, not to the abstract principle involved, but to the particular Bill under discussion. He branded it as a "half-hearted and unstable compromise."

"Is this a democratic measure? It has been urged that it is, because it adds a million persons to the electorate. A democratic measure, as I understand, does not create, but removes distinctions—it is a measure which, in granting new political rights, grants them on some intelligible principle of equality, as between different classes of claimants. I do not understand a democratic measure to be one such as this, which, as has been pointed out with unanswerable force by the Home Secretary, is really a measure which, in its practical application, enables an enormous number of new occupation voters to be manufactured, and in that way to adulterate the constituencies of the country. . . .

"What you are doing—the leaders of the Labor party, who are responsible for the framework of this Bill—is in the name of democracy to introduce into an electoral reform a number of property

voters, a number of persons who are possessed of no special claim or any sort of character, to be distinguished from their fellow-women—deliberately leaving out that class of women who have the best title to be on, who are best fitted by the circumstances of their lives and the functions they are daily performing to be on—the wives of our citizens and the mothers of the nation. It is a travesty of democratic legislation."

At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Asquith significantly and sternly upbraided the champions of woman suffrage for indulging in threats as to the consequences, should a free path not be given them. "A cause," he pointed out with solemnity and earnestness, "which cannot win its way to public acceptance by persuasion, by argument, by organization, by the peaceful method of agitation, is a cause which has already in advance pronounced on itself its own sentence of death." In his speech in support of the Conciliation Bill, Mr. Balfour likewise deplored the violent methods which had been adopted, and predicted that in the long run, "whatever the momentary appearances may be, such methods will be ruinous to the cause in which they are employed."

The speech of Mr. Balfour, save in this one respect, was in diametrical opposition to the speech of Mr. Asquith. It was with extreme diffidence that he spoke on the subject at all, for: "Hardened speaker as I am, it is not a pleasant reflection that in what I am going to say I do not think I shall please anybody!" He ran the risk of alienating the suffragists by refusing to admit their "right" to vote. And he impugned the "logic" of Mr. Asquith, who maintained that, once you grant woman the suffrage, you must accept the "inevitable" consequence of seeing women become Members of Parliament. Positing democracy as "government by consent," Mr. Balfour maintained that "when you get to a point where a class as a class thinks itself outraged by being excluded, then I think democracy, as properly understood, is the only possible government by any nation." The great change which society has undergone, the fundamental alterations in its complexion in modern times, forced upon him the conviction of the necessity for granting woman the suffrage. First of all, there are now an enormous number of women who have to earn their own livelihood; these women are in a position

of social isolation—a situation to which there is no counterpart in previous generations. Secondly, at the invitation of men, women of all classes are being dragged into active politics; and "it is extremely difficult to say to those whom we ask to do all the hard intellectual work of politics, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no further, and the last proof we require of equality we will not give you. You may canvass for us, you may speak for us, you may sing for us. You may get your husband into Parliament, you may keep him in, but you must not put a cross opposite his name—that is beyond your competence, you are a woman!'"

Mr. Balfour frankly expressed his faith in the ability of women to rise to the height of "all those considerations which influence Imperial politics," and pleaded for the removal of the "hereditary disability" under which women nowadays suffer.

"The Prime Minister seems to think that the sex is an absolute bar, not to politics, but to the exercise of one particular kind of political function. If he said we ought to keep women out of politics, I could understand him, but he does not say that. He says they may canvass, but they must not vote; they may speak, but they must not vote; he urges them to agitate, but they must not vote; they may do everything connected with the active political life of the country, except the single, formal operation of putting their cross to the name of a candidate. Talk of logic! Is that logic? Talk of the power of the sex! Is that where you wish to draw the distinction between the sexes? Talk of any change of this sort being injurious to the future of women as women! If the future of women as women is injured by their being mixed up in a political life, their cause is lost already. They are mixed up already, and you who are opposing this bill are urging them to mix themselves up in politics. In these circumstances you cannot complain if they feel that by the exclusion of our existing law there is an hereditary slur put upon their sex. That is a policy which might have been justifiable, which was justifiable, in times gone by, but which, with the development of political instincts, political institutions, and political discussions, is tolerable no longer."

Although the Conciliation Bill had been framed with the express intention of uniting all the varying political sects in support of woman suffrage and had successfully met the objections raised to

former bills, it aroused the opposition of two Liberal leaders who claim to be committed to the principle of woman suffrage. Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill vigorously opposed the bill on the grounds that it was thoroughly undemocratic, and was so framed as to permit no essential modification of its character in committee. By the suffragists, this attitude was openly branded as "treachery"—peculiarly exasperating treachery from those who had tacitly or explicitly given their approval to the terms of the bill prior to its introduction in the House of Commons.

The vote on the second reading gave the Conciliation Bill a majority of 110—a significant result, in that the majority was greater than that by which the Veto Resolutions were carried. Immediately afterwards another division was taken on the question whether the bill should be referred to a Committee of the whole House—carried by 145 votes. The significance of this vote amounted to this: that the bill would receive no further facilities during the summer session. Many politicians—both Radical and Unionist—who were prepared to support the principle of the bill, were exceedingly unwilling that this particular measure should pass into law. The Liberals clearly saw that they would not strengthen themselves with the country by the passage of the bill; and Mr. Asquith unhesitatingly averred that its effect would be nothing more than to "adulterate the constituencies" with a perniciously "fluid" element.

The advocates of women suffrage, of all classes and of both sexes, now lent all their energies to secure the necessary further facilities for the passage of the Conciliation Bill. The monster demonstration in Hyde Park on July 23d was certainly the most momentous thing of the kind ever seen in England, and perhaps the largest political meeting ever held in the world. Through every conceivable channel, Mr. Asquith was besieged to grant further facilities for the bill; but by putting an unsuspected interpretation upon his original statement, he attempted to validate his refusal. "The Government recognize that the House should have opportunities, if that is their deliberate desire, for effectively dealing with the whole question"—these were his words on July 23d; but he claimed that this did not refer to the summer session, especially in view of the fact that the bill had its title so carefully framed as to preclude the possibility of

"effectively dealing with the whole question." The advocates of woman suffrage claimed that the House had declared by a large majority that it wanted the Conciliation Bill to be passed into law; and ironically enquired the difference between the veto of a non-elected Prime Minister, and the veto of a non-elected House of Lords!

This is the woman suffrage crisis in England to-day. The movement is gaining strength and momentum, every day, every hour. It is irresistible. The campaign of parliamentary regularity will proceed with renewed vigor in the autumn. Militant methods have, for the moment, been abandoned as an unwise policy in the face of the reversal of sentiment in favor of woman suffrage in England. The attitude of the mere alarmist is both stupid and vicious. But one who has come into close touch with the women who lead this movement and with the men who follow that leadership, cannot question the martyr spirit which inspires them, the intensity of their conviction, their immovable and heroic resolution. It seems certain, and indeed inevitable, that should the Liberals, with specious and treacherous tactics, continue to flout the wishes of a compact majority, the suffragettes will once more resort to a campaign of militancy which promises to be fraught with menace to the stability of political parties and perhaps to the peace of Great Britain.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S "CELT AND SAXON"

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

To criticise the valedictory relict of a great beloved master, such as this fragment of a novel which George Meredith did not live to complete, is to find oneself somewhat painfully torn this way and that between one's loyalty—or rather, say one's affectionate gratitude—and one's judgment. It hurts to have to say the cold truth, hurts still more to have to feel it. Having so vividly in memory the full-blooded magnetic achievements of the master's prime, one is loth to admit that the creative vitality had at length to dwindle, the bloom and the brilliancy to fade, and the last effort of wearied powers, once so exuberantly virile, come to seem little more than the chill shadow, even the pitiful parody, of the old masterpieces. Yet the creator of *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* came at length to *Timon of Athens*. To this must all come at last. And the suggested parallel has its balm for him whom *Celt and Saxon* sends back for renewed faith to *Richard Feverel* and *The Egoist*. Of course, there will, doubtless, be those—every master counts such out-and-out adherents—who will acclaim this fragment with the old transports, Meredithyrambists for whom every word that falls from the master's lips is golden. And—who knows?—they may be right. Indeed, I have had a misgiving as, in reading *Celt and Saxon*, the familiar Meredithian formula developed itself, and one by one the familiar mannerisms once more took the stage—mannerisms once so fanatically defended against all comers—that perhaps it was not so much Meredith that had been growing old, but his critic. Here, after all, is the same style that used to provoke such fervid partisanship in our youthful bosoms twenty years ago, and used, then so incomprehensibly to us, to infuriate our elders almost to the verge of apoplexy. Yet, how is it that as one reads *Celt and Saxon* one insensibly finds oneself making mental, and even articulate, comments strangely similar to those elderly comments we used so airily to brush aside twenty years ago? *Was* there something wrong with the style after all? O shuddering, sacrilegious thought! Yet alas! no less shuddering the alternative that, in the interval—we have

merely been growing old. A voice whispers—"A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age." Have we outgrown the Meredith formula—or is it merely that in *Celt and Saxon* Meredith applies his formula with failing power? The alternative is the larger part of the truth; but there is also some considerable truth in the first supposition. Meredith's style does not wear well—at least in its more idiosyncratic expression. In the long run it suffers, more than most styles, from the defects of its qualities; it pays the penalty of its lack of simplicity, of its orgiastic imagery, of its disregard of harmonious contour. So long as its content is of sufficient importance — human or divine — spiritual, intellectual, poetic, humorous and so forth—we bear with the manner for the sake of the matter; indeed, at its best, that manner seems the only possible vehicle for the material it contains, and, thus vitalized by its brilliant imaginative and intellectual energy, it has unquestionably a very individual magnetism. That magnetism, so pervasive in the earlier masterpieces, was only intermittent in the later novels. In *One of our Conquerors* and even *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, the style, once so acrobatically supple, is unmistakably seen to be suffering from what one might call ossification of the arteries. Not to carry the image too far, the style has been too well-fed and nourished too indiscriminately from all sources—and the chalk is painfully apparent in the jerk and gesticulation of the sentences. In *Celt and Saxon* the decline has progressed so far that much of the book reads, as I said before, like nothing so much as a parody of the once so full-blooded and flashing achievement. It reminds me of a certain great actor who died a short time ago. In his prime we adored him for his very mannerisms. But, at the last, how sadly chap-fallen they had come to seem, how deserted by that victorious magnetism that once so thrilled our boyish hearts! Nothing left but the strut and the stammer, and the ghost of the grand manner haunting the closing scene.

Of course, it has to be remembered that *Celt and Saxon* is unfinished. We have but nineteen chapters. The story has barely begun, and the central figure, that familiar superb "Meredith woman" of whom we have dawn-like hints and foreshadowings (or rather fore-lightings)—Adiante—has not yet stepped upon the stage.

Meredith always takes some time to get under way, and it may well have been that with the entrance of Adiante, as with auroral radiance, the novel might have warmed and bloomed into a living thing. We are left, however, with Adiante still enshrouded in mystery—she, the daughter of a stiff-necked English aristocrat, Mr. Adister, the wife of some petty European prince, married against her father's will, and still rebelliously aloof on the continent. Meanwhile, we have been introduced to the typical Meredithian milieu—English politico-aristocratic society. The Saxon side of the novel is represented by the aforesaid Mr. Adister and his family, all pedigree and cold steely distraction, the Celtic by the O'Donnells, two attractive young Irish gentlemen of wealth and lineage, and a rattling elderly cousin of theirs, Captain O'Donnell. Through the *mésalliance* of Mr. Adister's sister with this wild Irishman, Captain O'Donnell, the two families have come into somewhat reluctant relationship. There is still another connection between them. Young Philip O'Donnell and Adiante Adister had been in love with each other, but Mr. Adister had vetoed their marriage. Adiante, as we have seen, has subsequently married a European prince; and, as the fragment closes, we find Philip apparently approaching a state of tenderness for a certain Miss Mattock, the heiress of a wealthy member of parliament of the "Saxon" self-made order.

On one of his last pages, Mr. Meredith thus announces the theme of his novel: "The reasons for the division of Celt and Saxon, what they think and say of one another, often without knowing that they are divided, and the wherefore of our abusing ourselves, brave England, our England of the ancient fortitude and the future incarnation, can afford to hear. Why not in a tale?" Here certainly is a theme of which Meredith was congenitally fitted to see both sides, and there can be no doubt that, had he undertaken it in the fullness of his powers, he would have produced another masterpiece. As it is, so far as the novel has proceeded, the theme, instead of being developed, is merely discoursed about through the mouths of various Meredithian masks, with an extravagance of misbegotten imagery which out-Merediths Meredith, an extravagance utterly devoid of the charm of the old clustering tendriled fancy, or the illumination of the sudden lightning flashes of splendid metaphor. How different

this uncouth garrulity, from that inspired monologue in which word caught fire from word, and an idea shot up rocket-like into the sky of thought to open out into a shining rain of star-like fancies. Harlequin, alas! has become pantaloon. That exquisite mental titillation, appealing so deliciously to one's cerebral risibility, which was the *raison d'être* of the more fantastic vagaries of Meredith's style, will be sought in vain in the mazes of this maddening vestige.

Captain Con O'Donnell, a buffoon Irishman, deeming himself a poet, and the future liberator of Ireland, is the chief mask through which Meredith disgorges this depressing loquacity; but Meredith has more than enough to spare for all his characters, who, one and all, of course as of old, talk Meredithese. Even young Patrick O'Donnell, the most charming figure in the book, is condemned to employ the same grotesque jargon. Talking of the lack of harmony between England and Ireland to steely Mr. Adister, of all people, and on their first meeting, this is how he symbolizes the situation:

"We're mixed up, 'tis true, well or ill; and we're stronger, both of us, united than tearing two strips; and so, there, for the past! so long as we can set our eyes upon something to admire, instead of a bundle squatting fat on a pile of possessions and vowing she won't budge; and taking kicks from a big foot across the Atlantic, and shaking bayonets out of her mob-cap for a little one's cock of the eye at her; and she's all for the flesh-pots, and calls the rest of mankind fools because they're not the same; and so long as she can trim her ribands and have her hot toast and tea, with a suspicion of a dram in it, she doesn't mind how heavy she sits; nor that's not the point, nor's the land question, nor the potato crop, if only she wore the right sort of face to look at, with a bit of brightness about it, to show the idea inside striking a light from the day that's not yet nodding to us, as the tops of big mountains do; or if she were only braced and gallant, and cried, Ready, though I haven't much outlook! we'd be satisfied with her for a handsome figure. I don't know whether we wouldn't be satisfied with her for politeness in her manners. We'd like her better for a spice of devotion to a light higher up in politics and religion. But the key of the difficulty's a sparkle of enthusiasm. It's part business, and the greater part sentiment. We want a rousing in the heart of us; or else we'd be pleased with her for sitting so as not to overlap us entirely; we'd feel more at home, and behold her more respectfully. We'd see the policy

of an honorable union, and be joined to you by more than a telegraphic cable. That's Captain Con, I think, and many like him."

That Mr. Adister should grow still more frigid after such an outpouring is hardly matter for surprise, or, with such examples before him, that he should regard "the language of metaphor" as "fool's froth." If only it were amusing! but actually, it serves no purpose either of entertainment or illumination. And there is page after page of such weary misbegotten ingenuity. There is one dinner-table conversation carried on in it entirely—a sad travesty, indeed, of the electrical dialogue in the great novels. The guests have fallen into a discussion as to the meaning of the unicorn in the British coat-of-arms.

"But how do we account for the horn on his forehead?" Mr. Rumford sadly queried.

"Two would have been better for the harmony of the Unicorn's appearance," Captain Con remarked, desirous to play a floundering fish, and tender to the known simple goodness of the ingenuous man. "What do you say, Forbery? The poor brute had a fall on his pate and his horn grew on it, and it's to prove that he has got something in his head, and is dangerous both fore and aft, which is not the case with other horses, who're usually wicked at the heels alone. That's it, be sure, or near it. And his horn's there to file the subject nation's grievances for the Lion to pursue at his leisure. And his color's prophetic of the Horse to come, that rides over all."

"Lion and Unicorn signify the conquest of the two hemispheres, Matter and Mind," said Dr. Forbery. "The Lion there's no mistake about. The Unicorn sets you thinking. So it's a splendid Standard, and means the more for not being perfectly intelligible at a glance."

Was ever such painful fooling as this in the name of brilliancy!

There is one gigantic chapter devoted to "The great Mr. Bull and the Celtic and Saxon View of Him" written with merciless industry entirely in this vein. This is how it opens.

"Meanwhile India, our lubber giant, had ceased to kick a leg, and Ireland, our fever invalid, wore the aspect of an opiate slumber. The volcano we couch on was quiet, the gritty morsel unabsorbed within us at an armistice with the gastric juices. Once more the

personification of the country's prosperity had returned to the humming state of roundness. Trade whipped merrily, and he spun."

What would Mr. Adister make of that? "The personification of the country's prosperity" proves not, as one would suppose, a top, but John Bull. To compare John Bull in a period of prosperity to a top merrily spinning to the whip is surely the most unrealizable of images. But, to be fair, this chapter contains passages where the old method is used with some measure of the old success. Here is such a passage:

"What has he [Bull] done for the growth of his globe of brains?—the lesser, but in our rightful posture the upper, and justly the directing globe, through whose directions we do, by feeding on the past to sow the future, create a sensible present composed of both—the present of the good using of our powers. What can he show in the Arts? What in Arms? His bards—O faithless! but they are men—his bards accuse him of sheer cattle-contentedness in the mead, of sterility of brain, drowsihood, nidnoddyism, downright carcase-dullness. They question him to deafen him of our defences, our intellectual eminence, our material achievements, our poetry, our science; they sneer at his trust in Neptune, doubt the scaly invulnerability of the God. They point over to the foreigner, the clean-stepping, braced, self-confident foreigner, good at arms, good at the arts, and eclipsing us in industriousness manual and mental, and some dare to say, in splendor of verse—our supreme accomplishment.

"Then with one big bellow, the collapse of pursiness, he abandons his pedestal of universal critic; prostrate he falls to the foreigner; he is down, he is roaring; he is washing his hands of English performances, lends ear to foreign airs, patronizes foreign actors, browses on reports from camps from foreign armies. He drops his head like a smitten ox to all great foreign names, moaning 'Shakespeare!' internally for a sustaining apostrophe. He well-nigh loves his poets, can almost understand what poetry means. If it does not pay, it brings him fame, respectfulness in times of reverse. Brains, he is reduced to apprehend, brains are the generators of the conquering energies. He is now for brains at all costs, he has gained a conception of them. He is ready to knock knighthood on the heads of men of brain—even literary brains. They shall be knights, an ornamental body. To make them peers, and a legislative, has not struck him, for he has not yet imagined them a stable body. They require petting, to persuade them to flourish and bring him esteem.

"This is Mr. Bull, our image before the world, whose pranks are passed as though the vivid display of them had no bad effect on the nation."

How much finer and more appropriate, says Meredith later, the old symbol of Britannia. The Celtic malcontents, he well says, "transmit the sentiment of the loathing of Bull, as assuredly they would be incapable of doing, even with the will, were a splendid fire-eyed motherly Britannia the figure sitting in the minds of men for our image—a palpitating figure, alive to change, penetrable to thought, and not a stolid concrete of our traditional old yeoman characteristic."

Meredith's noble dream for England is finely expressed through the character of Rockney, one of those austere distinguished editors that are among the indispensable dramatis personæ of a Meredith novel; and the central plea of the book is for "an ideal of country, of Great Britain, . . . that will be to the taste of Celt and Saxon in common, to wave as a standard over their fraternal marching." But let us leave racial and political considerations, and look for those more attractive earmarks of a Meredith novel. They are all here, though less generously in evidence than of old. Dreary as too many of the pages are, they do occasionally break into the old bloom when woman or nature is the theme, and I shall presently make a small "Pilgrim's Scrip" of felicities that dart their epigrammatic lightning here and there with something of the old vividness. Who, after all, suggests, so to say, the radiant supernaturalism of woman, and at the same time retains her wild-rose fragrance of earth, as Meredith—the wonder of her, and her plain wholesome womanliness. Here are a few passages with the old bloom upon them:

"This was the air once breathed by Adiante Aster, his elder brother Philip's love and lost love: here she had been to Philip flame along the hill-ridges, his rose-world in the dust-world, the saintly in his earthly." "And so she just half swoons, enough to show how the dear angel looks in her sleep: a trick of kindness these heavenly women have, that we heathen may get a peep of their secret rose-enfolded selves; and dream's no word, nor drunken, for the blessed mischief it works with us."

Still the old man, as the young one who wrote *Richard Feverel*, believes in "the happy open spaces where the romantic things of life

are as natural as the sun that rises and sets." Still we have Meredith, as at the end of *The Egoist*, the champion of "that fiery dragon, a beautiful woman with brains." His Miss Mattock—who gives promise of being the very attractive second leading lady—"was of the order of young women possessing active minds instead of figured pasteboard fronts, who see what there is to be seen about them and know what may be known instead of decorously waiting for the astonishment of revelations." And here a sentence of the wisdom to which women have already awakened, and which Meredith was one of the first to propound:

"Women must take the fate of market fruit till they earn their own pennies, and then they'll regulate the market. It is a tussle for money with them as with us, meaning power. They'll do it as little by oratory as they have done by millinery, for their oratory, just like their millinery, appeals to a sentiment, and to a weaker; and nothing solid comes of a sentiment. Power is built on work."

Welsh women have always occupied a special corner of Meredith's heart. Here is a charming characterization of them—from Mr. Adister's point of view:

"Their women were a composition of mind and fire. They had no reason, nothing solid in their whole nature. Englishmen allied to them had to learn that they were dealing with broomstick witches and irresponsible sprites."

No Meredith novel would seem authentic without the south-west wind somewhere blowing in it. Here is a passage which shows that the hand of perhaps the greatest master of nature-description in English had not lost its cunning:

"Rough weather on the Irish Sea discharged a pallid file of passengers from the boat at Holyhead just as the morning sun struck wave and mountain with one of the sudden sparkling changes which our South-westers have in their folds to tell us after a tumultuous night that we have only been worried by Puck. The scene of frayed waters all rosy-golden, and golden-banded heathery height, with the tinted sand, breaking to flights of blue, was resplendent for those of our recent seafarers who could lift an eye to enjoy it. Freshness, illumination, then salt air, vivid distances, were a bath

for every sense of life. You could believe the breast of the mountain to be heaving, the billows to be kissing fingers to him, the rollers shattered up the cliff to have run to extinction to scale him. He seemed in his clear-edged mass King of this brave new boundless world built in a minute out of the wreck of the old."

And how charming is this put into the mouth of the loquacious Captain Con:

"There's no life save the eternal. Father Boyle's got the truth. Flesh is less than grass, my sons; 'tis the shadow that crosses the grass. I love the grass. I could sit and watch grass-blades for hours. I love an old turf-mound, where the gray grass nods and seems to know the wind and have a whisper with it, of ancient times maybe and most like; about the big chief lying underneath in the last must of his bones that a breath of air would scatter. They just keep their skeleton shape as they are; for the turf-mound protects them from troubles; 'tis the nurse to that delicate old infant!—"

Here are a few flashes in the old lightning manner. A characterization of Captain Con's wife, once Miss Adister:

"Her aspect suggested the repose of a winter's landscape, enjoyable in pictures, or on skates, otherwise nipping."

And how good is this of an Englishman's way of laughing at a joke:

"They laugh, but they laugh extinguishingly, and not a bit to spread a general conflagration and illumination."

Again someone's brief answer to a question is described as "presenting simply the corpse of the fact."

"A coronet steadies the brain," is the comment on the Toryism of one-time Radicals, when elevated to the peerage.

Meredith might well have been thinking of himself, when, writing of Rockney's journalistic ideals and the public, he says:

"Ah! what a public! Serve it honorably, you are in peril of collapsing: show it nothing but the likeness of its dull animal face, you are steadily inflated."

The moral of the book may be summed up in this prophecy:

"Ay, the time for the Celt is dawning: I see it, and I don't often spy a spark where there isn't soon a blaze. Solidity and stupidity have had their innings: a precious long innings it has been; and now they're shoved aside like clods of earth from the rising flower."

To the same effect Grant Allen years ago made one of his delightfully cock-sure announcements. "We Celts," said he, "shall henceforth rule the roost in Britain."

Whether or not this is a consummation to be wished, perhaps America is in the most favorable position to pronounce.

THE SPELL

SADA LOUISE COWAN

Come back to me and leave me not again.
Until you went, I never knew what pain
Could be. How desolate the day and drear,
Without your tireless song and smile to cheer;
O Golden Hair, on which the sunlight fell. . . .
O precious laughter, like a tinkling bell. . . .
Come back to me! . . .
Nay, come not back again! For one brief hour
I wandered happy in Delusion's bower
And had forgot that you were false to me.
A hundred thousand curses on you be! . . .
O Golden Hair . . . in truth I feel love's pain
As e'en of old. Nay, Sweet, I cannot blame. . . .
Come back to me!

CELT AND SAXON

GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XVIII

CAPTAIN CON'S LETTER

Women may be able to tell you why the nursing of a military invalid awakens tenderer anxieties in their bosoms than those called forth by the drab civilian. If we are under sentence of death we are all of us pathetic, of course; but stretched upon the debatable couch of sickness we are not so touching as the colored coat: it has the distinction belonging to color. It smites a deeper nerve, or more than one; and this, too, where there is no imaginary subjection to the charms of military glory, in minds to which the game of war is lurid as the plumes of the arch-slayer.

Jane Mattock assisting Mrs. Adister O'Donnell to restore Captain Philip was very singularly affected, like a person shut off on a sudden from her former theories and feelings. Theoretically she despised the soldier's work as much as she shrank abhorrently from bloodshed. She regarded him and his trappings as an ensign of our old barbarism, and could peruse platitudes upon that theme with enthusiasm. The soldier personally, she was accustomed to consider an inferior intelligence: a sort of schoolboy when young, and schoolmaster when mature: a visibly limited creature, not a member of our broader world. Without dismissing any of these views she found them put aside for the reception of others of an opposite character; and in her soul she would have ascribed it to her cares of nursing that she had become thoughtful, doubtful, hopeful, even prayerful, surcharged with zeal to help to save a good sword for the country. If in a world still barbarous we must have soldiers, here was one whom it would be grievous to lose. He had fallen for the country; and there was a moving story of how he had fallen. She inclined to think more highly of him for having courted exposure on a miserable frontier war where but a poor sheaf of glory could be gathered. And he seemed to estimate his professional duties apart from an aim

at laurels. A conception of the possibility of a man's being both a soldier and morally a hero edged its way into her understanding. It stood edgeways within, desirous of avoiding a challenge to show every feature.

The cares of nursing were Jane's almost undividedly, except for the aid she had from her friend Grace Barrow and from Miss Colesworth. Mrs. Adister O'Donnell was a nurse in name only. "She'll be seen by Philip like as if she were a nightmare apparition of his undertaker's wraith," Captain Con said to Jane, when recommending his cousin to her charitable nature, after he had taken lodgings at a farmhouse near Mrs. Lackstraw's model farm, Woodside on the hills. "Barring the dress," as he added, some such impression of her frigid mournfulness might have struck a recumbent invalid. Jane acknowledged it, and at first induced her aunt to join her in the daily walk of half a mile to sit with him. Mrs. Lackstraw was a very busy lady at her farm; she was often summoned to London by her intuition of John's wish to have her presiding at table for the entertainment of his numerous guests; she confessed that she supervised the art of nursing better than she practised it, and supervision can be done at a distance if the subordinate is properly attentive to the rules we lay down, as Jane appeared to be. So Jane was left to him. She loved the country; springtide in the country set her singing; her walk to her patient at Lappett's farm and homeward was an ethereal rapture for a heart rocking easy in fullness. There was nothing to trouble it, no hint of wild winds and heavy seas, not even the familiar insinuation from the vigilant monitress, her aunt, to bid her be on her guard, beware of what it is that great heiresses are courted for, steel her heart against serpent speeches, see well to have the woman's precious word No at the sentinel's post, and alert there. Mrs. Lackstraw, the most vigilant and plain-spoken of her sex, had forborne to utter the usual warnings which were to preserve Miss Mattock for her future Earl or Duke; and the reason why she forbore was a double one; a soldier and Papist could never be thought perilous to a young woman scorning the sons of Mars and slaves of sacerdotalism. The picture of Jane bestowing her hand on a Roman Catholic in military uniform, refused to be raised before the mind. Charitableness, humaneness,

the fact that she was an admirable nurse and liked to exercise her natural gift, perfectly accounted for Jane's trips to Lappett's farm, and the jellies and fresh dairy dainties and neat little dishes she was constantly despatching to the place. A suggestion of possible danger might prove more dangerous than silence, by rendering it attractive. Besides, Jane talked of poor Captain Philip as Patrick O'Donnell's brother, whom she was bound to serve in return for Patrick's many services to her; and of how unlike Patrick he was. Mrs. Lackstraw had been apprehensive about her fancy for Patrick. Therefore if Captain Philip was unlike him, and strictly a Catholic, according to report, the suspicion of danger dispersed, and she was allowed to enjoy the pleasures of the metropolis as frequently as she chose. The nursing of a man of Letters, or of the neighbor to him, a beggar in rags, would not have been so tolerated. Thus we perceive that wits actively awake inside the ring-fence of prepossessions they have erected may lull themselves with their wakefulness. Who would have thought!—is the cry when the strongest bulwark of the fence is broken through.

Jane least of any would have thought what was coming to pass. The pale square-browed young officer, so little Irish and winning in his brevity of speech, did and said nothing to alarm her or strike the smallest light. Grace Barrow noticed certain little changes of mood in Jane: she could scarcely have had a distinct suspicion at the time. After a recent observation of him, on an evening stroll from Lappett's to Woodside, she pronounced him interesting, but hard. "He has an interesting head . . . I should not like to offend him." They agreed as to his unlikeness to fluid Patrick; both eulogistic of the absent brother; and Jane, who could be playful in privacy with friends, clapped a brogue on her tongue to discourse of Patrick and apostrophize him: "Oh! Pat, Pat, my dear cousin Pat! why are you so long away from your desponding Jane? I'll take to poetry and write songs, if you don't come home soon. You've put seas between us, and are behaving to me as an enemy. I know you'll bring home a foreign Princess to break the heart of your faithful. But I'll always praise you for a dear boy, Pat, and wish you happy, and beg the good gentleman your brother, to give me a diploma as nurse to your first-born. There now!"

She finished smiling brightly, and Grace was a trifle astonished, for her friend's humor was not as a rule dramatic.

"You really have caught a twang of it from your friend Captain Con; only you don't rattle the eighteenth letter of the alphabet in the middle of words."

"I've tried, and can't persuade my tongue to do it 'first off,' as the boys say, and my invalid has no brogue whatever to keep me in practice," Jane replied. "One wonders what he thinks of as he lies there by the window. He doesn't confide it to his hospital nurse."

"Yes, he would treat her courteously, just in that military style," said Grace, realizing the hospital attendance.

"It's the style I like best:—no perpetual thankings and allusions to the trouble he gives!" Jane exclaimed. "He shows perfect good sense, and I like that in all things, as you know. A red-haired young woman chooses to wait on him and bring him flowers—he's brother to Patrick in his love of wild flowers, at all events!—and he takes it naturally and simply. These officers bear illness well. I suppose it's the drill."

"Still I think it a horrid profession, dear."

Grace felt obliged to insist on that: and her "I think," though it was not stressed, tickled Jane's dormant ear to some drowsy wakefulness.

"I think too much honor is paid to it, certainly. But soldiers, of all men, one would expect to be overwhelmed by a feeling of weakness. He has never complained; not once. I doubt if he would have complained if Mrs. Adister had been waiting on him all the while, or not a soul. I can imagine him lying on the battlefield night after night quietly, resolving not to groan."

"Too great a power of self-repression sometimes argues the want of any emotional nature," said Grace.

Jane shook her head. She knew a story of him contradicting that.

The story had not recurred to her since she had undertaken her service. It colored the remainder of an evening walk home through the beechwoods and over the common with Grace, and her walk across the same tracks early in the morning, after Grace had gone to

London. Miss Colesworth was coming to her next week, with her brother if he had arrived in England. Jane remembered having once been curious about this adventurous man of Letters who lived by the work of his pen. She remembered comparing him to one who was compelled to swim perpetually without a ship to give him rest or land in view. He had made a little money by a book, and was expending it on travels—rather imprudently, she fancied Emma Colesworth to be thinking. He talked well, but for the present she was happier in her prospect of nearly a week of loneliness. The day was one of sunshine, windless, odorous: one of the rare placid days of April when the pettish month assumes a matronly air of summer and wears it till the end of the day. The beech twigs were strongly embrowned, the larches shot up green spires by the borders of woods and on mounds within, deep ditch-banks unrolled profuse tangles of new blades, and sharp eyes might light on a late white violet overlooked by the children; primroses ran along the banks. Jane had a maxim that flowers should be spared to live their life, especially flowers of the wilds; she had reared herself on our poets; hence Mrs. Lackstraw's dread of the arrival of one of the minstrel order: and the girl, who could deliberately cut a bouquet from the garden, if requested, would refuse to pluck a wild flower. But now they cried out to her to be plucked in hosts, they claimed the sacrifice, and it seemed to her no violation of her sentiment to gather handfuls making a bunch that would have done honor to the procession of the children's May-day—a day she excused for the slaughter because her idol and prophet among the poets, wild nature's interpreter, was that day on the side of the children. How like a bath of freshness would the thick faintly fragrant mass shine to her patient! Only to look at it was medicine! She believed, in her lively healthfulness, that the look would give him a spring to health, and she hurried forward to have them in water—the next sacred obligation to the leaving of them untouched.

She had reared herself on our poets. If much brooding on them will sometimes create a sentimentalism of the sentiment they inspire, that also, after our manner of developing, leads to finer civilization; and as her very delicate feelings were not always tyrants over her clear and accurate judgment, they rather tended to stamp her char-

acter than lead her into foolishness. Blunt of speech, quick in sensibility, imaginative, yet idealistic, she had the complex character of diverse brain and nerve, and was often a problem to the chief person interested in it. She thought so decisively, felt so shrinkingly; spoke so flatly, brooded so softly! Such natures, in the painful effort to reconcile apparent antagonism and read themselves, forget that they are not full-grown. Longer than others are they young: but meanwhile they are of an age when we are driven abroad to seek and shape our destinies.

Passing through the garden-gate of Lappett's farm, she made her way to the south-western face of the house to beg a bowl of water of the farmer's wife, and had the sweet surprise of seeing her patient lying under swallows' eaves on a chair her brother had been commissioned to send from London for coming uses. He was near the farm wife's kitchen, but to windward of the cooking-reek, pleasantly warmed, sufficiently shaded, and alone, with open letters on the rug covering his legs. He whistled to Jane's dog Wayland, a retriever, having Newfoundland relationships, of smithy redness and ruggedness; it was the whistle that startled her to turn and see him as she was in the act of handing Mrs. Lappett her primroses.

"Out? I feared it would be a week. Is it quite prudent?" Jane said, toning down her delight.

He answered with the half-smile that refers these questions to the settled fact. Air had always brought him round; now he could feel he was embarked for recovery: and he told her how the farmer and one of his men had lent a shoulder to present him to his old and surest physician—rather like a crippled ghost. Mrs. Adister was upstairs in bed with one of her headaches. Captain Con, then, was attending her, Jane supposed. She spoke of him as the most devoted of husbands.

A slight hardening of Philip's brows, well-known to her by this time, caused her to interrogate his eyes. They were fixed on her in his manner of gazing with strong directness. She read the contrary opinion, and some hieroglyphic matter besides.

"We all respect him for his single-hearted care of her," she said. "I have a great liking for him. His tirades about the Saxon tyrant are not worth mentioning, they mean nothing. He would be one of

the first to rush to the standard if there were danger; I know he would. He is truly chivalrous, I am sure."

Philip's broad look at her had not swerved. The bowl of primroses placed beside him on a chair by the farmer's dame diverted it for a moment.

"You gathered them?" he said.

Jane drank his look at the flowers.

"Yes, on my way," she replied. "We can none of us live forever; and fresh water every day will keep them alive a good long time. They had it from the clouds yesterday. Do they not seem a bath of country happiness!" Evidently they did their service in pleasing him.

Seeing his fingers grope on the rug, she handed him his open letters.

He selected the second, passing under his inspection, and asked her to read it.

She took the letter, wondering a little that it should be in Captain Con's handwriting.

"I am to read it through?" she said, after a run over some lines.

He nodded. She thought it a sign of his friendliness in sharing family secrets with her, and read:

"My dear Philip,—Not a word of these contents, which will be delivered seasonably to the lady chiefly concerned, by the proper person. She hears this morning I'm off on a hasty visit to Ireland, as I have been preparing her of late to expect I must, and yours the blame, if any, though I will be the last to fling it at you. I meet Father B. and pretty Kitty before I cross. Judging by the wind this morning, the passage will furnish good schooling for a spell of the hustings. But if I am in the nature of things unable to command the waves, trust me for holding a mob in leash; and they are tolerably alike. My spirits are up. Now the die is cast. My election to the vacancy must be reckoned beforehand. I promise you a sounding report from the *Kincora Herald*. They will not say of me after that (and read only the speeches reported in the local paper)—'what is the man but an Irish adventurer!' He is a lover of his country, Philip O'Donnell, and one of millions, we will hope. And that stigmatic title of long standing, more than anything

earthly, drove him to the step — to the ruin of his domestic felicity perhaps. But we are past sighing.

'Think you, when he crossed the tide,
Caius Julius Cæsar sighed?'

"No, nor thought of his life, nor his wife, but of the thing to be done. Laugh, my boy! I know what I am about when I set my mind on a powerful example. As a chameleon gets his color, we get our character from the objects we contemplate . . ."

Jane glanced over the edge of the letter sheet rosily at Philip.

"The chameleon," he remarked.

His dryness in hitting the laughable point diverted her, and her mind became suffused with a series of pictures of the chameleon captain planted in view of the Roman to become a copy of him, so that she did not peruse the terminating lines with her wakefullest attention:

"The liege lady of my heart will be the earliest to hail her hero triumphant, or cherish him beaten—which is not in the prospect. Let Ireland be true to Ireland. We will talk of the consolidation of the Union by and by. You are for that, you say, when certain things are done; and you are where I leave you, on the highway, though seeming to go at a funeral pace to certain ceremonies leading to the union of the two countries in the solidest fashion, to their mutual benefit, after a shining example. Con sleeps with a corner of the eye open, and you are not the only soldier who is a strategist, and a tactician too, aware of when it is best to be out of the way. Now adieu and *pax vobiscum*. Reap the rich harvest of your fall to earth. I leave you in the charge of the kindest of nurses, next to the wife of my bosom the best of women. Appreciate her, sir, or perish in my esteem. She is one whom not to love is to be guilty of an offence deserving capital punishment, and a bastinado to season the culprit for his execution. Have I not often informed her myself that a flower from her hand means more than treasures from the hands of others? Expect me absent for a week. The harangues will not be closely reported. I stand by the truth, which is my love of the land of my birth. A wife must come second to that if she would be

first in her husband's consideration. Hurrah me on, Philip, now it is action, and let me fancy I hear you shouting it."

The drop of the letter to the signature fluttered affectionately on a number of cordial adjectives, like the airy bird to his home in the corn.

CHAPTER XIX

MARS CONVALESCENT

Jane's face was clear as the sky when she handed the letter back to Philip. In doing so, it struck her that the prolonged directness of his look was peculiar: she attributed it to some effect of the fresh spring atmosphere on a weakened frame. She was guessing at his reasons for showing her the letter, and they appeared possibly serious.

"An election to Parliament! Perhaps Mrs. Adister should have a hint of it, to soften the shock I fear it may be: but we must wait till her headache has passed," she said.

"You read to the end?" said Philip.

"Yes, Captain Con always amuses me, and I am bound to confess I have no positive disrelish of his compliments. But this may prove a desperate step. The secret of his happiness is in extreme jeopardy. Nothing would stop him, I suppose?"

Philip signified that it was too late. He was moreover of opinion, and stated it in his briefest, that it would be advisable to leave the unfolding of the present secret to the captain.

Jane wondered why the letter had been shown. Her patient might be annoyed and needing sympathy?

"After all," she said, "Captain Con may turn out to be a very good sort of member of Parliament in his way."

Philip's eyebrows lifted, and he let fall a breath, eloquent of his thoughts.

"My brother says he is a serviceable director of the Company they are associated in."

"He finds himself among reasonable men, and he is a chameleon."

"Parliament may steady him."

"It is too much of a platform for Con's head."

"Yes, there is more of poet than politician," said she. "That is a danger. But he calls himself our friend; I think he really has a liking for John and me."

"For you he has a real love," said Philip.

"Well, then, he may listen to us at times; he may be trusted not to wound us. I am unmitigatedly for the one country—no divisions. We want all our strength in these days of monstrous armies directed by banditti Councils. England is the nation of the Christian example to nations. Oh! surely it is her aim. At least she strives to be that. I think it, and I see the many faults we have."

Her patient's eyelids were down.

She proposed to send her name up to Mrs. Adister.

On her return from the poor lady racked with headache and lying little conscious of her husband's powder-barrel under the bed, Jane found her patient being worried by his official nurse, a farm-laborer's wife, a bundle of a woman, whose lumbering assiduities he fenced with reiterated humorous negatives to every one of her propositions, until she prefaced the last two or three of the list with a "Deary me!" addressed consolatorily to herself. She went through the same forms each day, at the usual hours of the day, and Jane, though she would have felt the apathetic doltishness of the woman less, felt how hard it must be for him to bear.

"Your sister will be with you soon," she said. "I am glad, and yet I hope you will not allow her to put me aside altogether?"

"You shall do as you wish," said Philip.

"Is she like Patrick? Her name is Kathleen, I know."

"She is a raw Irish girl, of good Irish training, but Irish."

"I hope she will be pleased with England. Like Patrick in face, I mean."

"We think her a good-looking girl."

"Does she play? sing?"

"Some of our ballads."

"She will delight my brother. John loves Irish ballads."

A silence of long duration fell between them. She fancied he would like to sleep, and gently rose to slip away, that she might consult with Mrs. Lappett about putting up some tent-cover. He

asked her if she was going. "Not home," she said. His hand moved, but stopped. It seemed to have meant to detain her. She looked at a white fleece that came across the sun, desiring to conjure it to stay and shadow him. It sailed by. She raised her parasol.

His eyelids were shut, and she thought him asleep. Meditating on her unanswered question of Miss Kathleen's likeness to Patrick, Jane imagined a possibly greater likeness to her patient, and that he did not speak of his family's exclamations on the subject because of Kathleen's being so good-looking a girl. For if good-looking, a sister must resemble these handsome features here, quiescent to inspection in their marble outlines as a corse. So might he lie on the battle-field, with no one to watch over him!

While she watched, sitting close beside him to shield his head from the sunbeams, her heart began to throb before she well knew the secret of it. She had sight of a tear that grew big under the lashes of each of his eyelids, and rolled heavily. Her own eyes overflowed.

The fit of weeping was momentary, April's, a novelty with her. She accused her silly visions of having softened her. A hasty smoothing to right and left removed the traces; they were unseen; and when she ventured to look at him again there was no sign of fresh drops falling. His eyelids kept shut.

The arrival of her diurnal basket of provisions offered a refreshing intervention of the commonplace. Bright air had sharpened his appetite: he said he had been sure it would, and anticipated cheating the doctor of a part of the sentence which condemned him to lie on his back up to the middle of June, a log. Jane was hungry too, and they feasted together gaily, talking of Kathleen on her journey, her strange impressions and her way of proclaiming them, and of Patrick and where he might be now; ultimately of Captain Con and Mrs. Adister.

"He has broken faith with her," Philip said sternly. "She will have the right to tell him so. He can never be anything but a comic politician. Still he was bound to consult his wife previous to stepping before the public. He knows that he married a fortune."

"A good fortune," said Jane.

Philip acquiesced. "She is an excellent woman, a model of uprightness; she has done him all the good in the world, and here is

he deceiving her, lying—there is no other word: and one lie leads to another. When he married a fortune he was a successful adventurer. The compact was understood. His duty as a man of honor is to be true to his bond and serve the lady. Falseness to his position won't wash him clean of the title."

Jane pleaded for Captain Con. "He is chivalrously attentive to her."

"You have read his letter," Philip replied.

He crushed her charitable apologies with references to the letter.

"We are not certain that Mrs. Adister will object," said she.

"Do you see her reading a speech of her husband's?" he remarked. Presently with something like a moan: "And I am her guest!"

"Oh! pray do not think Mrs. Adister will ever allow you to feel the lightest shadow . . ." said Jane.

"No; that makes it worse."

Had this been the burden of his thoughts when those two solitary tears forced their passage?

Hardly: not even in his physical weakness would he consent to weep for such a cause.

"I forgot to mention that Mrs. Adister has a letter from her husband telling her he has been called over to Ireland on urgent business," she said.

Philip answered: "He is punctilious."

"I wish indeed he had been more candid," Jane assented to the sarcasm.

"In Ireland he is agreeably surprised by the flattering proposal of a vacant seat, and not having an instant to debate on it, assumes the consent of the heavenliest wife in Christendom."

Philip delivered the speech with a partial imitation of Captain Con addressing his wife on his return as the elected among the pure Irish party. The effort wearied him.

She supposed he was regretting his cousin's public prominence in the ranks of the malcontents. "He will listen to you," she said, while she smiled at his unwonted display of mimicry.

"A bad mentor for him. Antics are harmless, though they get us laughed at," said Philip.

"You may restrain him from excesses."

"Were I in that position, you would consider me guilty of greater than any poor Con is likely to commit."

"Surely you are not for disunion?"

"The reverse. I am for union on juster terms, that will hold it fast."

"But what are the terms?"

He must have desired to paint himself as black to her as possible. He stated the terms, which were hardly less than the affrighting ones blown across the Irish sea by that fierce party. He held them to be just, simply sensible terms. True, he spoke of the granting them as a sure method to rally all Ireland to an ardent love of the British flag. But he praised names of Irish leaders whom she had heard Mr. Rockney denounce for disloyal insolence: he could find excuses for them and their dupes—poor creatures verily! And his utterances had a shocking emphasis. Then she was not wrong in her idea of the conspirator's head, her first impression of him!

She could not quit the theme: doing that would have been to be indifferent: something urged her to it.

"Are they really your opinions?"

He seemed relieved by declaring that they were.

"Patrick is quite free of them," said she.

"We will hope that the Irish fever will spare Patrick. He was at a Jesuit college in France when he was wax. Now he's taking the world."

"With so little of the Jesuit in him!"

"Little of the worst: a good deal of the best."

"What is the best?"

"Their training to study. They train you to concentrate the brain upon the object of study. And they train you to accept service: they fit you for absolute service: they shape you for your duties in the world; and so long as they don't smelt a man's private conscience, they are model masters. Happily Patrick had held his own. Not the Jesuits would have a chance of keeping a grasp on Patrick! He'll always be a natural boy and a thoughtful man."

Jane's features implied a gentle shudder.

"I shake a scarlet cloak to you?" said Philip.

She was directed by his words to think of the scarlet coat. "I reflect a little on the substance of things as well," she said. "Would not Patrick's counsels have an influence?"

"Hitherto our Patrick has never presumed to counsel his elder brother."

"But an officer wearing . . ."

"The uniform! That would have to be stripped off. There'd be an end to any professional career."

"You would not regret it?"

"No sorrow is like a soldier's bidding farewell to flag and comrades. Happily politics and I have no business together. If the country favors me with active service I'm satisfied for myself. You asked me for my opinions: I was bound to give them. Generally I let them rest."

Could she have had the temerity? Jane marveled at herself.

She doubted that the weighty pair of tears had dropped for the country. Captain Con would have shed them over Erin, and many of them. Captain Philip's tone was too plain and positive: he would be a most practical unhistrionic rebel.

"You would countenance a revolt?" she said, striking at that extreme to elicit the favorable answer her tones angled for. And it was instantly:

"Not in arms." He tried an explanation by likening the dissension to a wrangle in a civilized family over an unjust division of property.

And here, as he was marking the case with some nicety and difficulty, an itinerant barrel-organ crashed its tragic tale of music put to torture at the gate. It yelled of London to Jane, throttled the spirits of the woods, threw a smoke over the country sky, befouled the pure air she loved.

The instrument was one of the number which are packed to suit all English tastes and may be taken for a rough sample of the jumble of them, where a danceless quadrille-tune succeeds a suicidal operatic melody and is followed by the weariful hymn, whose last drawl pert polka kicks aside. Thus does the poor Savoyard compel a rich people to pay for their wealth. Not without pathos in the abstract perhaps do the wretched machines pursue their revolutions of their factory

life, as incapable of conceiving as of bestowing pleasure: a bald cry for pennies through the barest pretence to be agreeable: but Jane found it hard to be tolerant of them out of London, and this one affecting her invalid and Mrs. Adister, must be dismissed. Wayland was growling; he had to be held by the collar. He spied an objectionable animal. A jerky monkey was attached to the organ; and his coat was red, his kepi was blue; his tailor had rigged him as a military gentleman. Jane called to the farm-wife. Philip assured her he was not annoyed. Jane observed him listening, and by degrees she distinguished a maundering of the Italian song she had one day sung to Patrick in his brother's presence.

"I remember your singing that the week before I went to India," said Philip, and her scarlet blush flooded her face.

"Can you endure the noise?" she asked him.

"Con would say it shrieks 'murder.' But I used to like it once."

Mrs. Lappett came answering to the call. Her children were seen up the garden setting to one another with squared aprons, responsive to a livelier measure.

"Bless me, Miss, we think it so cheerful!" cried Mrs. Lappett, and glanced at her young ones harmonious and out of mischief.

"Very well," said Jane, always considerate for children. She had forgotten the racked Mrs. Adister.

Now the hymn of Puritanical gloom—the peacemaker with Providence performing devotional exercises in black bile. The leaps of the children were dashed. A sallow two or three minutes composed their motions, and then they jumped again to the step for lively legs. The similarity to the regimental band heading soldiers on the march from Church might have struck Philip.

"I wonder when I shall see Patrick!" he said, quickened in spite of himself by the sham sounds of music to desire changes and surprises.

She echoed him. "And I! Soon, I hope."

The appearance of Mrs. Adister with features which were the acutest critical summary of the discord caused toll to be paid instantly, and they beheld a flashing of white teeth and heard Italian accents. The monkey saluted militarily, but with painful suggestions of his forgone drilling in the ceremony.

"We are safe nowhere from these intrusions," Mrs. Adister said; "not on these hills!—and it must be a trial for the wretched men to climb them, that thing on their backs."

"They are as accustomed to it as mountain smugglers bearing packs of contraband," said Philip.

"Con would have argued him out of hearing before he ground a second note," she resumed. "I have no idea when Con returns from his unexpected visit to Ireland."

"Within a fortnight, madam."

"Let me believe it! You have heard from him? But you are in the air! exposed! My head makes me stupid. It is now five o'clock. The air begins to chill. Con will never forgive me if you catch a cold, and I would not incur his blame."

The eyes of Jane and Philip shot an exchange.

"Anything you command, madam," said Philip.

He looked up and breathed his heaven of fresh air. Jane pitied, she could not interpose to thwart his act of resignation. The farmer, home for tea, and a footman, took him between them, crutched, while Mrs. Adister said to Jane: "The doctor's orders are positive:—if he is to be a man once more, he must rest his back and not use his legs for months. He was near to being a permanent cripple from that fall. My brother Edward had one like it in his youth. Soldiers are desperate creatures."

"I think Mr. Adister had his fall when hunting, was it not?" said Jane.

That was rather different from a fall on duty before the enemy, incurred by severe exhaustion after sunstroke! . . .

Jane took her leave of Philip beside his couch of imprisonment in his room, promising to return in the early morning. He embraced her old dog Wayland tenderly. Hard men have sometimes a warm affection for dogs.

Walking homeward she likewise gave Wayland a hug. She called him "dear old fellow," and questioned him of his fondness for her, warning him not to be faithless ever to the mistress who loved him. Was not her old Wayland as good a protector as the footman Mrs. Adister pressed her to have at her heels? That he was!

Captain Con's behavior grieved her. And it certainly revived

an ancient accusation against his countrymen. If he cared for her so much, why had he not placed confidence in her and commissioned her to speak of his election to his wife? Irishmen will never be quite sincere!—But why had his cousin exposed him to one whom he greatly esteemed? However angry he might be with Con O'Donnell in his disapproval of the captain's conduct, it was not very considerate to show the poor man to her in his natural colors. Those words: "The consolidation of the Union:" sprang up. She had a dim remembrance of words ensuing: "ceremonies going at a funeral pace . . . on the highway to the solidest kind of union:"—Yes, he wrote: "I leave you to . . ." And Captain Philip showed her the letter!

She perceived motives beginning to stir. He must have had his intention: and now as to his character!—Jane was of the order of young women possessing active minds instead of figured pasteboard fronts, who see what there is to be seen about them and know what may be known instead of decorously waiting for the astonishment of revelations. As soon as she had asked herself the nature of the design of so honorable a man as Captain Philip in showing her his cousin's letter, her blood spun round and round, waving the reply as a torch; and the question of his character confirmed it.

But could he be imagined seeking to put her on her guard? There may be modesty in men well aware of their personal attractions: they can credit individual women with powers of resistance. He was not vain to the degree which stupefies the sense of there being weight or wisdom in others. And he was honor's own. By these lights of his character she read the act. His intention was . . . and even while she saw it accurately, the moment of keen perception was overclouded by her innate distrust of her claim to feminine charms. For why should he wish her to understand that he was no fortune-hunter and treated heiresses with greater reserve than ordinary women! How could it matter to him?—She saw the tears roll. Tears of men sink plummet-deep; they find their level. The tears of such a man have more of blood than of water in them.—What was she doing when they fell? She was shading his head from the sun. What, then, if those tears came of the repressed desire to thank her with some little warmth? He was honor's own, and warm-hearted Patrick talked of him as a friend whose heart was his friend's. Thrilling to kind-

ness, and, poor soul! helpless to escape it, he felt perhaps that he had never thanked her, and could not. He lay there, weak and tongue-tied: hence those two bright volumes of his condition of weakness.

So the pursuit of the mystery ended, as it had commenced, in confusion, but of a milder sort and partially transparent at one or two of the gates she had touched. A mind capable of seeing was twisted by a nature that would not allow of open eyes; yet the laden emotions of her nature brought her round by another channel to the stage neighboring sight, where facts, dimly recognized for such as they may be in truth, are accepted under their disguises, because disguise of them is needed by the bashful spirit which accuses itself of audaciousness in presuming to speculate. Had she asked herself the reason of her extended speculation, her foot would not have stopped more abruptly on the edge of a torrent than she on that strange road of vapors and flying lights. She did not; she sang, she sent her voice through the woods and took the splendid ring of it for an assurance of her peculiarly unshackled state. She loved this liberty. Of the men who had "done her the honor," not one had moved her to regret the refusal. She lived in the hope of simply doing good, and could only give her hand to a man able to direct and help her; one who would bear to be matched with her brother. Who was he? Not discoverable; not likely to be.

Therefore she had her freedom, an absolutely unflushed freedom, happier than poor Grace Barrow's. Rumor spoke of Emma Colesworth having a wing clipped. How is it that sensible women can be so susceptible? For, thought Jane, the moment a woman is what is called in love, she can give her heart no longer to the innocent things about her; she is cut away from Nature: that pure well-water is tasteless to her. To me it is wine!

The drinking of the pure well-water as wine is among the fatal signs of fire in the cup, showing Nature at work rather to enchain the victim than bid her daughter go. Jane of course meant the poet's "Nature." She did not reflect that the strong glow of poetic imagination is wanted to hallow a passionate devotion to the inanimate; for this evokes the spiritual; and passionateness of any kind in narrower brains should be a proclamation to us of sanguine freshets not coming from a spiritual source. But the heart betraying deluded

her. She fancied she had not ever been so wedded to Nature as on that walk through the bursting beechwoods, that sweet lonely walk, perfect in loneliness, where even a thought of a presence was thrust away as a desecration and images of souls in thought were shadowy.

Her lust of freedom gave her the towering holiday. She took the delirium in her own pure fashion, in a love of the bankside flowers and the downy edges of the young beech-buds fresh on the sprays. And it was no unreal love, though too intent and forcible to win the spirit from the object. She paid for this indulgence of her mood by losing the spirit entirely. At night she was a spent rocket. Her glorious walk through the wood seemed burnt out. She struck a light to try her poet on the shelf of the elect of earth by her bed, and she read, and read flatness. Not his the fault! She revered him too deeply to lay it on him. Whose was it? She had a vision of the gulfs of bondage.

Could it be possible that human persons were subject to the spells of persons with tastes, aims, practices, pursuits alien to theirs? It was a riddle taxing her to solve it for the resistance to a monstrous iniquity of injustice, degrading her conception of our humanity. She attacked it in the abstract, as a volunteer champion of our offended race. And Oh! it could not be. The battle was won without a blow.

Thereupon came glimpses of the gulfs of bondage, delicious, rose-enfolded, foreign; they were chapters of soft romance, appearing interminable, an endless mystery, an insatiable thirst for the mystery. She heard crashes of the opera-melody, and despising it even more than the wretched engine of the harshness, she was led by it, tyrannically led a captive, like the organ-monkey, until perforce she usurped the note, sounded the cloying tune through her frame, passed into the vulgar sugariness, lost herself.

And saying to herself: This is what moves them! she was moved. One thrill of appreciation drew her on the tide, and once drawn from shore she became submerged. Why am I not beautiful? was her thought. Those voluptuous modulations of melting airs are the natural clothing of beautiful women. Beautiful women may believe themselves beloved. They are privileged to believe, they are born with the faith.*

* *Celt and Saxon* is now published in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI

H. G. WELLS

CHAPTER THE SECOND

MARGARET IN LONDON

I

I was twenty-seven when I met Margaret again, and the intervening five years had been years of vigorous activity for me if not of very remarkable growth. When I saw her again I could count myself a grown man. I think indeed I counted myself more completely grown than I was. At any rate, by all ordinary standards, I had " got on " very well, and my ideas, if they had not changed very greatly, had become much more definite and my ambitions clearer and bolder.

I had long since abandoned my fellowship and come to London. I had published two books that had been talked about, written several articles, and established a regular relationship with the *Weekly Review* and the *Evening Gazette*. I was a member of the Eighty Club and learning to adapt the style of the Cambridge Union to larger uses. The London world had opened out to me very readily. I had developed a pleasant variety of social connections. I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Evesham, who had been attracted by my *New Ruler*, and who talked about it and me, and so did a very great deal to make a way for me into the company of prominent and amusing people. I dined out quite frequently. The glitter and interest of good London dinner-parties became a common experience. I liked the sort of conversation one got at them extremely, the little glow of duologues burning up into more general discussions, the closing in of the men after the going of the women, the sage, substantial masculine gossiping, the later resumption of effective talk with some pleasant woman, graciously at her best. I had a wide range of houses; Cambridge had linked me to one or two correlated sets of artistic and literary people, and my books and Mr. Evesham had opened to me the big vague world of " society." I wasn't aggressive nor particularly snobbish nor troublesome, sometimes I talked well, and if I had nothing interesting to say I said as little as possible, and I had a youthful gravity of manner that was liked by hostesses. And the other side of my nature that first flared through the cover of restraints at Locarno, that too had had opportunity to

develop along the line London renders practicable. I had had my experiences and secrets and adventures among that fringe of ill-mated or erratic or discredited women the London world possesses. The thing had long ago ceased to be a matter of magic or mystery, and had become a question of appetites and excitement, and among other things the excitement of not being found out.

I write rather doubtfully of my growing during this period. Indeed I find it hard to judge whether I can say that I grew at all in any real sense of the word, between three and twenty and twenty-seven. It seems to me now to have been rather a phase of realization and clarification. All the broad lines of my thought were laid down I am sure by the date of my Locarno adventure, but in those five years I discussed those things over and over again with myself and others, filled out with concrete fact forms I had at first apprehended sketchily and conversationally, measured my powers against my ideals and the forces in the world about me. It was evident that many men no better than myself and with no greater advantages than mine had raised themselves to influential and even decisive positions in the worlds of politics and thought. I was gathering the confidence and knowledge necessary to attack the world in the large manner; I found I could write, and that people would let me write if I chose, as one having authority and not as the scribes. Socially and politically and intellectually I knew myself for an honest man and that quite without any deliberation on my part this showed and made things easy for me. People trusted my good faith from the beginning—for all that I came from nowhere and had no better position than any adventurer.

But the growth process was arrested, I was nothing bigger at twenty-seven than at twenty-two, however much saner and stronger, and anyone looking closely into my mood during that period might well have imagined growth finished altogether. It is particularly evident to me now that I came no nearer to any understanding of women during that time. That Locarno affair was infinitely more to me than I had supposed at the time. It ended something—nipped something in the bud, perhaps—took me at a stride from a vague, fine, ignorant, closed world of emotion to intrigue and a perfectly definite and limited sensuality. It ended my youth—and for a time it prevented my manhood. I had never yet even peeped at the sweetest, profoundest thing in the world, the heart and meaning of a girl, or dreamt with any quality of reality of a wife or any such thing as a friend among womankind. My vague anticipation of such things in life had vanished altogether. I turned away from their possibility. It seemed to me I knew what had to be known about womankind. I wanted to work hard, to get on to a position in which I could develop

and forward my constructive projects. Women I thought had nothing to do with that. It seemed clear I could not marry for some years; I was attractive to certain types of women, I had vanity enough to give me an agreeable confidence in love-making, and I went about seeking a convenient mistress quite deliberately, someone who should serve my purpose and say in the end, like that kindly first mistress of mine, "I've done you no harm," and so release me. It seemed the only wise way of disposing of urgencies that might otherwise entangle and wreck the career I was intent upon.

I don't apologize for, or defend my mental and moral phases. So it was I appraised life and prepared to take it, and so it is a thousand ambitious men see it to-day. . . .

For the rest these five years were a period of definition. My political conceptions were perfectly plain and honest. I had one constant desire ruling my thoughts. I meant to leave England and the empire better ordered than I found it, to organize and discipline, to build up a constructive and controlling State out of my world's confusions. We had, I saw, to suffuse education with a public intention, to develop a new better-living generation with a collectivist habit of thought, to link now chaotic activities in every human affair and particularly to catch that escaped, world-making, world-ruining, dangerous thing, industrial and financial enterprise, and bring it back to the service of the general good. I had then the precise image that still serves me as a symbol for all I wish to bring about, the image of an engineer building a lock in a swelling torrent—with water pressure as his only source of power. My thoughts and acts were habitually turned to that enterprise; it gave shape and direction to all my life. The problem that most engaged my mind during those years was the practical and personal problem of just where to apply myself to serve this almost innate purpose. How was I, a child of this confusion, struggling upward through the confusion, to take hold of things? Somewhere between politics and literature my grip must needs be found, but where? Always I seem to have been looking for that in those opening years, and disregarding everything else to discover it.

II

The Baileys, under whose auspices I met Margaret again, were in the sharpest contrast with the narrow industrialism of the Staffordshire world. They were indeed at the other extreme of the scale, two active self-centred people, excessively devoted to the public service. It was natural I should gravitate to them, for they seemed to stand for the maturer, more disciplined, better informed expression

of all I was then urgent to attempt and do. The bulk of their friends were politicians or public officials, they described themselves as publicists—a vague yet sufficiently significant term. They lived and worked in a hard little house in Chambers street, Westminster, and made a centre for quite an astonishing amount of political and social activity.

Willersley took me there one evening. The place was almost pretentiously matter-of-fact and unassuming. The narrow passage-hall, papered with some ancient yellowish paper, grained to imitate wood, was choked with hats and cloaks and an occasional feminine wrap. Motioned on rather than announced by a tall Scotch servant woman, the only domestic I ever remember seeing there, we made our way up a narrow staircase past the open door of a small study packed with blue-books, to discover Altiora Bailey receiving before the fireplace in her drawing-room. She was a tall commanding figure, splendid but a little untidy in black silk and red beads, with dark eyes that had no depths, with a clear hard voice that had an almost visible prominence, aquiline features and straight black hair that was apt to get astray, that was now astray like the head feathers of an eagle in a gale. She stood with her hands behind her back, and talked in a high tenor of a projected Town Planning Bill with Blupp, who was practically in those days the secretary of the Local Government Board. A very short broad man with thick ears and fat white hands writhing intertwined behind him, stood with his back to us, eager to bark interruptions into Altiora's discourse. A slender girl in pale blue, manifestly a young political wife, stood with one foot on the fender listening with an expression of entirely puzzled propitiation. A tall, sandy-bearded bishop with the expression of a man in a trance completed this central group.

The room was one of those long apartments once divided by folding doors, and reaching from back to front, that are common upon the first floors of London houses. Its walls were hung with two or three indifferent water-colors, there was scarcely any furniture but a sofa or so and a chair, and the floor, severely carpeted with matting, was crowded with a curious medley of people, men predominating. Several were in evening dress, but most had the morning garb of the politician; the women were either severely rational or radiantly magnificent. Willersley pointed me out the wife of the Secretary of State for War and I recognized the Duchess of Clynes, who at that time cultivated intellectuality. I looked round, identifying a face here or there, and stepping back trod on someone's toe, and turned to find it belonged to the Right Hon. G. B. Mottisham, dear to the *Punch* caricaturists. He received my apology with that intentional charm that is one of his most delightful traits, and resumed his dis-

cussion. Beside him was Esmeer of Trinity, whom I had not seen since my Cambridge days. . . .

Willersley found an ex-member of the School Board for whom he had affinities, and left me to exchange experiences and comments upon the company with Esmeer. Esmeer was still a don; but he was nibbling, he said, at certain negotiations with the *Times* that might bring him down to London. He wanted to come to London. "We peep at things from Cambridge," he said.

"This sort of thing," I said, "makes London necessary. It's the oddest gathering."

"Everyone comes here," said Esmeer. "Mostly we hate them like poison—jealousy—and little irritations—Altiora can be a horror at times—but we *have* to come."

"Things are being done?"

"Oh!—no doubt of it. It's one of the parts of the British machinery—that doesn't show. . . But nobody else could do it.

"Two people," said Esmeer, "who've planned to be a power—in an original way. And by Jove! they've done it!"

I did not for some time pick out Oscar Bailey, and then Esmeer showed him to me in elaborately confidential talk in a corner with a distinguished looking stranger wearing a ribbon. Oscar had none of the fine appearance of his wife; he was a short sturdy figure with a rounded protruding abdomen and a curious broad, flattened, clean-shaven face that seemed nearly all forehead. He was of Anglo-Hungarian extraction, and I have always fancied something Mongolian in his type. He peered up with reddish swollen looking eyes over gilt edged glasses that were divided horizontally into portions of different refractive power, and he talked in an ingratiating undertone, with busy thin lips, an eager lisp and nervous movements of the hand.

People say that thirty years before at Oxford he was almost exactly the same eager, clever little man he was when first I met him. He had come up to Balliol bristling with extraordinary degrees and prizes captured in provincial and Irish and Scotch universities—and had made a name for himself as the most formidable dealer in exact fact the rhetoricians of the Union had ever had to encounter. From Oxford he had gone on to a position in the Higher Division of the Civil Service, I think in the War Office, and had speedily made a place for himself as a political journalist. He was a particularly neat controversialist, and very full of political and sociological ideas. He had a quite astounding memory for facts and a mastery of detailed analysis, and the time afforded scope for these gifts. The later eighties were full of politico-social discussion, and he became a prominent name upon the contents list of the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary*, chiefly as a half sympathetic but

frequently very damaging critic of the socialism of that period. He won the immense respect of everyone specially interested in social and political questions; he soon achieved the limited distinction that is awarded such capacity, and at that I think he would have remained for the rest of his life if he had not encountered Altiora.

But Altiora Macvitie was an altogether exceptional woman, an extraordinary mixture of qualities, the one woman in the world who could make something more out of Bailey than that. She had much of the vigor and handsomeness of a slender young man, and an unscrupulousness altogether feminine. She was one of those women who are wanting in—what is the word?—muliebrity. She had courage and initiative and a philosophical way of handling questions, and she could be bored by regular work like a man. I should think that favorite heroine of mine in real life, Mary Kingsley, the West African traveler, must have been like her. She was entirely unfitted for her sex's sphere. She was neither uncertain, coy, nor hard to please, and altogether too stimulating and aggressive for any gentleman's hours of ease. Her cookery would have been about as sketchy as her handwriting, which was generally quite illegible, and she would have made, I feel sure, a shocking bad nurse. Yet you mustn't imagine she was an inelegant or unbeautiful woman, and she is inconceivable to me in high collars or any sort of masculine garment. When she wasn't in a state of personal untidiness that was partly a protest against the waste of hours exacted by the toilet and partly a natural disinclination, she had a gypsy splendor of black and red and silver all her own. And somewhen in the early nineties she met and married Bailey.

I know very little about her early years. She was the only daughter of Sir Deighton Macvitie, who applied the iodoform process to cotton, only his subsequent unfortunate attempts to become a cotton king prevented her from being a very rich woman. As it was she had a tolerable independence. She came into prominence as one of the more able of the little shoal of young women who were led into politico-philanthropic activities by the influence of the earlier novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward,—the Marcella crop. She went "slumming" with distinguished vigor, which was quite usual in those days —and returned from her experiences as an amateur flower girl with clear and original views about the problem—which is and always had been unusual. She had not married, I suppose because her standards were high, and men are cowards and with an instinctive appetite for muliebrity. She had kept house for her father by speaking occasionally to the housekeeper, butler and cook her mother had left her, and gathering the most interesting dinner-parties she could, and had married off four orphan nieces in a harsh and successful manner.

After her father's smash and death she came out as a writer upon social questions and a scathing critic of the Charity Organization Society, and she was three and thirty and a little at loose ends when she met Oscar Bailey, so to speak, in the *Contemporary Review*. The lurking woman in her nature was fascinated by the ease and precision with which the little man rolled over all sorts of important and authoritative people, she was the first to discover a sort of imaginative bigness in his still growing mind, the forehead perhaps carried him off physically, and she took occasion to meet and fascinate him, and, so soon as he had sufficiently recovered from the abject humility and a certain panic into which she threw him, marry him.

This had opened a new phase in the lives of Bailey and herself. The two supplemented each other to an extraordinary extent. Their subsequent career was I think almost entirely her invention. She was aggressive, imaginative, and had a great capacity for ideas, while he was almost destitute of initiative and could do nothing with ideas except remember and discuss them. She was, if not inexact, at least indolent, with a strong disposition to save energy by sketching—even her handwriting showed that—while he was inexhaustibly industrious, with a relentless invariable caligraphy that grew larger and clearer as the years passed by. She had a considerable power of charming; she could be just as nice to people—and incidentally just as nasty—as she wanted to be. He was always just the same, a little confidential and *sotto voce*, artlessly rude and egoistic in an undignified way. She had considerable social experience, good social connections, considerable social ambition and a handsome income, while he had none of these things. She saw in a flash her opportunity to redeem his defects, use his powers and do large, novel, rather startling things. She ran him. Her marriage, which shocked her friends and relations beyond measure,—for a time they would only speak of Bailey as "that gnome,"—was a stroke of genius, and forthwith they proceeded to make themselves the most formidable and distinguished couple conceivable. *P. B. P.* she boasted was engraved inside their wedding rings, "*Pro Bono Publico.*" She meant it to be no idle threat. She had discovered very early in her life, that the last thing influential people will do is to work. Everything in their lives tends to make them dependent upon a supply of trustworthy detail. Their business is with the window and not the stock behind, and in the end they are dependent upon the stock behind for what goes into the window. She linked with that the fact that Bailey had a mind as orderly as a museum, and an invincible power over detail. She saw that if two people took the necessary pains to know the facts of government and administration with precision, to gather together knowledge that was dispersed and confused, to be able to say pre-

cisely what had to be done and what avoided in this eventuality or that, they would necessarily become a centre of reference for all sorts of legislative proposals and political expedients. She went unhesitatingly upon that.

Bailey under her vigorous direction threw up his post in the Civil Service and abandoned sporadic controversies, and they devoted themselves to the elaboration and realization of this centre of public information she had conceived as their rôle. They set out to study the methods and organizations and realities of government in the most elaborate manner. They did the work as no one had ever hitherto dreamt of doing it. They planned the research on a thoroughly satisfying scale, and arranged their lives almost entirely for it. They took that house in Chambers Street and furnished it with severe economy, they discovered that Scotch domestic who is destined to be the faithful guardian and tyrant of their declining years, and they set to work. Their first book, *The Permanent Official*, fills three plump volumes, and took them and their two secretaries upwards of four years to do. It is an amazingly good book, an enduring achievement. In a hundred directions the history and the administrative treatment of the public service was clarified for all time. . . .

They worked regularly every morning from nine to twelve, they lunched lightly, but severely, in the afternoon they took exercise or Bailey attended meetings of the London School Board, on which he served, he said, for the purposes of study—he also became a railway director for the same end. In the late afternoon Altiora was at home to various callers, and in the evening came dinner or a reception or both.

Her dinners and gatherings were a very important feature in their scheme. She got together all sorts of interesting people in or about the public service, she mixed the obscurely efficient with the ill instructed famous and the rudderless rich, got together in one room more of the factors in our strange jumble of a public life than had ever met easily before. She fed them with a shameless austerity that kept the conversation brilliant, on a soup, a plain fish, and mutton or boiled fowl and milk pudding, with nothing to drink but whiskey and soda, and hot and cold water and milk and lemonade. Everybody was soon very glad indeed to come to that. She boasted how little her housekeeping cost her, and sought constantly for fresh economies that would enable her, she said, to sustain an additional private secretary. Secretaries were the Baileys' one extravagance, they loved to think of searches going on in the British Museum, and letters being cleared up and précis made overhead, while they sat in the little study and worked together, Bailey with a clockwork industry and Altiora in splendid flashes between intervals of cigarettes

and meditation. "All efficient public careers," said Altiora, "consist in the proper direction of secretaries."

"If everything goes well I shall have another secretary next year," Altiora told me. "I wish I could refuse people dinner napkins. You can't imagine what it means in washing. I dare most things. . . . But as it is, they stand a lot of hardship here."

"There's something of the miser in both these people," said Esmeer, and the thing was perfectly true. For after all the miser is nothing more than a man who either through want of imagination or want of suggestion misapplies to a base use a natural power of concentration upon one end. The concentration itself is neither good nor evil, but a power that can be used in either way. And the Baileys gathered and reinvested usuriously not money but knowledge of the utmost value in human affairs. They produced an effect of having found themselves—completely. One envied them at times extraordinarily. I was attracted, I was dazzled—and at the same time there was something about Bailey's big wrinkled forehead, his lisping broad mouth and the gestures of his hands, that I could not endure. . . .

III

Their effect upon me was from the outset very considerable.

Both of them found occasion on that first visit of mine to talk to me about my published writings and particularly about my then just published book, *The New Ruler*, which had interested them very much. It fell in indeed so closely with their own way of thinking that I doubt if they ever understood how independently I had arrived at my conclusions. It was their weakness to claim excessively. That irritation however came later. We discovered each other immensely; for a time it produced a tremendous sense of kindred and coöperation.

Altiora I remember maintained that there existed a great army of such constructive minded people as ourselves—as yet undiscovered by one another.

"It's like boring a tunnel through a mountain," said Oscar, "and presently hearing the tapping of the workers from the other end."

"If you didn't know of them beforehand," I said, "it might be a rather badly joined tunnel."

"Exactly," said Altiora with a high note, "and that's why we all want to find out each other. . . ."

They didn't talk like that on our first encounter, but they urged me to lunch with them next day and then it was we went into things. A woman Factory Inspector and the Education Minister for New

Banksland and his wife were also there, but I don't remember they made any contribution to the conversation. The Baileys saw to that. They kept on at me in an urgent litigious way.

"We have read your book," each began—as though it had been a joint function. "And we consider—"

"Yes," I protested, "*I* think—"

That was a secondary matter.

They did not consider, said Altiora, raising her voice and going right over me, that I had allowed sufficiently for the inevitable development of an official administrative class in the modern state.

"Nor of its importance," echoed Oscar.

That, they explained, was the cardinal idea of their lives, what they were up to, what they stood for. "We want to suggest to you," they said,—and I found this was a stock opening of theirs—"that from the mere necessities of convenience elected bodies *must* avail themselves more and more of the services of expert officials. We have that very much in mind. The more complicated and technical affairs become the less confidence will the elected official have in himself. We want to suggest that these expert officials must necessarily develop into a new class and a very powerful class in the community. We want to organize that. They will necessarily have to have very much of a common training. We consider ourselves as amateur unpaid precursors of such a class. . . ."

The vision they displayed for my consideration as the aim of public-spirited endeavor, was like a harder, narrower, more specialized version of the idea of a trained and disciplined state that Willersley and I had worked out in the Alps. They wanted things more organized, more correlated with government and a collective purpose, just as we did, but they saw it not in terms of a growing collective understanding, but in terms of functionaries, legislative change, and methods of administration. . . .

It wasn't clear at first how we differed. The Baileys were very anxious to win me to coöperation, and I was quite prepared at first to identify their distinctive expressions with phrases of my own, and so we came very readily into an alliance that was to last some years. Altiora manifestly liked me, I was soon discussing with her the perplexity I found in placing myself efficiently in the world, the problem of how to take hold of things that occupied my thoughts, and she was sketching out careers for my consideration, very much as an architect on his first visit sketches houses, considers requirements, and puts before you this example and that of the more or less similar thing already done. . . .

IV

It is easy to see how much in common there was between the Baileys and me, and how natural it was that I should become a constant visitor at their house and an ally of theirs in many enterprises. It is not nearly so easy to define the subtle antagonism of spirit that also held between us. There was a difference in texture, a difference in quality. How can I express it? The shapes of our thoughts were the same but the substances quite different. It was as if they had made in china or cast iron what I had made in transparent living matter. (The comparison is manifestly from my point of view.) Certain things never seemed to show through their ideas that were visible, refracted perhaps and distorted, but visible always, through mine.

I thought for a time the essential difference lay in our relation to beauty. With me beauty is quite primary in life; I like truth, order and goodness, wholly because they are beautiful or lead straight to beautiful consequences. The Baileys either hadn't got that or they didn't see it. They seemed at times to prefer things harsh and ugly. That puzzled me extremely. The æsthetic quality of many of their proposals, the " manners " of their work, so to speak, were at times as dreadful as—well, War Office barrack architecture. A caricature by its exaggerated statements will sometimes serve to point a truth by antagonizing falsity and falsity. I remember talking to a great museum official in need of more public funds for the work he had in hand. I mentioned the possibility of enlisting Bailey's influence.

" Oh, we don't want Philistines like that infernal Bottle-Imp running us," he said hastily, and would hear of no concerted action for the end he had in view. " I'd rather not have the extension.

" You see," he went on to explain, " Bailey's wanting in the essentials. He'd be like a nasty, oily, efficient little machine for some merely subordinate necessity among all my delicate stuff. He'd do all we wanted no doubt in the way of money and powers—and he'd do it wrong and mess the place. Hands all black, you know. He's just a means. Just a very aggressive and unmanageable means. This isn't a plumber's job. . . ."

I stuck to my argument.

" I don't *like* him," said the official conclusively. . . .

I came nearer the truth of the matter as I came to realize that our philosophies differed profoundly. That isn't a very curable difference,—once people have grown up. Theirs was a philosophy devoid of finesse. Temperamentally the Baileys were specialized, concentrated, accurate, while I am urged either by some inner force or

some entirely assimilated influence in my training, always to round off and shadow my outlines. I hate them hard. I would sacrifice detail to modeling always, and the Baileys, it seemed to me, loved a world as flat and metallic as Sidney Cooper's cows. If they had the universe in hand I know they would take down all the trees and put up stamped tin green shades and sunlight accumulators. Altiora thought trees hopelessly irregular and sea cliffs a great mistake. . . . I got things clearer as time went on. Though it was the Hegelian mess of which I had partaken at Codger's table by way of a philosophical training, my own sympathies have always been Pragmatist. I belong almost by nature to that school of Pragmatism that, following the mediæval Nominalists, bases itself upon a denial of the reality of classes. The Baileys classified everything. They were, in the scholastic sense—which so oddly contradicts the modern use of the word—"Realists." They believed classes were *real* independent of their individuals. This is the common trick of all so-called educated people who have no metaphysical aptitude and have had no metaphysical training. But it leads them to a progressive misunderstanding of the world. It was a favorite trick of Altiora's to speak of everybody as a "type"; she saw men as samples moving; her dining room became a chamber of representatives. It gave a tremendously scientific air to many of their generalizations, using "scientific" in its nineteenth century uncritical Herbert Spencer sense, an air that only began to disappear when you thought them over again in terms of actuality and the people one knew. . . .

At the Baileys' one always seemed to be getting one's hands on the very strings that guided the world. You heard legislation projected to affect this type and that; statistics marched by you with sin and shame and injustice and misery reduced to quite manageable percentages; you found men who were to frame or amend bills in grave and intimate exchange with Bailey's omniscience,—great statesmen were finding him a necessary confederate,—you heard Altiora canvassing approaching resignations and possible appointments that might make or mar a revolution in administrative methods, and doing it with a vigorous directness that manifestly swayed the decision; and you felt you were in a sort of signal box with levers all about you, and the world outside there, albeit a little dark and mysterious beyond the window, running on its lines in ready obedience to these unhesitating lights, true and steady to trim termini.

And then with all this administrative fizzle, this pseudo scientific chatter, dying away in your head, out you went into the limitless grimy chaos of London streets and squares, roads and avenues lined with teeming houses, each larger than the Chambers Street house and at least equally alive; you saw the chaotic clamor of hoardings,

the jumble of traffic, the jostling, coming and going of mysterious myriads, you heard the rumble of traffic like the noise of a torrent; a vague incessant murmur of cries and voices, wanton crimes and accidents bawled at you from the placards; imperative unaccountable fashions swaggered triumphant in the dazzling windows of the shops; and you found yourself swaying back to the opposite conviction that the huge formless spirit of the world it was that held the strings and danced the puppets on the Bailey stage. . . .

Under the lamps you were jostled by people like my Staffordshire uncle, you passed young lovers pairing with an entire disregard of the social suitability of the types they might blend or create, you saw men leaning drunken against lamp-posts whom you knew for the type that will charge with fixed bayonets into the face of death, and you found yourself unable to imagine little Bailey achieving either drunkenness or the careless defiances of annihilation. You realized that quite a lot of types were under-represented in Chambers Street, that feral and obscure and altogether monstrous forces must be at work, as yet altogether unassimilated by those neat administrative reorganizations.

V

Altiora, I remember, preluded Margaret's reappearance by announcing her as a new type.

I was accustomed to go early to the Baileys' dinners, in those days, for a preliminary gossip with Altiora in front of her drawing-room fire. One got her alone, and that early arrival was a little sign of appreciation she valued. She had every woman's need of followers and servants.

"I'm going to send you down to-night," she said, "with a very interesting type indeed—one of the new generation of serious *gals*. Middle-class origin—and quite well off. Rich, in fact. Her step-father was a solicitor and something of an *entrepreneur* towards the end, I fancy—in the Black Country. There was a little brother died, and she's lost her mother quite recently. Quite on her own, so to speak. She's never been out into society very much, and doesn't seem really very anxious to go. . . . Not exactly an intellectual person, you know, but quiet, and great force of character. Came up to London on her own and came to us—someone had told her we were the sort of people to advise her—to ask what to do. I'm sure she'll interest you. . . ."

"What *can* people of that sort do?" I asked. "Is she capable of investigation?"

Altiora compressed her lips and shook her head. She always did shake her head when you asked that of anyone.

"Of course what she ought to do," said Altiora with her silk dress pulled back from her knee before the fire, and with a lift of her voice towards a chuckle at her daring way of putting things, "is to marry a member of Parliament and see he does his work. . . Perhaps she will. It's a very exceptional *gal* who can do anything by herself —quite exceptional. The more serious they are—without being exceptional—the more we want them to marry."

Her exposition was truncated by the entry of the type in question.

"Well!" cried Altiora turning, and with a high note of welcome, "*Here* you are!"

Margaret had gained in dignity and prettiness by the lapse of five years, and she was now very beautifully and richly and simply dressed. Her fair hair had been done in some way that made it seem softer and more abundant than it was in my memory, and a gleam of purple velvet-set diamonds showed amidst its mist of little golden and brown lines. Her dress was of white and violet, the last trace of mourning for her mother, and confessed the gracious droop of her tall and slender body. She did not suggest Staffordshire at all, and I was puzzled for a moment to think where I had met her. Her sweetly shaped mouth with the slight obliquity of the lip and the little kink in her brow were extraordinarily familiar to me. But she had either been prepared by Altiora or she remembered my name. "We met," she said, "while my step-father was alive—at Misterton. You came to see us"; and instantly I recalled the sunshine between the apple blossom and a slender pale blue girlish shape, among the daffodils, like something that had sprung from a bulb itself. I recalled at once that I had found her very interesting, though I did not clearly remember how it was she had interested me.

Other guests arrived—it was one of Altiora's boldly blended mixtures of people with ideas and people with influence or money who might perhaps be expected to resonate to them. Bailey came down late with an air of hurry, and was introduced to Margaret and said absolutely nothing to her—there being no information either to receive or impart and nothing to do—but stood pulling his left whisker until I rescued him and her, and left him free to congratulate the new Lady Snape on her husband's K. C. B.

I took Margaret down. We achieved no feats of mutual expression, except that it was abundantly clear we were both very pleased and interested to meet again, and that we had both kept memories of each other. We made that Misterton tea party and the subsequent marriages of my cousins and the world of Burslem generally, matter for quite an agreeable conversation until at last Altiora, following her invariable custom, called me imperatively by name out of our

duologue. "Mr. Remington," she said, "we want your opinion—" in her entirely characteristic effort to get all the threads of conversation into her own hands for the climax that always wound up her dinners. I forget most of the other people at that dinner, nor can I recall what the crowning rally was about. It didn't in any way join on to my impression of Margaret.

In the drawing-room of the matting floor I rejoined her, with Altiora's manifest connivance, and in the interval I had been thinking of our former meeting.

"Do you find London," I asked, "give you more opportunity for doing things and learning things than Burslem?"

She showed at once she appreciated my allusion to her former confidences. "I was very discontented then," she said and paused. "I've really only been in London for a few months. It's so different. In Burslem, life seems all business and getting—without any reason. One went on and it didn't seem to mean anything. At least anything that mattered. . . . London seems to be so full of meanings—all mixed up together."

She knitted her brows over her words and smiled appealingly at the end as if for consideration for her inadequate expression, appealingly and almost humorously.

I looked understandingly at her. "We have all," I agreed, "to come to London."

"One sees so much distress," she added, as if she felt she had completely omitted something, and needed a codicil.

"What are you doing in London?"

"I'm thinking of studying. Some social question. I thought perhaps I might go and study social conditions as Mrs. Bailey did, go perhaps as a work-girl or see the reality of living in, but Mrs. Bailey thought perhaps it wasn't quite my work."

"Are you studying?"

"I'm going to a good many lectures and perhaps I shall take up a regular course at the Westminster School of Politics and Sociology. But Mrs. Bailey doesn't seem to believe very much in that either."

Her faintly whimsical smile returned. "I seem rather indefinite," she apologized, "but one does not want to get entangled in things one can't do. One—one has so many advantages, one's life seems to be such a trust and such a responsibility—"

She stopped.

"A man gets driven into work," I said.

"It must be splendid to be Mrs. Bailey," she replied with a glance of envious admiration across the room.

"*She* has no doubts, anyhow," I remarked.

"She *had*," said Margaret with the pride of one who had received great confidences.

VI

"You've met before?" said Altiora, a day or so later.

I explained when.

"You find her interesting?"

I saw in a flash that Altiora meant to marry me to Margaret.

Her intention became much clearer as the year developed. Altiora was systematic even in matters that evade system. I was to marry Margaret, and freed from the need of making an income I was to come into politics—as an exponent of Baileyism. She put it down with the other excellent and advantageous things that should occupy her summer holiday. It was her pride and glory to put things down and plan them out in detail beforehand, and I'm not quite sure that she did not even mark off the day upon which the engagement was to be declared. If she did, I disappointed her. We didn't come to an engagement, in spite of the broadest hints and the glaring obviousness of everything, that summer.

Every summer the Baileys went out of London to some house they hired or borrowed, leaving their secretaries hard at work behind, and they went on working hard in the mornings and evenings and taking exercise in the open air in the afternoon. They cycled assiduously and went for long walks at a trot, and raided and studied (and incidentally explained themselves to) any social "types" that lived in the neighborhood. One invaded type resentful under research, described them with a dreadful aptness as Donna Quixote and Sancho Panza—and himself as a harmless windmill, hurting no one and signifying nothing. She did rather tilt at things. This particular summer they were at a pleasant farmhouse in level country near Pangbourne, belonging to the Hon. Wilfred Winchester, and they asked me to come down to rooms in the neighborhood—Altiora took them for a month for me in August, and board with them upon extremely reasonable terms; and when I got there I found Margaret sitting in a hammock at Altiora's feet. Lots of people, I gathered, were coming and going to the neighborhood, the Ponts were in a villa on the river and the Rickhams' houseboat was to moor for some days, but these irruptions did not impede a great deal of duologue between Margaret and myself.

Altiora was efficient rather than artistic in her matchmaking. She sent us off for long walks together—Margaret was a fairly good walker—she exhumed some defective croquet things and incited us to croquet, not understanding that detestable game is the worst stim-

ulant for lovers in the world. And Margaret and I were always getting left about, and finding ourselves for odd half hours in the kitchen-garden with nothing to do except talk, or we were told with a wave of the hand to run away and amuse each other.

Altiora even tried a picnic in canoes, knowing from fiction rather than imagination or experience the conclusive nature of such excursions. But there she fumbled at the last moment, and elected at the river's brink to share a canoe with me. Bailey showed so much zeal and so little skill—his hat fell off and he became miraculously nothing but paddle-clutching hands and a vast wrinkled brow—that at last he had to be paddled ignominiously by Margaret, while Altiora, after a phase of rigid discretion, as nearly as possible drowned herself—and me no doubt into the bargain—with the sudden lateral gesture of the arm to emphasize the high note with which she dismissed the efficiency of the Charity Organization Society. We shipped about an inch of water and sat in it for the rest of the time, an inconvenience she disregarded heroically. We had difficulties in landing Oscar from his frail craft upon the ait of our feasting,—he didn't balance sideways and was much alarmed, and afterwards as Margaret had a pain in her back I took him in my canoe, let him hide his shame with an ineffectual but not positively harmful paddle, and towed the other by means of the joined painters. Still it was the fault of the inadequate information supplied in the books and not of Altiora that that was not the date of my betrothal.

I find it not a little difficult to state what kept me back from proposing marriage to Margaret that summer, and what urged me forward at last to marry her. It is so much easier to remember one's resolutions than to remember the moods and suggestions that produced them.

Marrying and getting married was I think a pretty simple affair to Altiora; it was something that happened to the adolescent and unmarried when you threw them together under the circumstances of health, warmth and leisure. It happened with the kindly and approving smiles of the more experienced elders who had organized these proximities. The young people married, settled down, children ensued, and father and mother turned their minds, now decently and properly disillusioned, to other things. That to Altiora was the normal sexual life, and she believed it to be the quality of the great bulk of the life about her.

One of the great barriers to human understanding is the wide temperamental difference one finds in the values of things relating to sex. It is the issue upon which people most need training in charity and imaginative sympathy. Here are no universal standards at all, and indeed for no single man nor woman does there seem to

be any fixed standard, so much do the accidents of circumstances and one's physical phases affect one's interpretations. There is nothing in the whole range of sexual fact that may not seem supremely beautiful or humanly jolly or magnificently wicked or supremely disgusting or trivial or utterly insignificant, according to the eye that sees or the mood that colors. Here is something that may fill the skies and every waking hour or be almost completely banished from a life. It may be everything on Monday and less than nothing on Saturday. And we make our laws and rules as though in these matters all men and women were commensurable one with another, with an equal steadfast passion and an equal constant duty. . . .

I don't know what dreams Altiora may have had in her schoolroom days, I always suspected her of suppressed and forgotten phases, but certainly her general effect now was of an entirely passionless worldliness in these matters. Indeed, so far as I could get at her, she regarded sexual passion as being hardly more legitimate in a civilized person than—let us say—homicidal mania. She must have forgotten—and Bailey too. I suspect she forgot before she married him. I don't suppose either of them had the slightest intimation of the dimensions sexual love can take in the thoughts of the great majority of people with whom they came in contact. They loved in their way—an intellectual way it was and a fond way—but it had no relation to beauty and physical sensation—except that there seemed a decree of exile against these things. They got their glow in high moments of altruistic ambition—and in moments of vivid worldly success. They sat at opposite ends of a wonderful dinner table, flushed with a mutual approval. They saw people in love forgetful and distraught about them, and just put it down to forgetfulness and distraction. At any rate Altiora manifestly viewed my situation and Margaret's with an abnormal and entirely misleading simplicity. There was the girl, rich, with a quite acceptable claim to be beautiful, shiningly virtuous, quite capable of political interests, and there was I, talented, ambitious and full of political and social passion, in need of just the money, devotion and regularization Margaret could provide. We were both unmarried—white sheets of uninscribed paper. Was there ever a simpler situation? What more could we possibly want?

She was even a little offended at the inconclusiveness that did not settle things at Pangbourne. I seemed to her, I suspect, to reflect upon her judgment and good intentions.

VII

I didn't see things with Altiora's simplicity.

I admired Margaret very much, I was fully aware of all that she and I might give each other; indeed so far as Altiora went we were quite in agreement. But what seemed solid ground to Altiora and the ultimate footing of her emasculated world, was to me just the superficial covering of a gulf—oh! abysses of vague and dim, and yet stupendously significant things.

I couldn't dismiss the interests and the passion of sex as Altiora did. Work, I agreed, was important; career and success; but deep unanalyzable instincts told me this preoccupation is a thing quite as important; dangerous, interfering, destructive indeed, but none the less a dominating interest in life. I have told how flittingly and uninvited it came like a moth from the outer twilight into my life, how it grew in me with my manhood, how it found its way to speech and grew daring, and led me at last to experience. After that adventure at Locarno, sex and the interests and desire of sex never left me for long at peace. I went on with my work and my career, and all the time it was like—like someone talking ever and again in a room while one tries to write.

There were times when I could have wished the world a world all of men, so greatly did this unassimilated series of motives and curiosities hamper me; and times when I could have wished the world all of women. I seemed always to be seeking something in women, in girls, and I was never clear what it was I was seeking. But never—even at my coarsest—was I moved by physical desire alone. Was I seeking help and fellowship? Was I seeking some intimacy with beauty? It was a thing too formless to state, that I seemed always desiring to attain and never attaining. Waves of gross sensuousness arose out of this preoccupation, carried me to a crisis of gratification or disappointment that was clearly not the needed thing; they passed and left my mind free again for a time to get on with the permanent pursuits of my life. And then presently this solicitude would have me again, an irrelevance as it seemed, and yet a constantly recurring demand.

I don't want particularly to dwell upon things that are disagreeable for others to read, but I cannot leave them out of my story and get the right proportions of the forces I am balancing. I was no abnormal man, and that world of order we desire to make must be built of such stuff as I was and am and can beget. You cannot have a world of Baileys; it would end in one generation. Humanity is begotten in Desire, lives by Desire.

I suppose the life of celibacy which the active, well-fed, well-exercised and imaginatively stirred young man of the educated classes is supposed to lead from the age of nineteen or twenty, when Nature certainly meant him to marry, to thirty or more, when civilization permits him to do so, is the most impossible thing in the world. We deal here with facts that are kept secret and obscure, but I doubt for my own part if more than one man out of five in our class satisfies that ideal demand. The rest are even as I was, and Hatherleigh and Esmeer and all the men I knew. I draw no lessons and offer no panacea; I have to tell the quality of life and this is how it is. This is how it will remain until men and women have the courage to face the facts of life.

I was no systematic libertine, you must understand; things happened to me and desire drove me. Any young man would have served for that Locarno adventure, and after that what had been a mystic and wonderful thing passed rapidly into a gross, manifestly misdirected and complicating one. I can count a meagre tale of five illicit loves in the days of my youth, to include that first experience, and of them all only two were sustained relationships. Besides these five affairs, on one or two occasions I dipped so low as the inky dismal sensuality of the streets, and made one of those pairs of correlated figures, the woman in her squalid finery sailing homeward, the man modestly aloof and behind, that every night in the London year flit by the score of thousands across the sight of the observant. . . .

How ugly it is to recall; ugly without qualification! Yet at the time there was surely something not altogether ugly in it—something that has vanished,—some fine thing mortally ailing. . . .

One such occasion I recall as if it were something deep down in a pit, as if it had happened in another state of existence to someone else. And yet it is the sort of thing that has happened once or twice at least, to half the men in London who have been in a position to make it possible. Let me try and give you the peculiar effect of it. Man or woman, you ought to know of it.

Figure to yourself a dingy room, somewhere in that network of streets that lies about Tottenham Court Road, a dingy bedroom lit by a solitary candle and carpeted with scraps and patches, with curtains of cretonne closing the window, and a tawdry ornament of paper in the grate. I sit on a bed beside a weary-eyed, fair-haired, sturdy young woman, tawdrily dressed, who is telling me in broken German something that my knowledge of German is at first inadequate to understand. . . .

I thought she was boasting about her family and then slowly the meaning came to me. She was a Lett from near Libau in Courland

and she was telling me—just as one tells something too strange for comment or emotion—how her father had been shot and her sister outraged and murdered before her eyes.

It was as if one had dipped into something primordial and stupendous beneath the smooth and trivial surfaces of life. There was I, you know, the promising young don from Cambridge, who wrote quite brilliantly about politics and might presently get into parliament, in that dingy, squalid room, with a certain sense of shameful adventure fading out of my mind.

"Ach Gott!" she sighed by way of comment, and mused deeply for a moment before she turned her face to me, as to something forgotten and remembered, and assumed the half-hearted meretricious smile.

"Bin ich ein 'hubsch'?" she asked, "Am I pretty?" like one who repeats a lesson.

I was moved to crave her pardon and come away.

"Bin ich ein 'hubsch'?" she asked a little anxiously laying a detaining hand upon me, and evidently not understanding a word of what I was striving to say.

VIII

I find it extraordinarily difficult to recall the phases by which I passed from my first admiration of Margaret's earnestness and unconscious daintiness to an intimate acquaintance. The earlier encounters stand out clear and hard, but then the impressions become crowded and mingle, not only with each other but with all the subsequent developments of relationship, the enormous developments of interpretation and comprehension betwen husband and wife. Dipping into my memories is like dipping into a ragbag, one brings out this memory or that, with no intimation of how they came in time or what led to them and joined them together. And they are all mixed up with subsequent associations, with sympathies and discords, habits of intercourse, surprises and disappointments and discovered misunderstandings. I know only that always my feelings for Margaret were complicated feelings, woven of many and various strands.

It is one of the curious neglected aspects of life how at the same time and in relation to the same reality we can have in our minds streams of thought at quite different levels. We can be at the same time idealizing a person and seeing and criticising that person quite coldly and clearly and we slip unconsciously from level to level and produce all sorts of inconsistent acts. In a sense I had no illusions about Margaret; in a sense my conception of Margaret was entirely poetic illusion. I don't think I was ever blind to certain defects of

hers, and quite as certainly they didn't seem to matter in the slightest degree. Her mind had a curious want of vigor, "flatness" is the only word; she never seemed to escape from her phrase; her way of thinking, her way of doing was indecisive; she remained in her attitude, it did not flow out to easy, confirmatory action.

I saw this quite clearly, and when we walked and talked together I seemed always trying for animation in her and never finding it. I would state my ideas. "I know," she would say, "I know."

I talked about myself and she listened wonderfully, but she made no answering revelations. I talked politics and she remarked with her blue eyes wide and earnest; "Every *word* you say seems so just."

I admired her appearance tremendously but—I can only express it by saying I didn't want to touch her. Her fair hair was always delightfully done. It flowed beautifully over her pretty small ears and she would tie its fair coilings with fillets of black or blue velvet that carried pretty buckles of silver and paste. The light, the faint down on her brow and cheek was delightful. And it was clear to me that I made her happy.

My sense of her deficiencies didn't stand in the way of my falling at last very deeply in love with her. Her very shortcomings seemed to offer me something. . . .

She stood in my mind for goodness—and for things from which it seemed to me my hold was slipping.

She seemed to promise a way of escape from the deepening opposition in me between physical and the constructive career, the career of wide aims and human service, upon which I had embarked. All the time that I was seeing her as a beautiful, fragile, rather ineffective girl, I was also seeing her just as consciously as a shining slender figure, a radiant reconciliation, coming into my darkling disorders of mood and impulse. I could understand clearly that she was incapable of the most necessary subtleties of political thought, and yet I could contemplate praying to her and putting all the intricate troubles of my life at her feet.

Before the reappearance of Margaret in my world at all an unwonted disgust with the consequences and quality of my passions had arisen in my mind. Among other things that moment with the Lettish girl haunted me persistently. I would see myself again and again sitting amidst those sluttish surroundings, in that dimly lit room, while her heavy German words grouped themselves to a slowly apprehended meaning. I would feel again with a fresh stab of remorse, that this was not a flash of adventure, this was not seeing life in any permissible sense, but a dip into tragedy, dishonor, degradation and the pitiless cruelty of a world as yet uncontrolled by any ordered will.

"Good God!" I put it to myself, "that I should finish the work these Cossacks had begun! I who want order and justice before everything! There's no way out of it, no decent excuse! If I didn't think, I ought to have thought! . . .

"How did I get to it?" . . . I would ransack the phases of my development from the first shy unveiling of a hidden wonder to that last extremity as a man will go through muddled account books to find some disorganizing error. . . .

I was also involved at that time—I find it hard to place these things in the exact order of their dates because they were so disconnected with the regular progress of my work and life—in an intrigue, a clumsy, sensuous, pretentious, artificially stimulated intrigue, with a Mrs. Larrimer, a woman living separated from her husband. I will not go into particulars of that episode, nor how we quarreled and chafed one another. She was at once unfaithful and jealous and full of whims about our meetings; she was careless of our secret and vulgarized our relationship by intolerable interpretations; except for some glowing moments of gratification, except for the recurrent and essentially vicious desire that drew us back to each other again, we both fretted at a vexatious and unexpectedly binding intimacy. The interim was full of the quality of work delayed, of time and energy wasted, of insecure precautions against scandal and exposure. Disappointment is almost inherent in illicit love. I had, and perhaps it was part of her recurrent irritation also, a feeling as though one had followed something fine and beautiful into a net—into bird lime! These furtive scuffles, this sneaking into shabby houses of assignation, was what we had made out of the suggestion of pagan beauty; this was the reality of our vision of nymphs and satyrs dancing for the joy of life amidst incessant sunshine. We had laid hands upon the wonder and glory of bodily love and wasted them. . . .

It was the sense of waste, of finely beautiful possibilities getting entangled and marred forever that oppressed me. I had missed, I had lost. I did not turn from these things after the fashion of the Baileys, as one turns from something low and embarrassing. I felt that these great organic forces were still to be wrought into a harmony with my constructive passion. I felt too that I was not doing it. I had not understood the forces in this struggle nor its nature, and as I learnt I failed. I had been started wrong, I had gone on wrong, in a world that was muddled and confused, full of false counsel and erratic shames and twisted temptations. I learnt to see it so, by failures that were perhaps destroying any chance of profiting by my lessons.

Moods of clear keen industry alternated with moods of relapse and indulgence and moods of dubiety and remorse. I was not going on as the Baileys thought I was going on. There were times when the blindness of the Baileys irritated me intensely. Beneath the ostensible success of those years, between twenty-three and twenty-eight, this rottenness, known to scarcely anyone but myself, grew and spread. My sense of the probability of a collapse intensified. I knew indeed now, even as Willersley had prophesied five years before, that I was entangling myself in something that might smother all my uses in the world. Down there among those incommunicable difficulties, I was puzzled and blundering. I was losing my hold upon things; the chaotic and adventurous element in life was spreading upward and getting the better of me and over-mastering me and all my will to rule and make. And the strength, the drugging urgency of the passion. . . .

Margaret shone at times in my imagination like a radiant angel in a world of mire and disorder, in a world of passions, hot and dull red like scars inflamed. . . .

I suppose it was because I had so great a need of such help as her whiteness proffered, that I could ascribe impossible perfections to her, a power of intellect, a moral power and patience to which she, poor fellow mortal, had indeed no claim. If only a few of us *were* angels and freed from the tangle of effort, how easy life might be! I wanted her so badly, so very badly, to be what I needed. I wanted a woman to save me. I forced myself to see her as I wished to see her. Her tepidities became infinite delicacies, her mental vagueness an atmospheric realism. The harsh precisions of the Baileys and Altiora's blunt directness threw up her fineness into relief and made a grace of every weakness.

Mixed up with the memory of times when I talked with Margaret as one talks politely to those who are hopelessly inferior in mental quality, explaining with a false lucidity, welcoming and encouraging the feeblest response, when possible moulding and directing, are times when I did indeed, as the old phrase goes, worship the ground she trod on. I was equally honest and unconscious of inconsistency at each extreme. But in neither phase could I find it easy to make love to Margaret. For in the first I did not want to, though I talked abundantly to her of marriage and so forth and was a little puzzled at myself for not going on to some personal application, and in the second she seemed inaccessible, I felt I must make confessions and put things before her that would be the grossest outrage upon the noble purity I attributed to her.

IX

I went to Margaret at last to ask her to marry me, wrought up to the mood of one who stakes his life on a cast. Separated from her, and with the resonance of an evening of angry recriminations with Mrs. Larrimer echoing in my mind, I discovered myself to be quite passionately in love with Margaret. Last shreds of doubt vanished. It has always been a feature of our relationship that Margaret absent means more to me than Margaret present; her memory distils from its dross and purifies in me. All my criticisms and qualifications of her vanished into some dark corner of my mind. She was the lady of my salvation; I must win my way to her or perish.

I went to her at last, for all that I knew she loved me, in passionate self-abasement, white and a-tremble. She was staying with the Rockleys at Woking, for Shena Rockley had been at Bennett Hall with her and they had resumed a close intimacy; and I went down to her on an impulse, unheralded. I was kept waiting for some minutes, I remember, in a little room upon which a conservatory opened, a conservatory full of pots of large mauve-edged, white cyclamens in flower. And there was a big lacquer cabinet, a Chinese thing, I suppose, of black and gold against the red-toned wall. To this day the thought of Margaret is inseparably bound up with the sight of the cyclamen's back-turned petals.

She came in, looking pale and drooping rather more than usual. I suddenly realized that Altiora's hint of a disappointment leading to positive illness was something more than a vindictive comment. She closed the door and came across to me and took and dropped my hand and stood still. "What is it you want with me?" she asked.

The speech I had been turning over and over in my mind on the way vanished at the sight of her.

"I want to talk to you," I answered lamely.

For some seconds neither of us said a word.

"I want to tell you things about my life," I began.

She answered with a scarcely audible "Yes."

"I almost asked you to marry me at Pangbourne," I plunged. "I didn't. I didn't because—because you had too much to give me."

"Too much!" she echoed, "to give you!" She had lifted her eyes to my face and the color was coming into her cheeks.

"Don't misunderstand me," I said hastily. "I want to tell you things, things you don't know. Don't answer me. I want to tell you."

She stood before the fireplace with her ultimate answer shining through the quiet of her face. "Go on," she said, very quietly. It was so pitilessly manifest she was resolved to idealize the situation

whatever I might say. I began walking up and down the room between those cyclamens and the cabinet. There were little gold fishermen on the cabinet fishing from little islands that each had a pagoda and a tree, and there were also men in boats or something, I couldn't determine what, and some obscure sub-office in my mind concerned itself with that quite intently. Yet I seem to have been striving with all my being to get words for the truth of things. "You see," I emerged, "you make everything possible to me. You can give me help and sympathy, support, understanding. You know my political ambitions. You know all that I might do in the world. I do so intently want to do constructive things, big things perhaps, in this wild jumble. . . . Only you don't know a bit what I am. I want to tell you what I am. I'm complex, I'm streaked."

I glanced at her, and she was regarding me with an expression of blissful disregard for any meaning I was seeking to convey.

"You see," I said, "I'm a bad man."

She sounded a note of valiant incredulity.

Everything seemed to be slipping away from me. I pushed on to the ugly facts that remained over from the wreck of my interpretation. "What has held me back," I said, "is the thought that you could not possibly understand certain things in my life. Men are not as pure as women are. I have had love affairs. I mean I have had affairs. Passion—desire. You see, I have had a mistress, I have been entangled—"

She seemed about to speak, but I interrupted. "I'm not telling you," I said, "what I meant to tell you. I want you to know clearly that there is another side to my life, a dirty side. Deliberately I say, dirty. It didn't seem so at first—"

I stopped blankly. "Dirty" I thought was the most idiotic choice of words to have made.

I had never in any tolerable sense of the word been dirty.

"I drifted into this—as men do," I said, after a little pause and stopped again.

She was looking at me with her wide blue eyes.

"Did you imagine," she began, "that I thought you—that I expected—"

"But how can you know?"

"I know. I do know."

"But—" I began.

"I know," she persisted, dropping her eyelids. "Of course I know," and nothing could have convinced me more completely that she did not know.

"All men—" she generalized. "A woman does not understand these temptations."

I was astonished beyond measure at her way of taking my confession. . . .

"Of course," she said, hesitating a little over a transparent difficulty, "it is all over and past."

"It's all over and past," I answered.

There was a little pause.

"I don't want to know," she said. "None of that seems to matter now in the slightest degree."

She looked up and smiled as though we had exchanged some acceptable commonplaces. "Poor dear!" she said, dismissing everything, and put out her arms, and it seemed to me that I could hear the Lettish girl in the background telling something in indistinguishable German—I knew not what nor why. . . .

I took Margaret to my arms and kissed her. Her eyes were wet with tears. She clung to me and was near I felt to sobbing.

"I have loved you," she whispered presently, "oh! ever since we met in Misterton—six years and more ago."

(*To be continued*)

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THE NEW SOCIALISM

JAMES BOYLE

MODERN, Marxian Socialism is already getting out of date. There has appeared a new Socialism; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the Doctrinaire Socialism of Marx and Engels has become animated by a new spirit, a new driving force. The fatalistic "catastrophic" evolutionary theory is being virtually abandoned, and in its stead there is in process of development an aggressive political machine and party, which is world-wide in sympathetic ideals, but varying in methods and in national and local programmes, uniting, however, in one "ultimate aim"—Collectivism; and the controlling spirit, the principle of tactics, of this new Socialism, is Fabian Opportunism; Constructive Socialism is its latest English name.

As the country of origin of Marxian Socialism was England (and not Germany, as is popularly supposed), so it is England which has given the lead in the new method for the seizure of political power by the proletariat, with the ultimate aim of establishing the Collective Commonwealth.

The loyal "Simon Pure" Marxian Socialists—whose creed has become aged while still "Modern"—do not love the present-day, new-style Constructive Socialists, the Fabian Opportunists, whose policy is to watch, and if necessary to wait, but to be ever alert, and always to be ready to seize the first and most practical opportunity, through existing and recognized legal and constitutional

political and administrative agencies, to "municipalize" or "nationalize" all public utilities, and as many industrial and commercial activities as possible, and to use the State in every feasible way for the benefit of the people, both collectively and individually. This is the new spirit of Socialism. The Marxians denounce the Fabian Opportunists as "unorthodox," and recent Socialist literature brims over with controversy on the subject. Bernard Shaw—who is just as eminent a Fabian Socialist as he is a playwright—is very jubilant over the ascendency of his school. In his preface to the last edition (1908) of the famous *Fabian Essays*, he triumphantly declares: "Since 1889 the Socialist movement has been completely transformed throughout Europe; and the result of the transformation may be fairly described as Fabian Socialism." The developments certainly justify the boastful claim of Bernard Shaw. Referring to the British adherents of strict Marxism, he pours ridicule upon their "shibboleths about the Class War and the socialization of all the means of production, distribution and exchange," declaring that they "have no more application to practical politics than the Calvinistic Covenants which so worried Cromwell when he, too, tried to reconcile his sectarian creed with the practical exigencies of government and administration."

One of the most authoritative exponents of Socialism in America is John Spargo, and in the *International Socialist* (Chicago) of May, 1909, he criticised Shaw, and affirmed that "there are few American Socialists who will take their Socialism from the *Fabian Essays*." Just so; and that is one of the principal reasons why American Socialists up to the present time have played such a minor part in the actual political and social affairs of their country as compared with their Continental and British comrades. But times are rapidly changing, and American Socialists are beginning to learn practical politics.

The experiment now under trial in Milwaukee—"our first Socialist city"—has focused attention in America on the greatest political, economic and social movement of this or any other age. It is said that Emil Seidel, the Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, has nailed upon the walls of his office the motto of John Wesley (who certainly cannot be charged with being a Socialist): "Do all the good

you can to all the people you can." Evidently this is intended to be a proclamation of the controlling spirit of the Milwaukee brand of Socialism. This reminds one of the incident told of Pierre Joseph Proudhon, the father of Philosophic Anarchism. He was undergoing examination by a magistrate after the French Revolution of 1848, and was asked: "What is Socialism?" His answer was: "Every aspiration toward the amelioration of society." "In that case," remarked the magistrate, "we are all Socialists." "That is precisely what I think," responded Proudhon.

After enumerating the things the Socialists propose to do for Milwaukee, Charles Edward Russell, the well-known American sociologist, confesses that many of the planks were copied from the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties. Most of them have been set forth time and again by reform organizations which would indignantly repudiate the charge of Socialism; and as to the declarations in favor of the public ownership of public utilities, they are not novel at all. Some of these propositions have been in operation for years in a number of American municipalities, and all of them are quite common in European and particularly in English cities; and the wisdom of this "municipalization" of a number of the enterprises involved is at the best a debatable question, even under much more favorable conditions and environment than can be found in the average American community. It has already developed that there are constitutional and legal impediments in the way of a realization of some of the most radical schemes of the Milwaukee Socialists; still, there remains a wide sphere of action for the betterment of the municipal affairs of Milwaukee; and should the Socialist administration be a success there will be a disposition to claim the result as a vindication of Socialism. But the truth is that Socialism, as a distinct theory of economics, or as a scheme of public control of social industrialism and municipal activity, or as a principle of action, will not be specially involved. Should the so-called Socialist experiment at Milwaukee come out with flying colors, as compared with previous administrations, it will be a tribute to improved but quite orthodox business-like methods, combined with the broadened spirit of civic enterprise and of the enlightened humanitarianism characteristic of the times, absolutely apart from

definite Socialism; and in particular it will be a demonstration of the peculiar personal fitness of Mr. Emil Seidel for the position of Chief Executive of a large and prosperous city.

Even though the public utilities of Milwaukee were "municipalized," and the results were favorable, the experiment would not necessarily be a demonstration of the practicability and advantages of Modern Socialism, as a distinct theory of economics. Competent observers well understand that the partially successful public operation of public utilities in England is to be attributed almost entirely to the high standard of "civic patriotism" prevailing in that country, resulting in efficient and honest administration of municipal affairs. There are conditions existing in such old civilized countries as Germany and England—a public spirit and a habit of mind diffused among all classes, the heritage and accumulation of centuries of self-government and social evolution—which make it comparatively easy to "nationalize" or "municipalize" certain enterprises and functions which experience has shown can with advantage, or at least with reasonable success, be publicly owned and administered; but experience has also shown that there are well-defined limitations to communal activity, even in such well-governed municipalities as those of England and Germany. But, unfortunately, municipal patriotism is not general as yet, and the other conditions referred to are absent, in America. While it would not be fair or even sensible to prophesy the failure of the attempt of the Milwaukee Socialists to municipalize public utilities, and while they should be commended for any reform or improvement they may introduce into the body politic of their city, yet it should be pointed out that the success of the experiment would not establish the claims of Socialism, as it is defined in the text books or as generally understood.

Of course, much depends upon what is meant by Socialism. Experts in economic terminology indulge in hair-splitting differences, and it has been said that it is impossible to describe it properly within the narrow limitations of a definition. Prof. Flint, of the University of Edinburgh—one of the keenest of all scholarly critics—takes the position that there is not and cannot be any satisfactory definition, for the reason that there are so many varieties and so many points of view from which the subject is looked at. Most

certainly the greatest of all the Socialists, Marx himself, has not given us a definition of that vast, ponderous conglomeration of theories and propositions known as Revolutionary, Modern, or Scientific Socialism. While there is much difference among the exponents and critics of the Marxian philosophy as to details, there is general agreement as to certain fundamental bases—although not as to all. According to Engels, the great coadjutor of Marx, two of these fundamentals are the theories of the "materialistic conception of history" and "surplus value." Engels generously gives all the credit to his friend Marx for "these two great discoveries," although some of the ablest Socialists who have investigated the matter have come to the conclusion that Engels had almost as much to do with the creation of *Capital* as had Marx, the reputed author. Engels claims that with the two "discoveries" named, "Socialism became a science." Yet these two "fundamentals" are by no means accepted by all Socialists, even among those counted as orthodox. There are many interpretations of the doctrines of Marx, and some of them are utterly at variance with others; for instance: Spargo, the Anglo-American expositor, claims that the Master has been grossly misrepresented by being credited with the oft-used Socialist dictum that "Labor is the source of *all* wealth"; yet beyond question the early followers of Marx generally held this doctrine, and it is still largely—and probably generally—believed in by the Socialist rank and file, both in Europe and America.

Another of the Marxian "fundamentals" which has been scattered to the four winds is that known as the "catastrophic theory"—reference being had to the collapse of the Capitalistic system and the consequent establishment of Collectivism, as an evolution which cannot be prevented, and which will come suddenly, but in due order, as morning follows night. The "ultimate aim" of all Socialists—at least theoretically—is Collectivism. According to the Marxian theory the Collective Commonwealth is to come by a catastrophic collapse of Capitalism—by the sheer rottenness and economic incapacity and failure of the system, and because this catastrophic collapse is the natural and inevitable evolution and sequence of the present condition of society, without any reference to or dependence upon individual human will or voluntary collective political action;

and Marx and his early followers believed that the great day was near at hand. In certain aspects of his philosophy Marx was Oriental in his fatalism. But this coming into being of the Industrial and Economic Millennium was—and is—nothing but a phantasm, even as a theory. One can search the whole range of the literature of Modern Socialism for a definite and reasoned-out explanation of how Collectivism is to be established; but one will not find it. Marx gives just as good an explanation as anybody else does, and now his prophecy of the inevitable is brushed aside even by the faithful as an absurd and idle dream. Notwithstanding that Morris and Bax—two of the most intellectual Socialists England has produced—accept the general theories of Marx, they scornfully repudiate the "catastrophic theory"; they call it "a ridiculous assumption." Spargo, in *Socialism*, thus introduces a personal reminiscence of his youthful days in England, when he and his comrades daily awaited the coming of the big Revolution:

"Those who are familiar with the writings of Marx, know that, in strange contrast with the fundamental principles of that theory of social evolution which he so well developed, he lapsed at times into the Utopian habit of predicting the sudden transformation of society. Capitalism was to end in a great final 'catastrophe' and the new order be born in the travail of a 'social revolution.'"

It might be remarked that the "Utopian habit" into which Marx "lapsed at times," settled into a fixed theory among the followers of the founder of Scientific Socialism, and among none stronger than those in America. And now Spargo, one of the leading expositors and defenders of Marx, tries to laugh away the idea. Speaking for himself, Spargo confesses with some impatience, that "Omniscience would be necessary" to tell how Socialism will be established in its complete form of the Collective Commonwealth. Ernest Untermann, the editor of the American edition of *Capital*, repeats the old complaint that critics "have never been able to distinguish between a scheme and a historical process," and he explains that Socialism is "a historical process." According to such strict Marxians as Mr. Untermann, the Utopian systems of Plato, Owen, Fourier, and Cabet, and German State Socialism and British

Municipal Socialism, are "mere schemes," and Trade Unionism and Coöperation are only "temporary makeshifts."

In the number of its avowed adherents to Socialism, Germany far exceeds all other countries, although in Parliamentary effectiveness it is behind England. The International Bureau of Socialists (the headquarters of European Socialism) has recently published statistics (August, 1910) showing the present number of Socialists throughout the world. Following are the figures:

Germany	3,250,000
France	1,000,000
United States	600,000
Great Britain	500,000
Belgium	500,000
Italy	390,000
Finland	337,000
Switzerland	100,000
Denmark	99,000
Sweden	75,000

These figures require an explanation. In Europe generally, owing largely to political conditions, the Trade Unions are allied with and in many instances are identical with the Socialists, but it is impossible to determine the extent to which "definite" Socialism is held as an economic belief apart from the special principles of Trade Unionism. Since 1906 there has been an alliance between Fabian and other Socialists and most of the British Trade Unions, resulting in the formation of the Labor Party, the members of which may be correctly described as Labor-Socialists. In numbers they are over 2,000,000, and they have elected some 50 members of Parliament, and most of the Trade Unions have declared for Socialism. In addition, there are the unbending old-line Marxists in England, but it is impossible to give any estimate of their number, as they are not well organized and generally vote with the Laborites; they have only elected one member of Parliament—the fiery Victor Grayson, and he has denounced Opportunist Socialism very bitterly. The Fabians, as such, maintain a separate organization for purposes of education and propagandism; they may be considered the "Intellectuals" of British Socialism, and the Laborites the fighting force.

The Socialism of Germany is looked upon as being orthodox Marxian, and it is more philosophical as well as more revolutionary than the British school. But within recent years there have been great changes in both the methods and the spirit of German Socialism. When the German Social Democratic Party was organized in 1875 on a Marxian basis, two pronouncements were made in its historic "Gotha Programme" which have caused much controversy among both Socialists and their opponents. One was the declaration that "Labor is the source of *all* wealth and civilization," and the other was that the division of the product of Labor "belongs by an equal right to all its members, each according to his reasonable *needs*." There is much dispute among those who claim to be faithful followers of Marx as to whether the division should be according to *needs* or *deeds*.

In Germany the gradual shedding of the hard Marxian shell is coming about partly through the operation of political and Parliamentary exigencies and partly through a long course of stupendous, ponderous philosophical reasoning. The faith which Marx once delivered to the proletariat of the world is now held in its integrity and completeness by but comparatively few, even in Germany, the native land of the Master. Even Bebel, the leader of the Socialists in the Reichstag, has admitted from his seat that his views have been both modified and developed, and that his party is "continually moulting." It is only the uninformed or the hide-bound Socialist fanatic who now looks upon Marx as the Pope of Economics. Within the last few years the tendency in Germany—as all over Europe—has been to drift away from strict Doctrinarianism, and to adopt a policy of Opportunism.

There is much in the deep philosophy of Marx to appeal to the German mind, but at the same time the conclusions to which his system logically leads—unpractical revolutionary fatalism, with no social or economic reforms within immediate grasp—are not in sympathy with the Teutonic mentality. For the same reason Scientific Socialism makes but little appeal to the English, who, indeed, are more practical as regards politics and economics than are even the Germans, although as a race almost lacking in philosophic discernment. There is a faction among the German Socialists who are

revolutionary to the extent of being Anarchistic, and they object to the Opportunist tactics and to the "Parliamenting" of present-day Socialists. After being expelled from the Social Democratic Party they formed the Union of Independent Socialists, but they have not become important either in numbers or influence.

The first problem as to tactics which confronted the Social Democracy of Germany was in regard to the attitude it should adopt toward Bismarck's State Socialism, which is often denounced in the Fatherland as "State Capitalism." Bismarck introduced State Socialism as a part of the permanent Imperial policy, its avowed object being to cause a cessation of the growing demand for Revolutionary Socialism as preached by the Marxists. It is very interesting, in view of the present clamorous demands of the English Labor-Socialists for "the right to work," to recall that Bismarck declared for the same "right" as one of the obligations of a paternal State toward its citizens, and that he claimed that in doing so he was only standing on the old Prussian Constitutions dating back to 1671-1794. The practical acceptance of Bismarck's programme by the Marxists is justified by them on the ground that that system is only a means to an end—the end being complete Collectivism; and now State and Municipal Socialism are included, to a greater or less extent, in the "immediate demands" of most of the Socialist organizations throughout the world.

It is rather difficult to define the difference between State (or Municipal) Socialism and Scientific (or Modern, Marxian) Socialism, the ultimate aim of the latter being avowedly Collectivism. Some Socialists argue that the main difference is that of *intent*. Speaking broadly, the State and Municipal Socialism of Germany and England is confined to the operation of undertakings and the performance of functions which by their very nature are more or less natural monopolies: for example, the ownership and control of such public utilities as the transportation of goods or passengers, the telegraph, the telephone, electric lighting and power, water, gas, etc. There is a great deal of controversy on the Continent and in England as to the limitation and extension of the activity of the State and Municipality in this regard. Speaking generally, the line of division is on the insistence of the anti-Socialists that the

State or Municipality should not undertake the operation of any enterprise which is "productive"—that is, which brings in a revenue above its cost and working charges—unless it comes within the category of "public utilities," and is a natural monopoly; in other words, that the State or Municipality should not enter into industrial or commercial competition with its citizens in trading.

Within recent years Socialists have practically unanimously acquiesced in, and generally highly favor, State Socialism so far as it has gone, and there is an ever-increasing demand for a wider sphere of action. The method of the present-day Socialists the world over is to organize politically, as other political parties do, and to agitate for and secure when possible the public control of all public utilities, and gradually to take from Capital its private ownership of productive industrial and commercial enterprises when organized on a "social" basis, that is, when workmen are employed for wages, and this gradual inclusion is to keep on until the Collective Commonwealth is an actuality. Under the new spirit which is animating Socialism, political organization and legislative action are the means which are to bring about the industrial millennium. This method is altogether different from the Marxian principle, or the "historical process," as Untermann calls it. Under that principle, the great Revolution is to come about as an economic and social evolution, following the collapse of Capitalism, but is to be established quite apart from a set legislative programme or decree, and will not be the result of the organized action of men. It is true that Marx, in closing his appeal to the proletariat in his *Communist Manifesto*, calls upon them to "Organize!"—but the organization he urged was not such as now exists among workingmen for certain specific reforms and privileges, but was simply to discipline them for the great change—to enable them to seize the reins of government when the "catastrophic" end of Capitalism came, and to train them to become the rulers of the Coöperative Commonwealth.

Ever since Engels published in 1891 the "Marginal Notes" of Marx on the Gotha programme, there has been a fierce discussion in Germany as to what constitutes orthodox Socialism. The critics of Marx were headed by George von Vollmar and E. Bernstein.

Their school is known as the "Revisionist" or "Evolutionist" wing, and their position with regard to State Socialism and Parliamentary ameliorative measures is similar to that taken by the English Fabians and Laborites. Bernstein created quite a furore among Socialists the world over by taking issue with the fundamental doctrines laid down by Marx and Engels, not only with regard to the "materialistic theory of history," but also as to the great "kladderadatsch" —the cataclysm which the two founders of Modern Socialism declare is to destroy the present social and industrial systems and bring into being the Collective Commonwealth. Arrayed against Vollmar and Bernstein (and later, Dr. Frank) were Liebknecht, Bebel and Kautsky. A compromise was effected: there was a pronouncement for an unequivocal "class-conscious" Revolutionary Socialism, and—to preserve the balance—this was accompanied by one practically declaring for Fabian Opportunism. The subsequent developments are increasing in the latter direction, notwithstanding that the weight of tradition and of the teachings of most of the acknowledged leaders of the proletarian movement are all the other way: there has been in some respects an actual transformation of the original position taken by the German Social Democratic Party; and it no longer holds good that that organization—numerically the greatest of its kind in the world, as it is also the largest political body in the Fatherland—is strictly orthodox from a Marxian standpoint. Still, the German Social Democracy as a Party refuses to ally itself with other political organizations. For several years a furious internal controversy on this point has raged, and last summer (1910) it almost caused a split. The North German wing (which is the most orthodox, and also at present the most numerous) insists upon a policy of "splendid isolation" from other political parties or Parliamentary groups; while the South German Socialists, headed by Dr. Frank, favor the promotion of ameliorative legislation and also coalition with other parties to bring about reforms, and, like their British brethren, they voted with the Government of the day for the Budget. While the Progressives are now in a minority, the probabilities are that their policy of Opportunism will gradually be adopted by the German Social Democracy; indeed, that has already been done to some extent.

It is a remarkable fact that it is in America that there is the blindest adherence to what are considered the true and undiluted doctrines of Marx; and this is undoubtedly one of the principal reasons why, until recently, there has been less effective Socialism in America than in any other of the leading countries. There is not as yet any "American school" of Socialism. The literary leaders of the movement in this country are, with few exceptions, worshipers of the rigid, cold, German Socialist Calvinism as it was before it had got touched with the fire of practical Opportunism and Constructivism. This situation is primarily owing to the fact that the establishment of Socialism in America was mainly through German revolutionary immigrants. Outside the Christian Socialists—who are little else than sentimentalists—the prevailing Socialism in this country is dominated by what Spargo designates as "the handful of German Socialist exiles in America, who sought to make the American workers swallow a mass of ill-digested Marxian theory." In this connection, Spargo quotes the greatest of all authorities next to Marx himself—Engels; and Engels makes the following remarkable criticism of the presentation of Socialism in America by his own countrymen:

"The Germans have never understood how to apply themselves from their theory to the level which could set the American masses in motion; to a great extent they do not understand the theory itself and treat it in a doctrinaire and dogmatic fashion. . . . It is a credo to them, not a guide to action."

The German-American Socialists are too doctrinaire for even the profound collaborator of Marx! While the Germans in the Fatherland have abandoned—at least to a great extent—their former extreme doctrinaire interpretation of the teachings of Marx, their emigrant comrades in America have failed to keep up with the procession in economic evolution, and through their hold-fast conservatism they have made the prevailing type of Socialism in America little else than a hotchpotch of gloomy, fanatical, philosophical mumblings, combined with wild, Anarchistic ravings against Capitalism, as well as against the Constitution and the political institutions of the country.

While Utopianism has made more experiments in America than in any other country (but none of them can be said to have been permanently successful), Modern, Scientific Socialism has but few results to show in this country. It has secured but very few representatives in Municipal Councils or in State Legislatures, and has elected but few State officers—Wisconsin being a notable exception—and it is significant that in that State the dominant school is Opportunist. In the absence of Congressional representation, American Socialists are remarkably behind their Continental and British comrades. For this backwardness of Socialism in America there are several reasons, the chief being the prevailing spirit of strong individuality and self-reliance, the widespread prosperity, the innate political conservatism of the native-born population, the comparative absence of " class-consciousness," and the almost unbroken rule, until recently, for organized Labor to refrain from separate political action; and lastly, as before mentioned, the lack of attractiveness of the Modern, Scientific theory to the practical American work people. But within recent years there has been a momentous change going on. " Class-consciousness," and class-hatred even, have developed; and organized Labor has commenced to follow the British example of separate political action, with an increasing tendency to Socialism. And now at last the spirit of Fabian Opportunism has affected American Socialism, and the remarkable Socialist victory at Milwaukee is the first significant result.

The student of Socialism is confronted with conflicting claims as to the very genius of the philosophy. Most of the latter-day apologists—especially at about election time—argue that Socialism is confined to economics. They present their " platform "—a string of radical reforms—as a political solution of the bread-and-butter problem, but they deny that it has anything to do with a man's religious convictions or domestic relations. On the other hand, all the great shining lights of Modern Socialism, from Marx down, take the position that it affects and is coextensive with all human activity and all the relations of life, individual and collective—ethical, social, domestic, religious, and even artistic, as well as economic and political.

It was against these "doctrinaire" Socialists that ex-President Roosevelt pronounced his philippic in the *Outlook* on the eve of his departure for his African hunting expedition. Unquestionably, the leaders of the school of Fabian Constructive Socialism are constrained to discard this sweeping all-inclusive interpretation of the principles of Socialism because of the vehement opposition which it has aroused on the part of the old-fashioned moralists and the orthodox Christian Churches, particularly the Catholic Church. But it is a fair enquiry whether in their apologetics these new leaders are not begging the question; in seeking to limit Socialism to a mere legislative programme it would seem that they are destroying its very soul. However, the "doctrinaires" console themselves with this reflection: That Socialism being an evolutionary principle and not a mere programme, it is irresistible and inevitable, and that it must ultimately triumph in their entire conception of it, when its day has come, "in the fullness of time"; and that though legislative measures may perhaps hasten that day, yet they can never prevent, nor be a substitute for, the complete consummation of the Socialist ideal.

For anti-Socialists the conditions which have recently developed in America must be ominous—special reference being had to the growing restlessness, and the newly-awakened disposition of organized Labor to take separate political action. On the Continent, Trade Unionism is now generally synonymous with Socialism, with the special exception of Catholic workingmen; in England, Modern Socialism was little more than a forbidding philosophical study for economic specialists until the Taff Vale decision led to an alliance in 1906 between the Socialists and the Laborites.

Marxian Socialism, as a distinctive, definite theory, has almost played its part in the history of the realization of its own power by the proletariat—and that part has been a tremendous one. These are now the days of Fabian Opportunism, of Constructive Socialism, and they are pregnant with possibilities which may shake the civilized world.

RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA

PETER McARTHUR

THERE is much political discussion in Canada at the present time, even though an election is not a probability of the near future. The tariff negotiations with the United States have recalled old ideals to the Liberal party, and this revival has been greatly strengthened by the results of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's tour of the West. The very pronounced attitude of the Prairie Provinces in favor of Free Trade, or at least a greater measure of reciprocity with the United States, seems to have come with something of a surprise to the Government. Things were going on very well as they were for party purposes. A British Preference—the admission of British goods at a lower rate of duty than is levied on the goods from other countries —seemed to be growing in popularity; the United States had been brought to the position of seeking closer trade relations, and the country was prosperous and independent. Now, however, there is a danger that all the old policies may be thrown into the crucible and an attempt made to develop a new policy for the Dominion. It is easy to see from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speeches that the Free Trade sentiment of the West is going too far to suit his taste, and a promise to appoint a Tariff Commission is the usual device on such occasions to gain time. His admission that the protected industries of the Dominion now have vested rights has been received with surprise and some indignation by the old line, out-and-out Free Trade Liberals, who remember the pit from which they were digged and the rock from which they were hewn.

This does not mean, however, that the Liberal party is likely to go back to its original Free Trade platform. Neither is it conclusive evidence that even a small measure of reciprocity is a probability What it does indicate is that the business interests that have gradually become entrenched are likely to be forced into the open, where they will make it clear that no Government can hope to stand whose fiscal policy is not agreeable to them. The importance of this is shown by the admission made on the floor of the House during the past session by the Minister of Railways that in some respects the

railways are more important than the Government itself. It has been shown in the United States that the railways and the big interests work in perfect harmony and there is no reason to believe that the case is different in Canada. The manufacturers of the Dominion naturally want Protection and beyond doubt they will do all in their power to keep it in force by the exercise of their own influence, and as far as possible through the powerful influence of the railways. On the other hand the people of Canada have not yet been bludgeoned out of every semblance of political independence. They are too widely scattered for any political machine wholly to direct their actions. Although the older Provinces, particularly Quebec and Ontario, are fairly well in hand, the Prairie Provinces, whose influence in the affairs of the country is steadily on the increase, must be reckoned with. It has been said of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he always yields to the greatest pressure that is brought to bear upon him. At the present time no one is in a position to say whether he feels most keenly the pressure of the sentiment for freer trade relations with the United States or the demand for Protection with an increased British Preference. The advocates of Imperialism are naturally opposed to closer relations with any country outside the Empire. The Conservative party, which is woefully lacking in constructive leadership, has little to offer beyond its historic policy of High Protection, and a somewhat sentimental loyalty to England. On these lines the Liberal party, in spite of its original Free Trade platform and its profession of standing for Canada first, last and all the time, is not far behind. It would be unsafe, therefore, for any observer to make a dogmatic pronouncement regarding the possibilities of the next few months.

It should not be difficult, however, for the people of the United States to understand why the present negotiations for a treaty of reciprocity with Canada may prove abortive. The conditions prevailing in the Dominion are much the same as prevailed in the United States when the McKinley Bill was passed. Canada is feeling entirely sufficient unto herself. Her natural resources are past computation, and they are being developed by home enterprise. Settlers are crowding in, everything is booming, and why should outsiders be asked to enjoy this prosperity?

When the operation of the Payne-Aldrich tariff unexpectedly confronted the United States with the necessity of enforcing the maximum rate against Canada and thereby precipitating a trade war, both countries were suddenly made aware of a surprising state of affairs. It was found that the Canadian imports from the United States amount annually to $192,661,360. At the same time Canada sold to the United States during the year 1909 commodities to the value of $92,604,357. If a trade war were waged, this exchange would be brought to an end; but the statesmen on both sides of the line managed to make arrangements by which the calamity was averted.

The whole trouble with the reciprocity movement is that it is of interest only to the consumer. In both the United States and Canada the high cost of living, or as Mr. J. J. Hill phrased it, " the cost of high living," is making people look for other markets where they can buy at more reasonable rates the things they require. But since when did the framers of commercial treaties consider the needs of the consumer? Consumers do not furnish campaign funds or otherwise make themselves useful to political parties. On the contrary, they usually present a large vote which must be educated at a considerable expense of time, money and self-respect. When reciprocity treaties are being negotiated, it is not the needs of the people who wish to buy that are considered. Under the protective principles of Government, now so popular in all parts of the world, when the consumers create a demand for any particular commodity, that is the time to build up a tariff wall so that a local industry may be fostered. Reciprocity treaties are negotiated when there is a need for new markets in which to sell, and that is just why under existing conditions it will be hard to frame a treaty between the United States and Canada. The powerful corporations of the United States are looking enviously at the Canadian markets, and the tariff wall they want to have changed is the one that stretches along the Canadian side of the border. The wall on the American side suits them exactly. In fact they built it themselves. Why should it be lowered? And strange to say there is considerable apathy even among those in Canada who are seeking for new markets where they can sell, regarding the American tariff wall. During the past thirty years, they have learned that " there

is a world elsewhere." They have found other markets for their products and although they would be sorry to give up such trade as they have with the United States, it is doubtful if the entire elimination of that trade would cause more than a temporary embarrassment. If the United States wishes to buy from Canada she can continue to do so, and can even buy more by letting down her tariff wall; but as for selling more in Canada, that can only be done where the home production does not satisfy the home demand.

As a matter of fact, Canada's large purchases from the United States are due entirely to the fact that Canadian production is not yet able to keep pace with Canadian expansion. The needs of the new Provinces cannot be provided for entirely by the older Provinces, even though a tariff wall should be built high enough to exclude all American goods. However, Canada means if possible to develop and keep all this prosperity for herself. The United States did just the same. The Dominion is now enjoying a period of lawless prosperity such as is coming to an end in the United States. Everything is booming. Great enterprises are being projected in every direction. Just as happened in the United States, Canada is living on her natural capital, and for that reason is able to put all economic laws apparently at defiance. In their enthusiasm, people think that the resources of the country are unlimited, and any man or corporation or political party that opens up new fields is hailed as a public benefactor. All kinds of interests are becoming entrenched, just as they have done in the United States; and just as happened there, the people are living in a fools' paradise.

An examination of the imports to Canada from the United States makes clear how little Canada is really dependent on her big neighbor. The most important of these imports are horses, bran and mill feed, cereal foods, farm-wagons, ready-made clothing, furniture, plows, bar-iron, gasoline engines, pig-iron, automobiles, general machinery, steel rails, wall paper, manufactures of paper, pork, and manufactures of wood other than furniture. It can be seen at a glance that these are all things that are already being produced in Canada, or could be produced there with ordinary enterprise. The United States is privileged to supply them simply because the demand in Canada is in excess of the supply. If there should be trou-

ble with the United States, there is not one of them that could not be produced at home or secured elsewhere. There is no real reason beyond the arguments of Free Trade, and the benefits that would accrue to the ordinary uninfluential consumer, why the duty on any of these things should be reduced by making a treaty of reciprocity.

If the Canadian tariff for revenue only can hardly be described as "the Mother of the Trusts," we have a Banking System that is admirably suited to accomplish anything that the tariff leaves undone. A group of well-organized chartered banks, united in a Bankers' Association, has the financial affairs of Canada so thoroughly in hand that it is able even to turn the thrift of the people against themselves. With a system of branch banks extending to every town and hamlet in the Dominion, these banks gather the savings of the people and accumulate them at the head offices in Montreal and Toronto. The vast sums of money piled up in this way are at the service of promoters, who have now managed to effect combines or mergers in practically every line of business. The powerful corporations that have been built up through this centralization of capital maintain well-provided and aggressive lobbies at Ottawa and the seats of all the local governments. These interests, of course, are solidly against any measure of reciprocity which might allow American competition in their particular field. "Canada for the Canadians" is their cry, and many people swell the cry without stopping to realize that it means "Canada for a few Canadians."

There is another phase of the question, however, which is somewhat disquieting to thoughtful Canadians. Finding that Canada offers an excellent market, the American Trusts in several lines have opened operations within the Dominion. They have organized as Canadian companies, established their plants and commenced operations in opposition to Canadian concerns in the same line. At first glance, this seems admirable, for it means that much new capital is coming into the country, that all the manufacturing is done here and that in some respects it is better for the people than a purely Canadian enterprise. But these American concerns bring with them American methods. About a year ago, an American Trust decided to begin operations in Canada. It secured the necessary locations and raw materials. Its representative then called on all Canadian

concerns in the same line and said in effect: "We have come over here to control this industry and are willing to lose half a million dollars before we start to pay dividends. We will make you a fair offer for your plant and business, and will buy you out on a cash basis. If you refuse we will undersell you in all your markets and drive you out of business."

A majority of manufacturers in this line yielded to fate and sold out. Those who did not have since been crushed out or have made an agreement with the invaders by which the price has been increased to the consumer as far as the trade will bear. With examples like this before us the need of a reciprocity treaty does not seem apparent. American concerns that wish to secure a share of the profits of the Canadian market know how to do so even without the aid of the Government.

A reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada is not a probability at present, and possibly not for some years to come. Too many things must be straightened out before this consummation, however desirable to the mass of the people on both sides, can be attained. The fact that the two Governments came to an understanding so quickly when a trade war was threatened, is no guarantee that other negotiations will be carried through with equal promptness. In fact, Miss Canada is inclined to be a trifle coy. She can say in all sincerity, "This is so sudden." After over forty years of indifference or insult from the Government at Washington, the Canadian Government is bound to enter into negotiations for freer trade relations with much caution. The temper of the Canadian people has been severely tried, and they would be more than human if they did not wish to take the fullest advantage of the changed conditions which make the United States take the initiative in the negotiations. Time was when Canada was sorely in need of better tariff relations and was seriously damaged by tariff regulations at Washington, but her representations were unheeded and her representatives rebuffed. Now, however, she has found other markets for her produce, developed her own resources, and established her place among the younger and more vigorous nations.

From this brief survey it will be seen that a reciprocity treaty would be of use to no one on either side of the border except the con-

sumer, who for the purposes of this article may be defined as the man who produces nothing but labor or the fruits of his own toil. To him a freer market where he could purchase more with his toil-bought money would be a boon. Such men are undoubtedly vastly in the majority in both countries, but in both they are so distracted by party politics that they find it hard to see their own needs.

From 1846 to 1896 the sentiment in Canada was entirely in favor of Reciprocity. The United States seemed to be the most natural market for Canadian products, and during the ten years from 1846 to 1856, when the reciprocity treaty which was won by the diplomacy of Lord Elgin was in force, the country enjoyed a prosperity such as it has not had until the present decade. The abrogation of the treaty by the United States dealt Canada a staggering blow. Later, when the Dominion was beginning to recover, the McKinley Bill reduced whole Provinces to bankruptcy. The United States was at that time rioting in the wealth of her natural resources. When she closed the door to Canada, the only hope of many Canadians was annexation, and the migration to the United States drained the Dominion of hundreds of thousands of her most ambitious citizens.

After Sir Wilfrid Laurier returned from a mission to the United States Government and said, "There will be no more pilgrimages to Washington," a new era dawned. Canada began to develop her own trade routes to the necessary state of efficiency. These trade routes had been kept open in a struggling way since the first settlement of the country, but the feeling was that they were geographically incorrect The Erie Canal and the Hudson River seemed a more natural outlet for Canadian products than the St. Lawrence. After 1892, however, the impulse given by the Canadian Pacific Railway in opening up the West roused the people to a sense of national possibilities. They attacked the problem of transportation with renewed energy, until now Canada boasts the greatest railway system in relation to population of any country in the world. The necessary canals at Sault Ste. Marie, Welland and on the St. Lawrence River, have been improved at an expenditure of over three hundred and fifty million dollars. At the same time railroad building was pushed forward at an expenditure of over twelve hundred million dollars. And apparently this is only the beginning. The Georgian Bay Canal

seems to be looming in the near future, the Hudson's Bay Railroad is already under way, and two new transcontinental railroads beside the C. P. R. are approaching completion. Canada is now able to handle her own products, and even to enter into rivalry with the United States in the carrying trade from the Western states. The Port of Montreal handles an amount of trade that is causing comment in New York. Being now commercially competent to look after her own affairs, and having favorable treaties with France and Germany, as well as an increasing trade with Great Britain, to whom she gives a tariff preference, it is hardly likely that Canada will lower any part of her not too high tariff wall for the benefit of the United States. A reciprocity treaty at the present time would not seem to be either good politics or good business for Canada, and as business and politics are practically one, there is little likelihood that such a treaty will be negotiated.

THE DREAMERS

BLISS CARMAN

Charlemagne with knight and lord,
  In the hill at Ingelheim,
Slumbers at the council board,
  Seated waiting for the time.

With their swords across their knees
  In that chamber dimly lit,
Chin on breast like effigies
  Of the dreaming gods, they sit.

Long ago they went to sleep,
  While great wars above them hurled,
Taking counsel how to keep
  Giant evil from the world.

Golden-armored, iron-crowned,
  There in silence they await
The last war,—in war renowned,—
  Done with doubting and debate.

What is all our clamor for?
  Petty virtue, puny crime,
Beat in vain against the door
  Of the hill at Ingelheim.

When at last shall dawn the day
  For the saving of the world,
They will forth in war array,
  Iron-armored, golden-curled.

In the hill at Ingelheim,
  Still, they say, the Emperor,
Like a warrior in his prime,
  Waits the message at the door.

Shall the long enduring fight
  Break above our heads in vain,
Plunged in lethargy and night,
  Like the men of Charlemagne?

Comrades, through the Council Hall
  Of the heart, inert and dumb,
Hear ye not the summoning call,
  "Up, my lords, the hour is come!"

FIFTH AVENUE AND THE BOULEVARD SAINT-MICHEL

TEMPLE SCOTT

"O, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring."

Thus murmured to himself Michael Weaver as he strolled aimlessly along the broad pavement of New York's avenue-promenade, one delightful blue and gold evening in April. The air was like wine; the brilliant white of the light reflected from the white stone of the buildings, silver in its tone, sharpened outlines and made silhouettes of the few belated home-goers and strollers like himself; the deep, rich ultramarine of the sky, already becoming spangled with the twilight stars, seemed like a silken canopy of blue tightly stretched above the cañon of the street; and the atmosphere was laden as if with the aromas of numberless enjoyments and loves of days gone by. Surely that scent came from Angèle's hair? Ah, dear little Angèle! What was she doing now? And that stray breeze, did it not bring with it the odor of the markets of the *Quartier* when the lilacs are out in Paris? Oh, the lilacs of Paris! The tears welled to his kindly brown eyes as his heart cried the words.

Yes, eight years had gone by, and here he was again in New York, lost in the loneliness of its seething thoroughfares, a stranger in a land which, though it had given him birth, was to him now as a strange land. True, the light and the sky were still lovely, the air was strength-giving; these, too, were magnificent structures, showing a barbaric daring in the architect-builders. But the people, oh, the people! They were so cold, so indifferent, so self-centred, so ignorant and careless of beauty! Life was impossible among them. The place was but a whited sepulchre for frustrated ambitions, and a graveyard of lost ideals. Look at Fifth Avenue, and *think* of the Boul' Mich'! He smiled in supreme disdain. The Boul' Mich' and Fifth Avenue! What a contrast! Idealism and materialism—light and darkness—culture and ignorance—hope and despair—joy and misery—life and death! Proper synonyms for the two places; and he again smiled at the mental picture he made of the table of words.

He had gone to Paris, when twenty years of age, fired with an ambition to become a great painter. He had entered into the life of the Latin Quarter and had found himself at home in it. He had grown there in knowledge of his art and in dexterity of his craft. It had nursed his hopes and warmed his joys. Life had been worth living. It was good to be with friends, and it was a kindly place, asking not too much for the privilege of its citizenship. He had loved a little, and had found a quiet, simple happiness in his love. But he could not go on living there always. Even the Quarter must, sooner or later, be paid in money for food and rent; and his money had given out. Furthermore, he had acquitted himself master in his art, and he had been told that he could get better prices for his pictures in New York. And better prices meant that he would the more quickly be able to come back. He would leave the Boul' Mich', for a short time, and try his luck on Fifth Avenue.

He hardly recognized New York as the same city he had known as a boy. It was all so different—so much more imposing and so much more overwhelming. The streets were altered, and the people were not the same. He had been now nine months in New York. He had walked the Avenue until he knew by instinct every building on both its sides from Madison Square to the Plaza. He had carried his canvases from dealer to dealer, and had been received and dismissed with sometimes polite, and sometimes brusque, attentions. The little money he had scraped together, over and above his fare from Paris, he had lived on, during these trying months, with painful husbandry, at the rate of twenty cents a day. When almost on the verge of starvation and despair, he had met Finch, and Finch, the good angel, who had seen his work with seeing eyes, Finch had opened his doors to him, and had befriended him in his time of sorest need. This had been the one bright ray of God's sunlight that had visited him in what was become for him a City of very Dreadful Night.

For nine months, he had tramped the street, looking eagerly and wistfully for a face that might touch his gentle spirit with a human grace; but, until quite lately, he had found not one. Every face he had looked at was stern, and hard, and cruel. If one smiled, the smile was arrogant or self-complacent, or wooing for a service to be obtained. If one laughed, it was at some *risqué* jest, or because

of a satisfaction at a successfully achieved sharp practice. Things of beauty were not bought for the joy they gave, but for the price paid; and the higher the price paid, the more loudly was it proclaimed with unctuous iteration. Culture there was none. He had met many people of so-called enlightenment; but he had found them superficial and hollow. It was a veneer culture—nothing more. When he scratched it, never so lightly, the common wood showed itself beneath. Oh, yes, they were polite and pleasant, but the politeness and pleasantness meant little. These were but baits to catch the innocent fish. He was soon shown the rough side when it was found that he was but a poor devil of an artist who had nothing to give. And how expensive it was merely to live! Food and clothes and rent swallowed money—literally devoured it. What a price to pay for such a privilege!

It had been so different in Paris! Paris also was beautiful, but beautiful in a very appealing and a very intimate way. In Paris one could always find a kindred spirit to whom one could speak, if not heart to heart, then certainly with an assurance of obtaining sympathy, and without the blighting fear of ridicule and of being misunderstood. In New York the talk was all of money, money, money, and business, and the stock-market, and values. Values! He smiled, unconsciously, as he murmured the word of the art-world, thinking of the difference in the meaning of the double uses to which the word was put. In Paris, he could drop in at a *cabaret* with the certainty of meeting a brother in hope or a fellow in thought. Here, the restaurants were for the rich only. There were no restaurants for artists. How should there be, since there were no artists? These so-called artists were artists in business, not artists in Art. And where else should these go but to the places where business men went? They were in trade, like the rest. And even if he could afford them, the restaurants and hotels were but desert-places for him. Yes, he had met Arthur Finch in one of them; but Finch was only one in four millions. Finch was kind, and good, and a fine fellow, but even Finch did not know all that a true artist felt in his innermost heart.

In Paris he had painted and had expressed himself. If he had made little money, he had, at any rate, found appreciation and encouragement. Matisse knew he could beat him at his own game, and

Matisse was no small man even though he had begun to prostitute his genius for gain. Matisse had admired his work, had thought it remarkable, had acknowledged his wonderful sense for color. Even Cézanne had patted his approval! Cézanne, the Master! Weaver stopped himself in his walk, arrested by the mere sound of the august name. "*Quel homme!*" he murmured piously. Paris alone could breed such a man! In New York Cézanne would have died in a season. Its hot-house atmosphere would have shriveled his heart and dried up the fountains of his inspiration. Oh, to be in Paris again; to be back once more, if but in the poor attic *au cinquième!* Better a crust there than a feast at the silvered table of the Dutch House, even with Finch as host. Finch! Ah, yes, Finch had been very kind. He had shown his paintings in the Gallery of the Golden Disk; but what had been the use? The people, poor ignorant things, the people had come, had looked, and had left, thinking the man who had painted them was mad. But a single canvas had found a purchaser, and he, he suspected, had bought it out of a feeling of charity and pity for the artist, because Finch had probably told him how poor he was. *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* Is it right—is it right that the finest flower of the human soul should be nipped in the bud? Is it right that rascality and ignorance should prevail, and the chicaner conquer? Is it right that the ladder of fame and success should be for mountebanks, and the chariots of ease for charlatans? Was it impossible for him to make even a little money by his work? He feared it was. He guessed it was because he did not know how to be insincere, and to put on a false face with a smile. It was not in his nature, either, to pander to the degraded tastes of bloated plutocrats. He could not do that and be true to his art. And yet Stecker had told him that New York was the art-market of the world. Rich Americans, he had said, were generous patrons of art. Patrons, indeed! Patronizers, yes; but patrons! Faugh!

Stecker had succeeded in hitting the town at the Montrose Gallery, because Stecker knew the ropes. Stecker was a better business man than he was an artist. He had gone back to Paris now, to his little cottage embowered in roses, where his wife had been waiting for him during the three months of his stay in New York, and had taken with him eight thousand American dollars! No, he did not

envy him. Stecker was a fine fellow and meant well. He deserved his success. Still, he was not the big man Finch thought him. He was in the swim, with the rest. You can't be an artist and, at the same time, be at the mercy of the buyer. The artist must be free from all bonds; otherwise his work will deteriorate. Cézanne would never have been what he was if he had had to work for a living. Whistler? Well, Whistler had been the rare exception. Certainly, Stecker was not of that calibre. He was shrewd, very clever and facile as a colorist; a hard worker, and an excellent talker; but an artist! Weaver shrugged his shoulders. He knew how to advertise. If the critics of the newspapers had sneered, they had not ignored him. And to be talked about in any way, means publicity, and publicity may become a road to success. But the critics had not even noticed his own work. The critics! He laughed bitterly as he uttered the word. What did these penny-a-liners know of art? Nothing! And if they did they wouldn't dare to write what they knew. At best, they did little else than drool out their parrot-like acquired jargon of "artistry." They were in the swim, with the rest. It was all a game. The artist toadied the dealer, the dealer toadied the critic, the critic toadied the editor, and the editor toadied the advertiser. What was the use?

Thinking these thoughts, Weaver had arrived at his lodging. Wearily he mounted the four flights of dark, dingy, creaking stairs of a house reeking of numberless indescribable odors, and laid himself down on his hard bed.

The day following was a lordly day—glorious with sunshine and clean air. It had rained a little during the night, and the rain seemed to have washed crystal clear the atmosphere of the magnificent highroad as Weaver trod it on his way to the Dutch House to meet Finch. He had been up since four o'clock, working on a portrait—a commission Finch had obtained for him. He had done a day's work with satisfaction to himself, and he was glad.

Certainly, it was splendid, this gorgeous avenue, with its endless perspective lost in the blue of its narrowed horizon. The tall structures, their foundations hidden by the lesser buildings, appeared to him as broad columns of aspirations—fire offerings of ambition to the Lord of Hosts. The pointed spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral

shot white hopes into a sky of encouraging and heartening light. He straightened himself as he walked. He was feeling the mysterious power which emanated from this wonderful marriage of God's art with man's art. In an unconscious expansion of himself through the subtle influence of this power, he thrilled in responsive ecstasy. It was an experience he had rarely known in Paris. It lifted him up and bore him gallantly along, his face transfigured from the renewed accession of strength which the brave show and the brave air imparted to him.

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

Tennyson's lines, learnt by him at school, came back to him. He chanted them aloud, again and again, his steps keeping time to the rhythm, and thus chanting, found himself arrived at his destination.

They were all there, sitting at a long table in the centre of the spacious and high-ceilinged café. Finch, with his great shock of grizzled hair, and brown eyes glinting through *pince-nez,* was at the head; and little podgy-faced Church, smiling as usual, at the foot. Room was made for Weaver, who was heartily welcomed by Finch and Church, between the pale-faced and kindly-eyed Xerxes, the caricaturist, and the light-haired Nelson Hardy, the art critic, with his aggressive jaws and sharp blue Norwegian eyes. John Seaman, the water-color landscape painter, with his thin elongated nose and long dark hair matted over his forehead and almost hiding his eyes, sat opposite to him. Next to Seaman, Charles Cockayne, critic and lecturer on art, leaned back portentously, his rubicund face and shelf-like nether lip speaking of complacent self-assurance. On Finch's right sat Stuyvesant Marsh, quiet and yet eager, nervously curling upward an evidently highly cherished blond moustache. On his left, was James Foote, the reviewer and humorist, his pleasant, full-cheeked countenance made child-like and inviting by a pair of innocent laughing light blue eyes. Hewitt, the photographer, was also there, as were François Aiterre, an *amateur* in the right sense of the word, and Healey, a lawyer with a taste for polite letters.

So strange a conglomerate of contrasting individualities surely

never gathered at one time around a table in the purlieus of the Latin Quarter! And yet, here these were sitting amiably in the most select of hostelries in New York's most famous of avenues. All claimed to be idealists, and each had his own way of asserting his claim; and a pronounced and uncompromising way it was, too. The table was free for all expressions of opinions; and, it must be said, expressions often came with reckless directness. The truth is, they were all egoists, each ready, at the first sip of the wine of success, to become intoxicated with the glory of achievement, and "make a fume out of the warder of the brain."

But Finch kept them in order. He was host and Dominie in one, He led the conversation and deftly turned it into harmless byways if the discussion threatened to become too animated and personal. He scolded roundly if one proved too recalcitrant, and praised when a remark was happily put. He knew them all well. He had listened to their bitter cries in private confession, and had helped when help meant a self-realization and not a self-deterioration. He was acquainted with their griefs and had knowledge of their sins. They were his children—wayward at times, childish at other times, but earnest at heart, and sincere. And they had helped him, too. He could not have done what he had done without them. He had set himself a big task—no less a task than the encouragement of sincerity in art; an insistence on the value of expression, not for what it would bring in the open market, but for what it meant as the unique product of a unique individuality. Strange to say he had found his happiness in the work he was doing.

Weaver looked around the table with a pleased face. A comfortable sensation pervaded his body. The pure air and the rich appointments appealed to his love of cleanliness and order. He had seen nothing like this on the Boul' Mich'. The napery was spotless, and the silver shone dazzlingly in the light from the great lustred candelabra above. Busy, yet quiet and devotedly attentive waiters, hovered about. One of them offered him, bowingly, the menu-card for the day, framed in silver. He took it nervously, barely glancing at the long list of tempting dishes, and quietly whispered his order for roast-beef and a baked potato. As he handed back the card, he heard Finch's voice.

"How goes the work, Seaman? Have you done anything since you came back?"

"A little; but I haven't had much time. I'm busy getting ready for the show at your place."

"That's right. Next month we shall show the Rodin drawings; but after that's over, it will be your turn."

"I'll be ready by then. But, say, I've been working on that Flatiron building, and I think I've got it, once for all. I've got it floating in the sky, mounting into clouds of gray, and gold, and ultramarine. I never was so pleased with anything I ever did before."

"Good for you, Seaman! You can do it, if anyone can," replied Finch warmly.

Weaver had been listening eagerly. Finch had given him his chance, but nothing had come of it. Perhaps Seaman might fare no better. He thought it well to interpolate advice.

"I hope, Seaman, you'll not forget to put into that Flatiron picture of yours the feeling of its fourth-dimension quality. You know what I mean—the consciousness of a great and overwhelming sense of space-magnitude in all directions at one time."

"My dear Weaver," and Seaman permitted a smile to steal over his long face, "I know exactly what you mean. I'll try all I can to put it into the picture; but you know it's not easy to live up to your standard."

"Oh, Weaver's got the fourth-dimension-quality bee humming in his bonnet!" exclaimed Hardy.

"You can say what you like, Hardy, about my fourth-dimension quality, but I don't expect an art-critic to know art"; and Weaver's eyes shot light.

"Now, don't let us get on that subject again," cried Finch. "If Cockayne keeps his promise he'll write an article on it. What I'm interested in now is the Rodin show. And I tell you it'll be an eye-opener. If the press took so much notice of the Matisse exhibition, I wonder what they'll say when they see the Rodins. Say, but we're waking them up!" And Finch vented a gleeful laugh.

"Oh, the papers and the critics are all in with the dealers," snapped Seaman.

"Yes," jerked out Hardy, thrusting his jaw forward to emphasize his remark, "and the critics have got to look out for the editors. Think of the advertisers! It isn't always the critics that are to blame."

"Good for you, my boy!" exclaimed Church. "What between the dealer and the editor it looks as if an art-critic's life ought to be quite a happy one."

"Happy as far as the dealer is concerned," laughed Marsh; "but what about the editor?"

"He'd better pack his grip," snorted Hardy, "if the editor catches him!"

"Well, isn't the dealer enough?" asked Church. "It looks to me as if a nice little nest might be feathered from the pickings from him alone. Say, boys, I've just thought of a riddle. What's the difference between a stock-broker and an art-critic? You don't know, of course. Well, I'll tell you. One deals in shares and the other shares in deals." The loud laugh that followed Church's reply to his conundrum was broken into by Finch, who smilingly chided Church for his levity.

Weaver looked at Church with amused, meditative eyes. He had often met the little man, and had always found him quite the reverse of flippant, and had enjoyed his keen remarks. To-day, mischief played rampant over the mobile, homely face. He preferred the serious side of him, however, and attempted to draw it out.

"Mr. Church," he said, in his soft, melancholy voice, "don't you find that the critics' attitude toward art is but on a plane with the general attitude of the people of this country toward all high ideals?"

Church turned quickly toward his questioner, and asked shortly, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that everybody here does things, not for the sake of doing them well, but for the sake of the money they may get."

"Well, what of it? What are you doing things for? Aren't you hoping to get money for what you do?"

"In a way, yes; but that's not my prime motive. I paint a picture because I love to paint. I want to create again what I see and feel so that others may see and feel with me."

"Well, if what you see and feel is worth seeing and feeling by others, it's worth paying for, isn't it?"

"That's not an answer to my question."

"Weaver means, Church," explained Finch, "that he would paint for nothing if he felt he must paint, if the spirit moved him. He is not thinking of the money when he is doing his work."

"I knew quite well what Weaver means. But he happens to have approached the subject in a way that irritates me, and I am purposely ignoring his meaning. And besides, what Weaver means is not to the point of his original remark. He began by an intended criticism of the public for its unsympathetic attitude toward art and all high ideals, and he explained that everybody did things for the sake of the money they could get and not for the sake of doing the work. In so far as the artist himself is concerned, I confess I can't see the difference between working for money and working for fame. In both cases his object is other than the mere doing, and in each case the object is a sufficiently worthy incentive. Some reward, I take it, is necessary to him, otherwise he'd soon give up working altogther; and it is indifferent to me whether the object is material in the shape of money, or spiritual in the form of fame. I am somewhat tired of this belittling of money. It's a good thing if you can do your work in order to fulfill your genius; but artists are not angels; they are creatures of flesh and blood, like the rest of us, and a good home, a well-filled stomach and pocket-book, a decent suit of clothes, and the bodily comforts that money can buy are, to my mind at any rate, just as necessary and just as helpful to the artist as they are to the ordinary man in the street. I have yet to be convinced that the right-minded artist need be less an artist because he's getting money for his work. If an artist wants to consider himself superior to the common wants of humanity, I can't see why he grumbles at his poverty. Why blame the public? What's the public got to do with your motive? By all means, do your work for the work's sake; but if the public doesn't want your work, don't blame it for not buying it. That's what *I* mean."

"Perhaps, Mr. Church, I've not quite made it clear to you what I do mean," gently insisted Weaver; "the people place more importance on the money-value than they do on the art-value of the

work. They have no art-sense; they don't understand art, and they don't care for it. It doesn't mean anything to them."

"What other value would you have them place on it? By your own words they are ignorant and uncultured. They don't understand art, you say. How are they going to understand it? And when they do, how are they going to show their appreciation of it other than by translating it into dollars and cents? And, if we come down to it, how do you understand art? How do you distinguish the art-value of a work from its money-value? Have you a secret art-measurer of your own?"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" chorused Cockayne, Hardy, Seaman, and the rest.

"Say, Church," laughed Cockayne, "isn't that going a bit too far? Surely there is such a thing as art? And we do know the difference between true art and false art!"

"Very well, then; if you know all about it, what's your test for true art? Answer me that!" And Church emphasized his question by a thump on the table.

A short silence followed. It was broken by Finch.

"That's rather a big question, isn't it, Church, to answer offhand?"

"Never mind how big it is. We're discussing a big subject. Have you any standard by which to judge art; by which you are able to say this is good and that is bad; or this is Art with a capital A, and that is not art, with or without the capital?"

"Your question is a silly one, Church," replied Hardy; "there are many things to be taken into consideration before one can arrive at a judgment about a work of art. There is technique, first; and there's color, and composition, and form, and, above all, there's the fullness of the impression it is intended to convey."

"If I might venture to answer your question, Church," said Cockayne, "I should say that a work of art must be judged by its success or failure to realize beauty."

"All right, Hardy, you'll find out soon enough how silly my question is. My answer to you, Cockayne, is that what you say does not help me, because I want to know what you mean by beauty. The same difficulty is there as it was before, only you've removed it from

the word art to the word beauty. Who is to decide what is beauty? How are we to measure it? The beauty revealed by a Correggio is not the beauty revealed by a Velasquez. Titian's 'Venus' and Rembrandt's 'Lesson in Anatomy' are both works of art, but the revelation of beauty is altogether different in each. Besides, what was beautiful to the painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is not beautiful to the painters of the twentieth century—just as what was, in many instances, once right is now wrong, and *vice versâ*. I used to hear critics belittle Rubens; but only the other day Stecker was dithyrambic in his praise of him. He was the master of them all, Stecker said. If we are to look to beauty to help us we shall find that our standard of beauty keeps changing just as our standards of conduct and fashion have changed."

"But we are more eager now to possess Rembrandts and Titians and Velasquez than ever we were before," remarked Cockayne. "Why do we pay such enormous prices for their pictures if we do not find them beautiful?"

"I don't think we pay the enormous prices for the sake of their beauty. I think it's the fashion just now to want them. A hundred and fifty years ago you could have bought a car-load of Rembrandts for the price you'd have to pay for one now. Ruskin thought Whistler was a charlatan—to-day we'd scrape our last dollar to own a Whistler. When Benjamin West was President of the Royal Academy of London his pictures brought prices that we laugh at. To-day you could probably buy all the pictures he ever painted, that are not stacked away in stupid galleries, for the price he got for one. And I suppose people in West's time must have thought them beautiful—if that were really the standard by which they then judged them. Did Millet's 'Angelus' have less of beauty in it when he sold it for a hundred and twenty-five dollars than it has now when it would sell for a hundred thousand?"

"The fact that the people don't always see the beauty is no reason for concluding that a painting is not great art," answered Cockayne. "Because I am blind is no argument that the sun is not shining."

"That's true; but how is one to know when one can see? How is one to recognize beauty? One man looks at a Matisse and sees in

it nothing but what is ugly and repulsive. Another looks at it and finds it wonderful in its power to suggest the beauty of the human form and the appealing pathos of human life. Who is the seeing man, and who the blind one? Who shall judge? I am asking for a standard by which we all may abide. I am searching for a light by which we all, ignorant and educated alike, may walk through the dark mazes of this art-world. It's no use going to the critics and writers on art; I have found these do not agree with each other. They are so busy proving each other foolish that I have come to the conclusion they know little more than the rest of us."

"Mr. Church," and Weaver's quiet voice sounded an authoritative note, "art is not for the blind or the ignorant. Art is for the seeing and the knowing. Art is its own standard, its own criterion. It is independent of any judgment. Art is the Idea made manifest as Beauty."

"Ah, a definition at last! Art is the Idea made manifest as Beauty! Excellent, i' faith! If only we knew what the Idea was! Weaver would have it, I take it, that Art is a Divinity poised there in the high heavens for the worship and the adoration of mankind. And, I suppose, the Idea is the private revelation vouchsafed the artist by this Divinity? And Beauty, the reappearance of this revelation in plastic form, eh?"

Weaver nodded eagerly as if pleased that he had been so well understood.

"Well," continued Church, "I know now why we call ourselves Idealists. I am not saying that Weaver hasn't got hold of something. I may come back to what he is trying to say another day. But, if Weaver is right, why cry out against a public that doesn't see the Idea in the manifestation? May there not be something wrong or something wanting in the manifestation? How does the artist himself know he has succeeded in revealing the Beauty? We, Idealists, must be very careful that we keep our feet on earth if we would have the public know what we are doing or what we are talking about. Aye, and if we would be sure that we ourselves have the revelation aright. For, however we may refine our thinking, as artists we have to deal with the concrete. Our most entrancing visions have to be translated into visible forms before they can be seen by others,

and this limitation of the medium is often lost sight of by artist-dreamers. Keep your feet on earth, I say, and you need not fear how high you stretch your head. The Beauty we talk of must become plastic if it is to be realized at all."

"If I have answered your question," interrupted Weaver, "let me hear what you have to say; for it is important to me. What have you to say against my original statement—that the people of this country value art not for what it is, in and for itself, but for what it is worth in money? Perhaps you will say that money is the public's way of looking at art?"

"I am coming to that, Weaver, and you'll know all I mean. For the moment, I will accept your definition, that Art is the Idea made manifest as Beauty. I don't like the definition, because it is objective and not subjective; because it deals with the theoretical aspect of the matter only. Besides, it assumes a knowledge we haven't got. Beauty, like those other abstract terms, Right, Justice, Truth, is not a self-existing entity, independent of ourselves. From my point of view, I would say that Beauty is a state of consciousness. As a state of consciousness it will vary as we vary. Just as the right, the justice, the truth of yesterday may not be right, and just, and true today, so what was beautiful once is no longer beautiful, and what we call beauty now may not be the beauty of the future. These words are, after all, but abstract terms for us. They may or they may not stand for absolute realities. I confess I am afraid of these abstractions that lead to absolute realities. I never could make out what an absolute reality meant, if it did not mean an abstraction of our continued experiences. I prefer to be content with the experience; because then I am talking about what I know. And what I know, and what I will stake my life on, does exist, is my own state of consciousness, my own capacity for enjoyment. I dare not deny that or I should deny life itself.

"Keeping that in mind, I would define art as the human way of imparting pleasure. And by pleasure I mean not only the superficial but the deepest forms of the soul's enjoyment. This definition includes every mode of expression known as art, and allows for any and every possibility of delight-giving experience. Under this sky may play poet, painter, and musician, as well as actor, novelist, and

dancer. Each of their arts is, if you like to say so, a revelation of the Idea made manifest as Beauty, but each is better understood, and only really known by us as a means for joy. But I will go further, and say, that each means nothing, and is worth nothing, if it mean not our joy."

"But," said Finch, "why quarrel about words if both definitions lead to the same result? Your definition also takes note of but one side of art, and the lesser side. Weaver's is a much more impressive one. What you call experience he raises to the dignity of a divinity."

"I know it is but one side of it; but I deny it is the lesser side. It is the only side which can possibly concern us as living, hoping, and working beings. I won't deny Weaver's definition, and I will make you a present of its impressiveness. I won't deny it, because its denial, on my part, would mean that I knew what he was talking about. And, I confess, I don't. I don't know what he means by the idea, or by beauty in the abstract. And I can't deny what I don't know. But I do know my own sensations in front of an idea, if you like, made manifest as beautiful. I do know when a painting delights me, or a poet enthralls me, or an actor pleases me, or a musician enchants me. And I prefer to trust to these experiences rather than to a metaphysical abstraction, even when raised to the dignity of a divinity. I prefer to insist on them for Weaver's sake as well as my own. And by Weaver, I mean you all—idealists in creating as well as idealists in criticism; idealists in art as well as idealists in life. By apotheosizing your Beauty you are in danger of becoming the creature of the Frankenstein you have thus raised. Art is our servant and not our master. It is less than life. Your art is become to you a veritable autocrat and tyrant. It dominates your minds.

"It is the result that counts; it is the result that seals the fate of all work. Your art-god won't help you there. You yourself are the creator. And the result is known in terms of pleasure—in the experiences of joy that the work gives us—in the delight it imparts even to the common public Weaver so ruthlessly despises."

Church stopped for a moment to light the cigarette that had gone out. Finch made a movement as if to say something, but Church raised his hand.

"Let me go on, please, Finch. It is this insistence on abstrac-

tions which makes bad idealists and bad egoists of us. We think we know it all when we have clothed our naked ignorance in the garment of a fine-sounding word with a capital letter. We thus only hide our ignorance and make it look ridiculous. By all means, let us be egoists, if our egos shall thereby be moved to do something that will make the world happier, that will give it joy in the thing done. But our egoism is a vulgar egotism and a foolish vanity if it make us despise others because they do not see with us. And our criticism of them for not appreciating what we have done, or what we think we may do, becomes childish petulance."

"Weaver is not of that kind," remonstrated Finch, warmly.

"But, Church," interposed Foote, "how does your definition of art touch the original criticism made by Weaver? I thought there was a great deal in what he said."

"How? In every way. If the artist succeed in giving pleasure to a public that knows not beauty and, by so doing, make it aware of beauty, then that public must and will recognize the service he has rendered. It must, because pleasure is its very life. And it will recognize it in the only way it can recognize it, justly—by paying him money. The money it thus gives is its expression of appreciation—and the best expression; for it thereby renders the artist independent of caprice and whim. It pays for laughter; it pays for good food, for good comedy, for good music, for soul-stirring poems, for passion-arousing oratory, for amusing and pleasing tales, for any and all forms of art that engender in it a sweeter, deeper, and more vivid sense of the joy of life. That's what an artist is for. That's what a genius means—to be, with the magic of his creative imagination, the wizard of joy-giving revelations. And how better can they appreciate him than by freeing him from sordid necessities, that he may continue to give them joy? I am not saying that the public does not make its own mistake about money. It makes the same mistake about Money that we do about Beauty—it writes it with a capital letter—it apotheosizes it, and so becomes the slave of its home-made divinity. But before you blame the public for this mote in its eye, had you not better first take out the beam from your own eyes?

"The public may be ignorant and stupid, even, but it is only for

a time. Sooner or later it wakes up, and when it does, it is very generous—too generous, indeed. It makes mistakes, of course, but these mistakes are due rather to its eagerness to welcome the slightest effort that is put forth heartily to serve its enormous appetite for pleasure, or that will kindle in its heart the fire of a new hope. The public will give thousands for a wretched daub, and may not glance at a work of genius. It will lose its head over a facile black-and-white draughtsman, and utterly neglect the fine insight of a caricature artist. It will spend nights listening to a tawdry musical-comedy, and grudge a cent for a great musician. But it is not altogether to blame. Art is long and life is short. Besides, it can afford to make mistakes. It is very rich. And it has plenty of time —its own time and posterity's time, also. Later, the daub will find a forgotten resting-place in the lumber room of some museum; the drawings of the facile draughtsman be jobbed at a junk-shop; the musical-comedy be vanished as the snows of yesteryear. Then the genius will come into his own, and his work be crowned with laurels.

"The true artist, if he really accomplish great work, cannot be denied his fame. It may not come to him in his lifetime; but come it certainly will. And the true artist must be content to wait. How long has God been painting his glorious sunsets and empurpled hills for his own joy to heedless and indifferent men and women? And He still continues to paint them. Some day there will arise a painter or a poet, or a simple man who will see with Him and share in His joy. Then He will be justified. The true artist must also be content to paint for his own joy; he must be to himself his own justification. But if he really accomplish great work, he will not have left out of it this joy-giving power. Let it radiate this influence and it will not be ill with him always."

"Is he, in the meanwhile, to starve?" asked Weaver. "Is it right, that genius should go hungry, while mediocrity grows fat and sits in the seats of the mighty?"

"There you go again with your 'Is it right?' For the genius it seems to be, and no doubt is, very wrong. But have you ever asked yourself the question: Why am I a genius? Have you thought what it is to be a genius? It is to be filled with joy that the gods have chosen you to be the instrument of their mighty purposes. It

is to be profoundly and ecstatically grateful in that to you is given the power to paint with the finger of God, and the gift to chant with the everlasting hills. Think of this, and you will not ask: 'Is it right?' I know it is a hard doctrine I am preaching. But creation is impossible without suffering. Every mother knows that. But, oh, the joy when the child is born! To you, the genius, it is very wrong for genius to go hungry; but don't blame the public. The public is ignorant of you. It doesn't yet know that you are a genius—that you are necessary to it. It knows that the children of mothers are necessary, and, therefore, it builds hospitals in which to tide the mothers over the days of their travail. Some day, perhaps, it may realize that the creatures of a genius's brain are also necessary to it, and then, it may be, it will build studios and homes, and provide maintenance for artists and poets until they shall have freed themselves from their travails. Until that time comes the genius, I am afraid, must go hungry, and suffer want for many days.

"But, I forgot. Didn't I understand you to say you were not working for the approval of the public? Didn't I hear you despise their money? Did I not hear you say something about manifesting the Idea in the form of Beauty? Then why grumble and complain? Why seek the aid and despise the alms-giver? Why, above all, be impatient if it takes the public a long time to see the beauty? Is it not taking you a long time to reveal it? Your power of revealing did not come to you in a night. Be, for a little while, grateful that you have been vouchsafed your revelation. Be delighted in thinking of the joy you are some day going to give. In the meantime, break stones on the highway, if necessary, for a living, and do your real work for your own joy. Let every stroke of your hammer ring the notes of a Marseillaise for your later freedom when you shall have acquitted yourself in the work God sent you to do. In this way you will hasten the time of your deliverance from the fetters of chance; and you will have achieved yourself the more fully just because you have suffered your pilgrimage through the valley of humiliation. Then—and I am presuming that you have not yourself made any mistake about yourself—then, the public, which you now despise, will be only too eager to give you all the time you may need. Perhaps, you will tell me you will not want its help then? Yes, you

will. Never make that mistake. You will want it then even more than you do now. Now, your body only is starving—then, you will work that your soul may not starve. And the public's appreciation will be your soul's salvation.

"Do not despise the public—neither its money nor its praise. In the last resort the public is the judgment-seat of all and every art. Its praise is precious as its sincere prayer for your generous forgiveness for the unthinking wrong it did you in the past; its money is its acknowledgment of the wrong done, and its encouragement to you to go on fulfilling yourself in the future. Yes, I plead for the public; and I plead especially for the public of these United States which is continually being made the butt of foreign condescension. As if other countries never lost their geniuses! As if this were the only country in which geniuses found no home! You are wrong when you compare the people of this country, as I have often heard you do, with the people of France and other European countries, to its detriment. The people of this country are young and in the making. They are busy making homes, and families, and a nation for themselves. A growing and a working people have less time for enjoyment than have the aged and the idle. In their pleasures they can but ape their elders, and aping, show themselves, perhaps, often ridiculous, silly, and *gauche*. But give them time, and they, too, will learn wisdom, and find a real and living happiness. The wonder is that they do so well. But let them do well or ill, you will help them better, not by criticising and decrying, but by offering them the best you have. Help them with your genius, and so advance them to a worthy place among the other civilizations of the world. If you are a true idealist, as well as a true artist, that is the least you can do.

"There, I've been twaddling so long that I've far out-stayed my luncheon hour, and I'll get a wigging when I get back to my cellar. Waiter, my check, please!"

Church paid his bill, rose, nodded to all round the table, and made his way to the door. He had barely reached it when he turned round and caught Weaver's eye looking wistfully after him. He beckoned, and Weaver rose and followed him into the avenue.

"Walk down with me, Weaver, will you," he said quietly, "as far

as the corner of the street where my office is. I want to say a few words to you privately. I'm afraid, my boy, I've just been saying many things that, perhaps, have hurt you. You'll believe me, I am sure, when I tell you I intended no discourtesy. But I was young once myself, and if I had had someone to talk to me then as I have been talking to you to-day, I'd have been a different man now. I'd have done something. I used to think as you are thinking, and all I did was to go on feeling angry and rebellious because others didn't see with me what a devil of a fine fellow I was. It ended in my frittering away my time and doing nothing. I was so enamored of my genius that I thought it wasn't worth while wasting its sweetness on the desert air. Well, I made a big mistake—the great mistake of my life. Now, I think so much of you and what you are capable of doing, that I don't want you to make the same mistake. Remember, it's your work and your work only that can justify you. I've heard you long for Paris again; for its sympathy and its helpful companionship. I say to you, here is your Paris, if you've got anything in you. If the right stuff is in you, produce it, and you'll be a free man in every sense. As for sympathy and helpful companionship, did you ever get in Paris what you got to-day? Did you ever meet a Finch in Paris? Did you ever know a friend there who energized you without enervating you, as you are finding here, in this Philistia of a New York? No, I am sure you never did.

"Now, my boy, if you can't afford to do the work you want to do, get a job at anything that will bring you in the price of bread and cheese and a shelter. When you've secured that, do your work in your spare time, in solitude and in silence. It will bring you your happiness in the end, I am certain of it. Do you imagine I am happy grubbing in my hole in the ground? But, 'I still have hopes my latest hours to crown,' and maybe, I'll crown them some day. For the present, I must grub.

"Look at that Flatiron building! There it is, stuck in the common rock. But, see, it mounts into heaven itself, a thing of beauty its sordid builders never dreamed of realizing. The sky has taken it unto itself as a part of its own pageantry. Let it be the symbol of your life.

"And look back at this magnificent perspective! It breathes

hopes from every tower and turret, and ends in a cloud of glory. Let that be the symbol of your native land. So long, Weaver, my boy! Remember, here is your Paris!"

Church shook Weaver cordially by the hand and, leaving him standing at the street-corner, walked rapidly away. Weaver followed the little man with his eyes, a soft beautiful smile playing around his lips. He watched Church disappear down the steps of a basement. Turning, he slowly made his way northward, thinking, thinking. "*Quel homme!*" he whispered to himself. But he was not thinking of Cézanne. He was thinking that, perhaps, it was not too late to find again his youthful joy. He looked up Fifth Avenue with far-seeing eyes and forgot the Boulevard Saint-Michel.

THE NEXT AMERICAN WILL

ALLEN UPWARD

[Having been requested to draw up a form of Will suitable for use by an American millionaire, I publish the following draft, as covering the widest ground, and being adapted for the use of the greatest number of testators. Should I be approached hereafter by any individual philanthropist, I shall have a more original and interesting scheme to put before him, but one calling for his or my personal supervision at the outset.]

THIS is the Last Will of me, ————————————, citizen of the United States, being of sound mind, memory and understanding. I give and bequeath the sum of Ten Million Dollars, American gold currency, to the President of the United States for the time being, upon the following Trusts, that is to say:

(1) Whereas the ordinary and common object of charitable or philanthropic bequests is to benefit those who are hindering humanity, namely the criminal, the insane, the blind, the lame, the incurably diseased, and the incapable;

Now I declare that it is the true intent and object of the following provisions to benefit those who are helping humanity, and helping it the most, namely, founders of new religions, novelists, poets, musical composers, painters and sculptors, and inventors, giving the preference to such inventions as are not capable of being patented, or otherwise bringing a pecuniary reward to their inventors:

(2) The failure or refusal of the Trustees of certain other Testators to carry out the plain wishes and intentions of such Testators, having convinced me that it is unsafe to entrust the execution of this my Will to any man or body of men, however eminent and disinterested, without legal control;

I hereby constitute the People of the United States generally and individually my Residuary Legatees, and I empower and authorize them, or any one of them, to bring action in the Courts of the United States at any time to enforce the due and faithful execution of this my Will:

(3) And inasmuch as I deem it better that even a small sum of money should find its way into the hands of the class that I desire to benefit, than that a much larger sum should be bestowed on such as I do not contemplate enriching;

Now I direct that the aforesaid sum of Ten Million Dollars shall be divided by my Trustee into two equal sums or moieties of Five Million Dollars, of which one moiety shall be placed to the account of Legal Expenses, and the interest thereof accruing yearly shall be expended, so far as may be needful, in ensuring the due and faithful carrying out of my intentions:

(4) To which end I direct that all costs and charges of any action whatsoever, by whomsoever brought, in furtherance of my intentions, or purporting to be so, shall be defrayed by my said Trustee out of the fund or moiety above set aside for the purpose; unless the Court before which any such action shall be brought shall pronounce the same to be frivolous or dishonest:

(5) If the said interest arising from the said moiety of Five Million Dollars shall be insufficient in any one year to defray the expenses of such actions as hereinbefore authorized, then I authorize and require my said Trustee to discharge the same out of the principal of the said moiety; And if in any year there shall be a surplus from the said interest after defraying such legal expenses, then I direct that it shall be added to the capital fund of the other or second moiety of Five Million Dollars:

(6) And as regards the second sum or moiety of Five Million Dollars, I direct my said Trustee to hold the same in trust for the use and benefit of the class hereinbefore described as helpers of humanity, and to distribute the interest yearly arising therefrom to members of the said class according to the following method;

> (a) Each and every person, whether a citizen of the United States or no, who is in need of money to assist him in work which he deems is for the benefit of humanity, may, and is hereby invited and requested to, send in an application to my said Trustee for such assistance, accompanied by such evidence as he shall have at command, and deem it advisable to adduce, and by such testimonials

as he may be in a position to obtain, provided always that such application, evidence and testimonials shall be written or translated into the language in use in the United States;

(b) And my Trustee aforesaid, by himself or by any person or persons whom he may appoint for the purpose, shall consider all such applications, and shall grant them in order of merit according to the best of his or their judgment, out of the yearly interest accruing in respect of the said second moiety, until the same shall be exhausted;

(c) And if any such applicant shall be of opinion that his application ought to have received more favorable consideration (whether because it has been refused altogether, or the sum awarded is less than was applied for), he shall be at liberty to bring an action against my said Trustee in any Court of the United States having jurisdiction in testamentary causes, claiming the amount he shall deem due to him under this my Will, And my Trustee shall, and is hereby required and authorized to, defend the same as a friendly action, And if the Court shall, by its verdict, decide that the plaintiff is entitled to the amount claimed, or any portion of it, then my said Trustee shall forthwith pay to the plaintiff the amount awarded to him;

(d) And if the said amount awarded, or any such amounts, shall exceed the total of the interest accruing in respect of the aforesaid second moiety of Five Million Dollars, then I authorize and direct my said Trustee to pay the same out of the capital of the said moiety, being persuaded that any loss thereby arising will be made good hereafter by further bequests of a similar character to this, or as hereinafter provided for:

(7) Provided always that any and every such sum awarded or adjudged to any such applicant or plaintiff shall be deemed to be in the nature of a loan, repayable with compound interest at five per cent. per annum, subject as follows;

That the recipient of such grant by way of loan shall be shown to the satisfaction of my said Trustee to have acquired by means of

the work or works in respect of which he received such loan, or in the pursuit of the same calling, as inventor, artist, man of letters or whatever else, such profits or emoluments as to enable him to repay such loan without hardship;

And in the event of a disagreement between my Trustee and such beneficiary on the question of such repayments, my Trustee may and shall bring action against such beneficiary in the same Court which adjudged the sum claimed as aforesaid, or in case of a grant by the Trustee himself, or by the person or persons appointed by him for the purpose, then the action shall be brought and decided in the District Court of Columbia:

(8) And every person applying for or accepting any sum under the provisions of this my Will shall be deemed to accept the jurisdiction of the Courts herein specified, and to waive any right to object to the same on the ground of domicile or nationality:

(9) Provided further that in the case of any patentee or owner of copyright, whether literary, musical, artistic or otherwise, who has received any benefit under this Will, dying without having repaid the same, all patent rights, copyrights or other property of which he may die possessed shall upon his death become vested in my said Trustee as first mortgagee, on these conditions following;

(a) If my Trustee, or any Court of the United States having jurisdiction as aforesaid, shall be of the opinion that the next of kin or legatees of the said beneficiary are insufficiently provided for, having regard to their claims on him, and the value of his services to humanity, my said Trustee shall be bound to renounce his rights aforesaid in their favor;

(b) And otherwise if the proceeds of such rights shall at any time thereafter prove sufficient to repay such original loan with interest as aforesaid, or failing that, if my Trustee or such Court as aforesaid shall be of opinion that the property of the deceased ought to be released from this charge upon it, then in such case, or at any time in the discretion of my said Trustee, all and every such claim or lien may be, or shall be, abandoned and renounced in favor of such next of kin or legatees as aforesaid:

(10) And I furthermore authorize and request my said Trustee to administer this Trust to the best of his judgment always in favor of the class hereinbefore designated as helpers of humanity, and especially in favor of such members of that class as are least likely to make a pecuniary profit out of their labors:

(11) I authorize my said Trustee to make reasonable rules and regulations for the carrying out of this Trust: provided always that such rules and regulations are calculated to assist the intended beneficiaries, and not to embarrass nor hinder them:

(12) In particular I recommend and request my said Trustee, if he shall delegate this work of dealing with applications under this Will to others, to empower such delegates to grant applications individually, and not by the vote of a committee:

(13) Furthermore, as it is my intention to benefit the best and highest, instead of the worst and lowest, of mankind, so it is my desire and direction to my said Trustee that he shall rather endeavor to benefit one Poe or Whitman than a multitude of second-rate individuals:

And all this I say and do in the belief that if my Will be faithfully executed I shall confer more benefit on my fellow citizens and on mankind than by the endowment of an idiot asylum or a home for strayed dogs and cats:

And inasmuch as I am advised and understand that this my Will is likely to be disputed on the ground of insanity, I have this day submitted myself to examination by two specialists in alienation, whose certificate is hereunto appended.

Signed by the within named Testator, &c.

THE MARRIAGE OF QUIDNUNC

MAURICE HEWLETT

Before I present to the curious reader the facts of a case which caused so much commotion in distinguished bosoms of the late "eighties," I think it well to give a little private testimony of my own. It is proper also that I should say that, while I have a strong conviction as to the identity of the person known to all London as Quidnunc, I shall do no more than express it. I shall neither defend nor extenuate; if I throw it out at all it will be as a hint to the judicious, or a clue, if you like, to those who are groping a way out of the labyrinths of Being. To me, two things are especially absurd: one is that the trousered, or skirted, forms we eat with, walk with, or pass unheeded, are all the population of our world; the other, that these creatures, ostensibly men or women with passions, hopes, fears, appetites like our own, are necessarily of the same nature as ourselves. If beings from another sphere should, by intention or chance, meet and mingle with us, I don't see how we could apprehend them at all except in our own mode, unless they were, so to speak, translated into our idioms. But enough of that. The year in which I first met Quidnunc, so far as my memory serves me, was 1886.

I was then a student of the law, with chambers in Gray's Inn which I daily attended; but being more interested in palæography than in modern practice, and intending to make that my particular branch of effort, I spent much of my time at the Public Record Office; indeed, a portion of every working day. The track between Raymond Buildings and Rolls Yard must have been sensibly thinned by my foot-soles; there can have been few of the frequenters of Chancery Lane, Bedford Row and the Squares of Gray's Inn, who were not known to me by sight or concerning whom I had not imagined (or discerned) circumstances invisible to their friends or themselves to account for their acts or appearances. Among these innumerable personages—portly solicitors, dashing clerks, scriveners, racing tipsters, match-sellers, postmen, young ladies of business, young ladies of pleasure, clients descending out of

broughams, clients keeping rendezvous in public-houses, and what not—Quidnunc's may well have been one; but I believe that it was in Warwick Court (that passage from Holborn into the Inn) that, quite suddenly, I first saw him, or became aware that I saw him; for being, as he was, to all appearance an ordinary telegraphic messenger, I may have passed him daily for a year without any kind of notice. But on a day in the early spring of 1886—mid-April at a guess—I came upon him in such a way as to remark him incurably. I saw before me on that morning of tender leafage, of pale sunlight and blue mist contending for the day, a strangely assorted pair proceeding slowly toward the Inn. A telegraph boy was one; by his side walked, vehemently explaining, a tall elderly solicitor. White-whiskered, drab-spatted, frock-coated, eye-glassed, silk-hatted—in every detail the trusted family lawyer: I knew the man by sight, and knew him by name and repute. He was George Lumley Fowkes, of Fowkes, Vizard and Fowkes, respectable head of a more than respectable firm; and here he was, with his hat pushed back from his dewy forehead, tiptoeing, protesting, extenuating to a slip of a lad in uniform. The positions of the odd pair were unaccountably reversed: Jack was better than his master, the deference was from the elder to the brat. The stoop of Fowkes's shoulder, the anxious angle of his head, his care to listen to the little he got—and how little that was I could not but observe; his frequent ejaculations of "God bless my soul!"; his deep concern—and the boy's unconcern, curtly expressed if expressed at all—all this was singular. So much more than singular was it to myself that it enthralled me.

They stopped at the gateway which admits you to Bedford Row to finish their colloquy. The halt was made by Fowkes, barely acquiesced in by his companion. Poor old Fowkes, what with his asthma, the mopping of his head, the flacking of his long fingers, exhibited signals of the highest distress. "I need hardly assure you, Sir—," I heard; and then, "Believe me, Sir, when I say—." He was marking time, unhappy gentleman, for with such phrases does the orator eke out his waning substance. The lad listened in a critical, staring mood, and once or twice nodded. While I was wondering how long he was going to put up with it, presently he jerked

his head back and showed Fowkes, by the look he gave him, that he had had enough of him. The old lawyer knew it for final, for he straightened his back, then his hat, touched the brim and made a formal bow. "I leave it so, Sir," he said, "I am content to leave it so"; and then, with every mark of respect, he went his way into Bedford Row. I noticed that he walked on tiptoe for some yards, and then more briskly, flapping his arms to his sides.

The boy stood thoughtful where he was, communing, by the looks of him, quite otherwhere, and I had the opportunity to consider him. He appeared to be a handsome, well-built lad of fifteen or so, big for his age, and precocious. By that I mean that his scrutiny of life was mature; that he looked capable, far beyond the warrant of his years. To have judged him by his looks would have put him at any age you please. He was ruddy of complexion, freckled, and had a square chin. His eyes were light gray, with dark lashes to them; they were startlingly light and bright for such a sunburnt face, seemed to burn in it like steady fires. It was in them that resided, that sat, as it were, enthroned, that mature, masterful expression which I never saw before or since in one so young. I have seen the eyes of children look as if they were gazing through our world into another: that's almost habitual in children. But here was one, apparently a boy, who seemed to read into our circumstances (as you or I into a well-studied book) as though they held nothing inexplicable, nothing unaccounted for. Beyond these singular two eyes of his, his smiling mouth, with its reminder of archaic statuary, was perhaps his only noticeable feature. He wore the ordinary uniform of a telegraphic messenger, which in those days was gray, with a red line down the trousers and a belt for the tunic. His boots were of the service pattern; so were his anklejacles. His hands were no cleaner than they ought to have been, his nails well-bitten back. Such was he.

Studying him closely over the top of my newspaper, by and by he fixed me with his intent, bright eyes. My heart beat quicker, but when he smiled—like the Pallas of Ægina—I smiled too. Then, without varying his expression, speaking as if to himself, he said, "Back Markover," and vanished.

There's no other word for it: he vanished. I didn't see him go;

I don't know whether he went, or where he went. At one moment he was there, speaking to me, telling me to back a racehorse; at the next moment he was not there. That's all there is to say about it. I flashed a glance through the gate into Bedford Row, another up to Raymond Buildings; I even ran to the corner which showed me the length and breadth of Field Place. He was not going any of these ways. These things are certain; and so is this also, that on my journey down Chancery Lane I did back Markover for the Afternoon Stakes to the tune of a ten-pound note.

Now for the sequel. Mere fortune (or so I suppose it) led me at four that afternoon into Bedford Row. A note had been put into my hands at the Record Office inviting me to call upon a friend whose chambers were in that quarter, and I complied with it directly my work was over. Now as I walked along the Row, thinking, like the Irishman, "of nothing at all," the boy of that morning's encounter was going into the entry of the house in which Fowkes and Vizard have their offices. I had just time to recognize him when the double knock announced his errand. I stopped immediately; he delivered a telegram, and came out. I was on the step, and whether he knew me or not, he did not look his knowledge. His eyes went through me, his smiling mouth did not smile at me. But passing me he said, "Did you back Markover?" I laughed and nodded: he went his leisurely way, and I watched him, this time almost out of sight. But while I stood so, watching, old Fowkes came bursting out of his office, tears streaming down his face, the telegram in his hand. "Where is he? Where is he?" This was addressed to me; I pointed the way. Old Fowkes saw his benefactor (as I suppose him to have been) and began to run. The lad turned round, saw him coming, waved him away, and then—disappeared. Again he had done it; but old Fowkes, in no way surprised, stood rooted to the pavement with his hands extended so far toward the mystery that I could see two or three inches of bony old wrist beyond his shirt-cuffs. After a while he turned and slowly came back to his chambers. He seemed not to see me; or he was careless whether I saw him or not. As he entered the doorway he held up the telegram, bent his head, and laid a kiss upon the pink paper.

Markover had, in fact, won the Afternoon Stakes as he liked.

Now I come to the Richborough story, which all London that is as old as I am remembers. That part of London, it may be, does not read this Magazine; or if it does will not object to the recall of a case which absorbed it in 1886-7. I am not going to be indiscreet. The lady married, and the lady left England. Moreover, naturally, I give no names; but if I did I don't see that there is anything to be ashamed of in what she was pleased to do with her hand and person. It was startling to us in those days; it might be startling in these: what was more than startling was the manner in which the thing was done. That is known to very few persons indeed.

I had seen enough upon that April day, whose events form my prelude, to give me remembrance of the handsome telegraph boy. The next time I saw him, which was at midnight in July—the place Hyde Park—I knew him at once.

I had been dining in Princes Gate with a dull company, an interminable dinner, one of those at which you eat twice as much as you intend, or desire, because there is really nothing else to do. On one side of me I had had a dowager whom I entirely failed to interest, on the other a young person who only cared to talk with her left-hand neighbor. There was a reception afterwards to which I had to stop, so that I could not make my escape till half past eleven or more. The night was very hot and it had been raining; but such air as there was was balm after the still furnace of the rooms. I decided immediately to walk to my lodging in Bryanston Street, entered the park by Princes Gate, crossed the Serpentine Bridge and took a bee-line for the Marble Arch. It was cloudy, but not at all dark. I could see all the ankle-high railings which beset the unwary passenger, and may at any moment break his legs and his nose, imperil his dignity and ruin his hat. Dimly ahead of me then, upon a broad stretch of grass I presently became aware of a concourse. There was no sound to go by, and the light afforded me no definite forms. The luminous haze was blurred; people were there, a multitude of people; I was surprised, but not alarmed. Save for an occasional wastrel of civilization, incapable of degradation and concerned only for a meal, the park is wont to be a desert at that hour; but the hum of the traffic, the flashing cab-lamps, never quite out of sight, prevent fear.

Far from being afraid, I was highly interested, and hastening my steps was soon in the outskirts of a throng.

A throng it certainly was, a large body of persons, male and female, scattered yet held together by a common interest, loitering and expectant, strangely silent, not concerned with each other, rarely in couples, with all their faces turned one way—namely, to the south-east, or (if you want precision) precisely to Hyde Park Corner. I have remarked upon the silence: that was really surprising; so also was the order observed, and what you may call decorum. There was no ribaldry, no skylarking, no shrill discord of laughter without mirth in it to break the solemnity of the gracious night. These people just stood or squatted about; if any talked together, it was in secret whispers. It is true that they were under the watch of a tall policeman; yet he too, I noticed, watched nobody, but looked steadily to the south-east, with his lantern harmless at his belt. As my eyes grew used to the gloom I observed that all ranks composed the company. I made out the shell jacket, the waist and elongated limbs of a lifeguardsman, the open bosom of an able seaman. I happened upon a young gentleman in the crush hat and Inverness of the current fashion; I made certain of women of the pavement and ladies of the boudoir, of a hospital nurse, of a Greenwich pensioner, of two flower-girls sitting on the edges of one basket, of a shoeblack (I think), of a costermonger and a nun. Others there were, and more than one or two of most categories: in a word, there was an assembly.

I accosted the policeman, who heard me civilly, but without committing himself. To my first question, What was going to happen? he carefully answered that he couldn't say; but to my second, with the irrepressible scorn of one who knows for one who wants to know, he answered more frankly, "Who are they waiting for? Why, Quidnunc. Mister Quidnunc. That's who it is. Him they call Quidnunc. So now you know." In fact, I did not know. He had told me nothing, would tell me no more, and while I stood pondering the oracle I was sensible of some common movement running through the company with a thrill, uniting them, intensifying them, drawing them together to be one people with one faith, one hope, one assurance. And then the nun, who stood near me, fell to her knees, crossed her-

self and began to pray; and not far from her a slim girl in black turned aside and covered her face with her hands. A perceptible shiver of emotion, a fluttering sigh such as steals over a pine wood toward dawn, ran through all ranks. Far to the south-east a speck of light now showed, which grew in intensity as it came swiftly nearer, and seemed presently to be a ball of vivid fire surrounded by a shroud of lit vapor. Again, as by a common consent, the crowd parted, stood ranked, with an open lane between. The oncoming flare, grown intolerably bright, now seemed to fade out as it resolved itself into a human figure. A human figure at the entry of the lane of people there undoubtedly was, a figure with so much light about him, raying (I thought) from him, that it was easy to observe his form and features. Out of the flame and radiant mist he grew, and showed himself to me in the trim shape and semblance, with the small head and alert air of a youth; and such as he was, in the belted tunic and peaked cap of a telegraph messenger, he came smoothly down the lane formed by the obsequious throng, and stood in the midst of it and looked keenly, with his cold, clear eyes and fixed and inscrutable smile, from one expectant face to another. There was no mistaking him whom all these people so eagerly awaited; he was my former wonder of Gray's Inn, the savior of old Mr. Fowkes, and my obliging tipster.

But all my former wonder paled before this my latter. For he stood here like some young Eastern King among his slaves, one hand on his hip, the other at his chin, his face expressionless, his eyes fixed, but unblinking. Meantime the crowd, which had stretched out arms to him as he came, was now seated quietly on the grass, intently waiting, watching for a sign. They sat, all these people, in a wide ring about him; he in the midst, a hand to his chin.

Whether sign was made or not, I saw none; but after some moments of pause a figure rose erect out of the ring and hobbled toward the boy. I made out an old woman, an old wreck of womanhood, a scant-haired, blue-lipped ruin of what had once been woman. I heard her snivel and sniff, and wheeze her "Lord ha' mercy," as she went by, and slippering forward on her miserable feet, hugging to her wasted sides what remnants of gown she had, stood fawning before the boy, within the sphere of light that came from him. If

he loathed, or scorned, or pitied her, he showed no sign; if he saw her at all his fixed eyes looked beyond her; if he abhorred her his nostrils did not betray him. He stood like marble and suffered what followed. It was strange. Enacting what seemed to be a proper rite, she put her shaking left hand upon his right shoulder, her right hand under his chin, as if to cup it; and then, with sniffs and wailings interspersed, came her petition to his merciful ears.

What she precisely asked of him, muttering, wheezing, whining, sniveling as she did, repeating herself—with her burthen of "O dear, O dear, O dear,"—I don't know. Her lost girl, her fine, upstanding girl, her Nance, her only one, figured in it as needing mercy. Her "Oh, Sir. I ask you kindly!" and "Oh, Sir, for this once—!" made me sick: yet he bore with her as she ran on, dribbling tears and gin in a mingled flow; he bore with her, heard her in silence, and in the end, by a look which I was not able to discover, quieted her and sent her shuffling back to her place. So soon as she was down the lifeguardsman was on his feet, a fine figure of a man. He marched unfaltering up, stiffened, saluted, and then, observing the ritual of hand to shoulder, hand to chin, spoke out his piece like the honest fellow he was; spoke it aloud and without fear, evenly and plainly. I thought that he had got it by heart, as I thought also of another person I was to hear by and by. He wanted, badly it seemed, news of his sweetheart, whom he was careful to call Miss Dixon. She had last been heard of outside the Brixton Bon Marché where she had been seen with a lady friend, talking to two "young chaps" in Volunteer uniform. They went up the Brixton Road toward Acre Lane, and Miss Dixon, at any rate, was never heard of again. It was wearing him out; he wasn't the man he had been, and had no zest for his meals. She had never written; his letters to her had come back through the "Dead Office." He thought he should go out of his mind sometimes; was afraid to shave, not knowing what he might be after with "them things." If anything could be done for him he should be thankful. Miss Dixon was very well connected, and sang in a choir. Here he stopped, saluted, turned and marched away into the night. I heard him pass a word or two to the policeman, who turned aside and blew his nose. The hospital nurse, who spoke in a feverish whisper, then a young woman

from the Piccadilly gas lamps, who cried and rocked herself about, followed; and then, to my extreme amazement, two ladies with cloaks and hoods over evening gowns—one of them a Mrs. Stanhope, well known to me. The taller and younger lady, chaperoned by my friend, I did not recognize. Her face was hidden by her hood.

I was now more than interested; it seemed to me that I was, in a sense, implicated. At any rate I felt very delicate about overhearing what was to come. It is one thing to become absorbed in a ritual the like of which, in mid-London, you can never have experienced before, but quite another thing to listen to the secret desires of a friend in whose house you may have dined within the month. However—by whatever casuistries I may have compassed it—I did remain. Let me hope, nay, let me believe of myself that if the postulant had proved to be my friend, Mrs. Shrewton Stanhope, I should either have stopped my ears or immediately retired.

But Mrs. Stanhope, I saw at once, was no more than *dame de compagnie*. She stood in mid-ring with bent head and hands clasped before her while the graceful, hooded girl approached nearer to the mysterious oracle and fulfilled the formal rites demanded of all who sought his help. Her ringed left hand was laid upon his right shoulder, her fair right hand upheld his chin. When she began to speak, which she did immediately and without a tremor, I once more imagined her having got her words by heart. It was very simple, but such as it was, said without shame. "I am very unhappy about a certain person. It is Captain Maxfield. I am engaged to him, and want to break it off. I must do that—I must indeed. If I don't I shall do a more dreadful thing. I do hope you will help me. Mrs.—my friend—was sure that you would. I do hope so. I am very unhappy." She had commanded her voice until the very end; but as she pitied herself there came a break in it. I heard her catch her breath; I thought she would fall—and so did Mrs. Stanhope, it was clear; for she went hurriedly forward and put an arm round her waist. The younger lady drooped to her shoulder; Mrs. Stanhope inclined her head to the Person—not a sign from him, mind you—and gently withdrew her charge from the ring. The pair then hurried across the park in the direction of Knightsbridge, and left me,

I may admit, consuming in the fire of curiosity and excitement which they had lit.

Petitions succeeded, of various interest, of extreme interest, really, of an intimacy so close as to take the breath away, but they seemed pale and ineffectual to me. Before all or nearly all of the waiting throng had been heard I saw uneasiness spread about it. Face turned to face, head to head; subtle but unmistakable movements indicated unrest. Then, of the suddenest, amid lifted hands and sighed forth prayers, the youthful object of so much entreaty, receiver of so many secret sorrows, seemed to fade and, without effort, to recede. I know not how else to describe his departure. He backed away, as it were, into the dark. The people were on their feet ere this. Sighs, wailings, appeals, sobs, adjurations broke the quietness of the night. Some ran stumbling after him with extended arms; most of them stayed where they were, watching him fade, hoping against hope. He emptied himself, so to speak, of light; he faded backwards, diminishing himself to a luminous haze, to a blur, to a point of light. Thus he was gone. The disappointed crept silently away, each into silence, solitude and the night, and I found myself alone with the policeman—back once more in the dreadful stoicism of London's victims.

Now, what in the name of God was all this? I asked him, and must have it. He gave me some particulars, admitting at the outset that it was a "go." "They seem to think," he said, "that they will get what they want out of him—by wire. Let him bring them a wire in the morning: that's the way of it. Anything in life from sudden death to a penn'orth of bird-seed. Death! Ah, I've heard 'em cringe to him for death, times and again. They crawl for it—must have it. Can't do it themselves, d'ye see? No, no. Let him do it—somehow. Once a week, during the season—his season, I should say, because he ain't here always, by no means—they gets about like this; and how they know where to spot him is more than I can tell you. If I knew it, I would—but I don't. Nobody knows that—and yet they do know it. Sometimes he's to be found here two weeks running; then it'll be the Regent's Park, or the Knoll in the Green Park. He's had 'em all the way to Hampstead before now—and Primrose Hill's a likely place, they tell me. Telegrams: that's

what he gives 'em—if he's got the mind. But they don't get all they want, not by no means. And some of 'em gets more than they want, by a lot." He thought, then chuckled at a rather grim instance.

"Why, there was old Jack Withers, 'blue-nosed Jack' they calls him, who works a Hammersmith bus. Did you ever hear of that? That was a good one, if you like. Now you listen. This Jack was coming up the Brompton Road on his bus—and I was on duty by the Boltons and see him coming. There was that young fellow too—him we've just had here—standing quiet by a pillar-box, reading a letter. One foot he had in the roadway, and his back to the bus. Up comes old Jack, pushing his horses, and sees the boy. Gives a great howl, like a tom-cat. 'Hi! you young frog-spawn,' he says, 'out of my road,' and startled the lad. I see him look up at Jack very steady, and keep his eye on him. I thought to myself, there's something to pay on delivery, my boy, for this here. Jack owned up to it afterwards, that he felt queer, but he forgot about it. Now, if you'll believe me, Sir, the very next morning, Jack was at London Bridge after his second journey, when up comes this boy, sauntering into the yard. Comes up to Jack and nods. 'Name of Withers?' he says. 'That's me,' says old Jack. 'Thought so,' he says. 'Telegram for you.' Jack takes it, opens it, goes all white. 'Good God,' he says, 'Good God Almighty! My wife's dead.' She'd been knocked down by a Pickford van that morning. Sure as a gun. What do you think of that for a start?

"He served Spotty Smith the fried-eel man just the very same, and lots more I could tell you about. They call him Quidnunc—Mister Quidnunc, too, and don't you forget it. There's that about him I—well, Sir, if it was to come to it that I had to lay a hand on him for something out of Queer Street I shouldn't know how to do it. Now I'm telling you a fact. I shouldn't—know—how—to—do it."

He was not, obviously, telling me a fact, but certainly he was much in earnest. I commented upon the diversity of the company, and so learned the name of my friend Mrs. Stanhope's friend. He clacked his tongue. "Bless you," he said, "I've seen better than to-night, though we did have a slap-up ladyship and all. That was Lady Emily Rich, that young thing was. Earl of Richborough's

family—Grosvenor Place. But we had a Duchess or something here one night—oh, and a Bishop another. You'd never believe the tales we hear. He's known to every night constable from Woolwich to Putney Bridge—and the company he gets about him you'd never believe. High and low—and all huddled together like so many babes in a crèche. No distinction. You saw old Mother Misery get first look in to-night? My lady waited her turn, like a good girl!" His voice sank to a whisper. "They tell me he's the only living soul—if he is a living soul—that's ever been inside the Stock Exchange, and come out tidy. He goes and comes in as he likes—quite the welcome little stranger. They all know him in Throgmorton Street. No, no. There's more in this than meets the eye, Sir. He's not like you and me. But it's no business of mine. He don't go down in my pocket-book, I can tell you. I keep out of his way—and with reason. He never did no harm to me, nor shan't if I can help it. Quidnunc! Mister Quidnunc! He might be a herald angel for all I know."

I went my ways home and to bed, but was not done with Quidnunc.

The next day, which was the first day of the Eton and Harrow Match, I read a short paragraph in the *Evening News*, headed "Painful Scene at Lord's," to the effect that a lady, lunching on Lord Richborough's drag, had fainted upon the receipt of a telegram, and would have fallen had she not been caught by the messenger—"a strongly built youth," it said—"who thus saved what might have been a serious accident." That was all, but it gave me food for thought, and a suspicion which Saturday confirmed in a sufficiently startling way. On that Saturday I went down to my club for luncheon, and was in the reading room with *The Times*, which had no reference to the "painful scene" of the evening papers, when a man came in—Tendring by name—whom I knew quite well. We exchanged greetings and sat with our newspapers, talking desultorily. A page boy brought in a telegram—for Tendring. He opened it and seemed thunderstruck. "Good Lord!" I heard him say. "Good Lord, here's trouble." I murmured sympathetically, and then he turned to me, quite beyond the range where reticence avails one. "Look here," he said, "this is a shocking

business. A man I know wires to me—from Bow Street. He's been taken for forgery—that's the charge—and wants me to bail him out." He got up as he finished and went to write his reply. I turned immediately to the page. "Is the boy waiting?" I asked. He was. I said, "Excuse me, Tendring," ran out of the room, and downstairs. There in the hall, as I had expected, stood my inscrutable, steady-eyed, smiling oracle of the night. I stood, meeting his look as best I might. He showed no recognition of me whatsoever. Then, as I stood there, Tendring came down. "Call me a cab," he told the hall-porter; and to Quidnunc he said, "There's no answer. I'm going at once." Quidnunc went away.

Now Tendring's friend, I learned by the evening paper, was one Captain Maxfield of the Royal Engineers. He was committed for trial, bail refused. I may add that he got seven years.

So much for Captain Maxfield! But much more for Lady Emily Rich, of whose fate I have now to tell. My friend Mrs. Shrewton Stanhope was very reserved, would tell me nothing, even when I roundly said that I had fancied to see her in the park one evening. She had the hardihood to meet my eyes with a blank denial, and very plainly there was nothing to be learned from her. A visit, many visits to the London parks at the hour between eleven and midnight taught me no more; but being by now thoroughly interested in the affairs of Lady Emily Rich, I made it my business to get a glimpse of her. She was, it seemed, the only unmarried daughter of the large Richborough family, which had done so well in that sex and so badly in the other that there was not only no son, but no male heir to the title. That, indeed, expired with Lady Emily's father. I don't really know how many daughters there were, or were not. Most of them married prosperously. One of them became a Roman princess, one married Walker, the American stock jobber (with a couple of millions of money), another was Baroness de Grass—De Grass being a Jew; one became an Anglican nun, to the dismay of her family. Lady Emily, whose engagement to the wretched Maxfield was so dramatically terminated, was, I think, the youngest of them. I saw her one night toward the end of the season, at the Opera. Tendring, who was with me, pointed her out in a box. She was dressed in black and looked very scared. She hardly moved once throughout

the evening, and when people spoke to her seemed not to hear. She was certainly a very pretty girl. It may have been my fancy, or it may not, but I could have sworn to the corner of a pinky-brown envelope sticking out of the bosom of her dress. I don't think I was mistaken; I had a good look through the glasses. She touched it shortly afterwards, and poked it down. At the end I saw her come out. A tall girl, rather thin; very pretty certainly, but far from well. Her eyes haunted me; they had what is called a hag-ridden look. And yet, thought I, she had got her desire of Quidnunc. Ah, but had she? Hear the end of the tale.

I say that I saw her come out: that's not quite true. I saw her come down the staircase and stand with her party in the crowded lobby. She stood in it, but not of it; for her vague and shadowed eyes sought otherwhere than in those of the neat-haired young man who was chattering in front of her. She scanned, rather, the throng of people anxiously and guardedly at once, as if she were looking for somebody, and must not be seen to look. As time wore on, and the carriage delayed, her nervousness increased. She seemed to get paler, she shut her eyes once or twice as though to relieve the strain which watching and waiting put upon them; and then, quite suddenly, I saw that she had found what she expected; I saw that her empty eyes were now filled; that they held something without which they might have faded out. In a word, I saw her look fixedly, fiercely and certainly at something beyond the lobby. Following the direction she gave me, I looked also. There, assuredly, in the portico, square, smiling and assured of his will, I saw Quidnunc stand, and his light eyes upon hers. For quite a space of time, such as that in which you might count fifteen deliberately, those two looked at each other. Messages, I am sure, sped to and fro between them. His seemed to say, "Come, I have answered you. Now do you answer me." Hers cried her hurt: "Ah, but what can I do?" His, with their cool mastery of time and occasion, "You must do as I bid you. There's no other way." Hers pleaded, "Give me time," and his told her sternly, "I am master of time." The throng of waiting people began to surge toward the door; out there in the night link-boys yelled great names. I heard "Lord Richborough's carriage," and saw Lady Emily clap her hand to her side. I saw her reach the

portico and stand there hastily covering her head with a black scarf; I saw her sway alone there, I saw her party go down the steps. The next moment Quidnunc flashed to her side. He said nothing, he did not touch her. He simply looked at her—intently smiling, self-possessed, a master. Her face was averted; I could see her tremble; she bowed her head. Another carriage was announced—the Richborough coach, then, was gone. I saw Quidnunc now put his hand upon her arm; she turned him her face, a faint and tender smile, very beautiful and touching, met his own. He drew her with him out of the press and into the humming dark. London never saw her again.

I don't attempt to explain what is to me inexplicable. Was my policeman right when he called Quidnunc a herald angel? Is there any substance behind the surmise that the Ancient Gods still sway the souls and bodies of men? Was Quidnunc, that swift, remorseless, smiling messenger, the great God Hermes of the winged feet? Who can answer these things? All I have to tell you by way of an Epilogue is this. A curate of my acquaintance, a curate of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, some few years after these events, took his holiday in Greece. He went out as one of a tourist party, but having more time at his disposal than was contemplated by the contracting agency, he stayed on, chartered a dragoman, and wandered far and wide. On his return he told me that he had seen Lady Emily Rich at Megalopolis in Arcadia; and that he had spoken to her. He had seen her sitting on the doorstep of a one-storeyed white house, spinning flax. She wore the costume of the peasantry, which he told me is very picturesque. A couple of half-naked children tumbled about her. They were beautiful as angels, he said, with curly golden hair and extremely light eyes. He noticed that particularly, and recurred to it more than once. Now Lady Emily was a dark girl, with eyes so deeply blue as to be almost black.

My friend spoke to her, he said. He had seen that she recognized him; in fact, she bowed to him. He felt that he could not disregard that. Mere commonplaces were exchanged. She told him that her husband was away on a journey. She fancied that he had been in England; but she explained half laughingly that she knew very little about his affairs, and was quite content to leave

them to him. She had her children to look after. My friend was surprised that she asked no questions of England or family matters; but, in the circumstances, he added, he hardly liked to refer to them. She served him with bread and wine before he left her. All he could say was that she appeared to be perfectly happy.

It is odd, and perhaps it is no more than odd, that there was a famous temple of Hermes in Megalopolis in former times. Pindar, I believe, acclaims it in one of his Epinician Odes; but I have not been able to verify the reference.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON: DEFENDER OF THE DISCARDED

It is never too late to mend, but it is very often far too late to break — especially when one is dealing with the reputation of a supremely successful journalist. This is more or less as it should be, for the fact that a man's work succeeds is not always a reliable evidence of its failure. But neither does it follow that because one has succeeded he has met with genuine success, and no successful man has failed more lamentably at certain points than Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Yet in spite of his failures (and of his success) many things can be said in his favor. His critical works have been justly and, on the whole, adequately praised as masterpieces of suggestive writing, seductive in style and replete with varied and spectacular allusions. That they are only at moments constructive (in the sense of flashing before us living characters) is more than compensated for by their splendor of insinuation. Chesterton was as certain to fail in presenting a complete and inevitable Shaw as was Shaw himself in exhibiting a true and virile Ibsen. For just as only a very superficial man can be thoroughly conscious of his own depths, so only a man of tremendous depths is able to realize another's superficialities. Chesterton writes about Shaw as if every mood and motion in his work could be resolved upon the deepest concepts of the latter's philosophy; and Shaw would have us seriously believe that Ibsen possessed some fundamental faith to which he always bore allegiance. Every great creator is the creature of his fancy and any criticism that attempts to make genius perfectly consistent must fail to achieve its aim. Chesterton's own greatest shortcomings might be said to be results of his almost absolute consistency.

Not that his point of view has been always the same. In *The Wild Knight*, his early and only book of poems, is found a standpoint utterly dissimilar from that of anything since except, perhaps, *The Defendant*, his first volume of essays, which may be regarded as the production of a transition period. With the publication of *Heretics* his ideas begin to crystallize, and here is illustrated one of his saddest and most signal failures. For as he becomes surer of

himself, as the crystalline clearness is achieved, the hardness and just a touch of the coldness of crystal are noticeable. *The Defendant* is the best of his treatises; the *Dickens*, of his biographies; and *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* of his novels. His more recent writings are all, in the attributes which have won him distinction, inferior.

Application of Mr. Chesterton's analysis of the Irishman, who, he believes, "could see with one eye that a dream was inspiring, bewitching, or sublime, and with the other eye that after all it was only a dream," might readily be made to himself. It is because Chesterton never utterly loses himself, because his consciousness is always perfect, because his dream never for an instant seems to become his reality, that he can never meet with wide and vital acceptance. His "mind distinguishes between life and literature," and as a consequence his literature is without influence over others' lives. Mankind is swayed and steadied by the great half-thinkers whose hearts are larger than their heads. Perhaps the greatest of all Mr. Chesterton's faults is the domination of his mind. Inspiration and self-consciousness are impossible bed-fellows.

But self-consciousness, far from being opposed, is surely essential to the gentle art of making epigrams. Chesterton tells us that Shaw's wit "is never a weakness; therefore it is never a sense of humor." This characteristic is the very essence of cleverness, that twentieth century development, mothered by Oscar Wilde, in which Chesterton himself abounds. Cleverness is always fundamentally serious; it has always a conscious end. Cleverness is not the external exhibition of a mood; it is intellectually created to produce a mood. This is what serves to differentiate it finally from either wit or humor.

Both of these latter may be, indeed generally are, a matter of natural instinct. Seldom can they be consciously developed. They burst full-blown, from a page of serious writing, or leap, triumphant and irresistible, into an unwelcoming discourse. Cleverness, on the other hand, is almost altogether a matter of development, of careful and tireless training, the product of watchful nurture. It depends for its very being upon absolute and unwavering self-consciousness. To be clever one must always be intellectually on the spot. To drift

into the realm of contemplation is fatal; to dream is to sign the death-warrant of clever writing or conversation. Cleverness, therefore, can never partake of either the depths of thought or the heights of inspiration. This is the quality of which Chesterton is the greatest protagonist, and one of the most effective employers, in the world. From this aspect, his work is important, but imperfect; we hear the clanging of his mental machinery on almost every page. Were the product perfect, there would be a running ripple of laughter from beginning to end.

Realizing cleverness to be a conscious accomplishment, we naturally tend to expect some ulterior motive for which it exists. As employed by Shaw it persuades an unusually large public to accept for consideration a very serious thinker who, without it, would be restricted to the attention of the few. In the work of this writer we find a complete and consistent point of view toward everything in the world, and out of it. It is of the first importance to determine whether any such standpoint can be found in the work of Mr. Chesterton.

The writer had the good fortune to see one or two reviews of *The Ball and the Cross* before beginning the present work. One, which appeared in *The Book News Monthly* (Philadelphia, Pa.), will serve as an illuminating example.

"Of course this is much more than a novel"; says the confident reviewer; "and while we are infinitely amused over the adventures of Mr. Chesterton's characters, at the same time we are aware that the author means to drive home some telling truths in regard to our ideals and practices."

This is exactly what critics are always saying about Mr. Chesterton. They invariably assure us of the depth of meaning underlying his frivolity. What this is, they make not the slightest pretence to tell us. By nature the solemn critic feels it incumbent upon him to apologize for cleverness by reference to some fundamental philosophy. In the case of Mr. Chesterton no commentator (with the exception of his anonymous biographer) has made even the slightest effort to investigate his concepts, and when we turn to the writings themselves we find that he has made his ideas far from evident.

One seemingly consistent point of view we do find in all his recent work. This, as has been said, was not in the least apparent in *The Wild Knight*, but it appears more or less in everything else up to *Heretics*, and very positively in everything since. This is the spirit of reaction, reaction against everything that is new or modern or "progressive"—he defines the word somewhere to include all those who believe in the possibility of mankind attaining genuine happiness through the spread of education and reform—but to nothing very definite or particular. He evinces, indeed, a leaning toward Catholicism, but his standpoint is scarcely that of a Catholic. "Back to religion!" cries Chesterton, quite unaffectedly, and with great gusto, not for any especial reason, not because it is true, but because religion and humility are good for soul and body. Believe in God, because this will make you fat. Omit modernity from your intellectual diet and you will remain untroubled by mental indigestion. "If Christianity makes a man happy while his legs are being eaten by a lion," he speculates, "might it not make me happy while my legs are still attached to me and walking down the street?" This is as close to Mr. Chesterton's spiritual standpoint as he has permitted us to come. In the same way, he has written many anti-liberal manifestoes, yet his patrio-bellum beliefs bear no relation to the creed of either the Socialist or the Tory.

Is he, then, what he is continually proclaiming himself, an original and constructive philosopher? In the preface to *Heretics* (and in half-a-dozen places besides) he declares: "The most practical and important thing about a man is still his view of the universe." Apparently he either regards the possession of a view as far more essential than the expression of it, or else he considers the declaration that the universe is good or the universe is bad as a fair philosophic statement. To believe that everything is going right, or everything is going wrong, that things have been better than they are, or are bound to be so in the long run—this, if we may judge from the writings of G. K. Chesterton, is to be a philosopher. Any fundamental relation between ideas, any genuine system such as can be traced in the work of any of those whom mistaken mankind has in the past regarded as philosophers, seems, so far as can be seen, entirely superfluous to this thinker. He contents himself with

stroking the surface of a hundred pools of thought and sending up an occasional jetty of water to an unexpected, if futile height, thus astonishing both those whose intention it is to bathe placidly and those who have come to dive to the depths. Thus he places himself irrevocably among the clever critics and illuminating littérateurs, and compels all equitable judgment of his work to be based upon its immediate artistic or utilitarian value.

A hasty examination of any hundred of the disconnected, unrelated commonplaces which he has so successfully phrased, must prove convincingly that Chesterton is no philosopher. As an artist in journalism his now incisive, and now buffeting style, and his pugnacious and dominating method, are, of course, admirable. As a moralist, his single interesting contribution is his violent and (recently) consistent opposition to progress (as defined above) in all its manifestations. This viewpoint, whatever may have been his original reasons for its adoption, seems to have become really his own, and it has brought him the firm and genuine support of absolutely no one who really knows what it is. That mankind is moving forward to the sound of mighty, ever more inspiring music, is an almost undoubted fact. The arguments seem too conclusive to meet with rejection by anyone less determined to be different than G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Chesterton hails Plato as the most Shawesque of all men, and sees therefore no advance since his time. But there are a million men closer to Plato in the world to-day than were a thousand in his lifetime. Mankind has not risen to the spirituality of Jesus, but it cannot be doubted that it is nearer to it to-day than ever. He, like every constructive radical, believed in man rather than men. He found himself surrounded by Scribes and Pharisees, but he saw beyond, behind the shadow of the centuries, a race that would be noble and pure and true. This very attitude in "progressives" to-day gives birth to Chesterton's chief criticism of them. He is that most perfect example of narrow-sightedness, the mystic who attempts to glorify the obviously unsatisfactory past. He imagines himself (and us) confronted by but one choice: that between the mysticism of religion and the materialism of science — failing to realize that the belief in "progress" is the most mystic of all

religions, quite aside from its appeal to reason. But then, the retention of the reasoning faculty restrains one's pleasure in reading Chesterton. It is possible to see too clearly. As has been said of Nietzsche, Chesterton understood is less suggestive to thinking than Chesterton misunderstood. To be appreciated, this Rock of Gibraltar against Radicalism must be seen through Mediterranean mists.

Nothing in life or conduct or in human development or in art or science appeals to Chesterton as really worthy of excitement. His fervor is devoted to a defence of the obvious—and the obvious is very seldom the true. His fear is for the failure of the unimportant —from the standpoint of most of mankind. Thinking humanity has become engrossed in what it regards as its real problems—the problems of its regeneration. Mr. Chesterton achieves originality by ignoring these and assuring us of the extraordinary importance of the simple acts of life: eating, drinking, fighting and marrying; and of the farthest and most futile flights of thinking: the thought of why life exists, of what follows death, of what or who is master over these experiences. In a word, he devotes himself to the glorification of two factors in experience; those things which men do naturally, without thought, and those things which they do naturally without. "I cannot understand the people who take literature seriously," he says in *All Things Considered.* He might have extended his remark to thinkers in every other department of activity.

Mankind has become temporarily passionate for sensationalism. Our journals have satiated us with a certain sort; to be effective to-day one must discover new subjects to sensationalize. Chesterton has accomplished this, not only by forcing his way further into the fantastic, but also by returning to the obvious, and therefore most neglected realms.

Mr. McCabe and others have contended weightily against the Chesterton method, claiming that serious thoughts ought not to be exposed except in solemn raiment; still others, scenting an antagonism to their progressive notions, have violently attacked his "theories." We cannot for a moment lend our support to either objection, our contention being simply and solely that in a thor-

oughly charming and adequate way, Mr. Chesterton gives us (in a philosophical sense) absolutely no theories at all.

He is unquestionably preëminent in his particular field. As an ethical connoisseur of suggestive and thought-provoking power, he is second only to Shaw in present-day England. One man will read his writings with a continually mounting desire to answer back, another with a passion to imitate; it is possible a unique third may be moved to equally passionate agreement. He provokes scorn and hatred, love and envy; but always thought, and almost always pleasure. These are the characteristics of a clever, but not of a great writer. He always wounds or delights the mind, but never the heart. He moves one intellectually, but never emotionally or spiritually: and this is the first essential of the authentic artist. Chesterton may tell us that emotion is the only valid guide, but we believe it or not as we please; he does not make us *feel* that it is so. In this, he again differs radically from Shaw, who, not strictly a philosopher (though he possesses a singularly complete and well-defended standpoint) is, even in his criticism, a superb creative artist.

In Shaw, constrained as he has forced himself to be, we feel the surge of almost overmastering desires, we see the supernal light of utterly unrealizable, and therefore supremely valuable, ideals. In Chesterton we are blinded by a burst of splendid sparks; we are never burned by the fires that should generate them.

No one can contend that it is harder to be serious than to be clever. It is more difficult even to be clever than to be humorous or witty. The question is chiefly whether it is more worth while to produce a number of volumes of somewhat labored cleverness, lit with an occasional beam of witticism or whimsy, than it is to furnish the world with a bit of actualized soul, a creation brilliant with the superbly vital and yet superhuman flame of inspiration. The former is what Chesterton has done; the latter is literature. The former momentarily delights a large number of people, just as an effective and original cartoon of our political situation does; the latter quickens the blood and starts a divine passion in the brain of certain men and women as long as life lasts upon earth.

Now it is in the creative efforts of a writer rather than in his

criticism or biographies that we look for those elusive elements which so impress the human spirit with their fundamentality and permanence that we characterize that in which they are contained as literature. In the novels of Mr. Chesterton, if anywhere, we should expect to find the most complete and perfect expression of his ideas, for in them he has given us absolutely nothing else.

In neither *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* nor *The Man who was Thursday*, nor in his recent book, *The Ball and the Cross*, can he possibly pretend to the drawing of a single character. Their pages are populated with name-bearing progeny whose conversation is very edifying and enjoyable. It would be too much, however, to expect us to regard these cleverly constructed mimes as people. They are wonderfully simple organisms. Intellectually, each is infatuated with some single notion; and physically, but for the antics we are told of their performing, we could be quite sure they did not exist. Each of the books is furnished with a dozen marionettes expressly built for the purpose of tossing ideas at the places where (were they men and women) their brains might be supposed to be.

In plot, the volumes are ingenious beyond brief description. At the opening of each we find the author inspired by a fanciful (almost imaginative) notion by means of which he gets his figures moving at lightning speed. They move so rapidly, in fact, that by the end of the third or fourth chapter they have no very particular place left to go to and are forced back to begin the fun over again. This time the journey proceeds with even greater expedition, and the bewildered reader finds himself ready for a third, then a fourth, and (if a sufficient number of pages are to be covered) for a fifth, sixth, seventh or eighth round of duplication. Finally, the originally inspired writer feels that something must be done to round up the race and so he pulls his crew into a conveniently located lunatic asylum (as in *The Ball and the Cross*) and the exhausted reader, feeling the divine appropriateness of the end at least, wonders how the maddest mortal could have supposed that because a well-organized adventure delighted him at first perusal, he should be expected to cover the identical ground in an infinite number of repetitions.

In all three of the novels we are always hearing what the characters have said and done—never what they thought or what they

were. They bounce from one pose to another, always doing something, forever talking, but never seeming to accomplish anything. In spite of the number and vivacity of their *acts*, one feels an utter lack of consistent and necessary *action*. The author seems to think it enough to make his opinionated puppets do—it makes very little difference what, or how, as long as they keep it up.

It is not so much a lack of reason as of rhythm. As manipulator, Chesterton is forced continually to recharge the rifle from which he shoots his circumstances, so that we get a rapid-fire succession of disconnected (though not dissimilar) happenings that is extremely disconcerting. The novels are not, like Meredith's, "chaos illumined by flashes of lightning," but lightning almost entirely obscured in chaotic thunder clouds. Sometimes the blinding flame escapes in a flash; never for a moment is there the life-warmth of the sunlight. It is much as if a gray mist were torn to shreds of silver by unexpected gleams. At their best, his splendor causes an ecstatic shudder to run down the spiritual spine of the reader, which forces upon him a wild but momentary joy. Such flashes burn the mind into shape for future thinking.

It is not the writer who thrusts upon us totally undreamed ideas, nor is it (as Mr. Chesterton insists) he who tells us what we have always known but never expressed, who affords us the utmost pleasure; but it is that man who suggests, as Chesterton superbly does, by an audacious epigram which antagonizes or captivates us (in the end it makes little difference which), ideas which may carry us on to hours of constructive contemplation.

All of the boldest and most personal of Chesterton's characteristics are illustrated by *The Ball and the Cross*. A brief study of the story, an examination of its participants, and an investigation of its insignificance, reveal the man at his best and worst.

Two puppets, armed with antagonistic religious views and with no possible opinions on, or connection with, anything else in the universe, but nevertheless characterized with inexplicable bad humor as Scotchmen, disagreeing about the virginity of the Virgin, determine to fight each other. Both being somewhat more (or less) than lunatics, neither for a moment imagines that any genuine solution of their problem can possibly result from their duel, but their lit-

erary creator assures us from behind the stage that duelling is the only natural, logical and necessary exercise for two men in their position to embark upon. A dozen times, under the most varied and cleverly constructed conditions, they begin their combat, each time to be interrupted by the impressive figure of a British policeman or some other solid representative of respectable society. Each time they flee and, turning, behold the head of said policeman just rising over a mound or wall which always happens to be behind them.

The caperings of these enthusiasts from one geographical position to another, along with some slight drifting from their original emotional situation, constitutes the total plot of the novel. Both the men (with such others as appear from time to time—femininity is practically excluded) are simply caustic mouthpieces of the Chestertonian entity. It makes little difference where this entity happens to lodge itself, whether in Professor Lucifer, the aeronaut, or Michael, the priest, or Turnbull, the atheist, or MacTan, the Highlander, it is utterly true to its own nature: its expression is always precisely the same.

The novel contains a possible ethical inference: that men would do better to abandon their philosophical, sociological, ethical or other controversies, and realize at once that the existence of a Deity is the only question of even the slightest importance to the race, and that to the determination of this problem every energy may be most worthily devoted. This is the only possible teaching of the book. There are, as usual, occasional successful epigrams, a number of suggestive paradoxes, perhaps even a subtly worded truth or two, but this is the sole large affirmative contribution of the volume.

In this novel, as in every other work, Chesterton shows himself as a bit of a moralist and much of a cleverist (to coin a necessary name for those who take their sense of humor seriously), but as neither a philosopher nor a creative artist.

How and where, then, must we classify him?

If we must do so, let us rank him where he naturally and logically belongs: as a clever charlatan who has captured the reading world by writing stupidity with brilliance.

What, indeed, are the great Chesterton affirmations? An approval of drink and metaphysics, of pugnacity and religion, from

the pragmatic standpoint that all are healthy. On his negative side may be placed the denial of the progress of mankind toward the most perfect society that the world has seen, and the denial of the humanitarian insistence upon Man rather than definite men. These are the fundamentals of his attitude; yet, in spite of them, he adores Shaw and worships Christ, the greatest progressive and the greatest humanitarian in History.

Whoever has something really tremendous to say, may possibly be read by some people even if he be serious; but let him have very little of any possible consequence to say and yet utter it gloriously, and the public falls prostrate at his feet. Notwithstanding that he has never created a character, Chesterton proved himself a good psychologist. Instead of wasting years in finding out whether he was really arriving at any ideas, he proceeded with unflinching vigor to the long and arduous, but well-recompensed, task of developing a means of satisfying the great literary demand of the day: cleverness of expression.

The labors of half a lifetime have met with adequate reward, and we find him who might, after years of striving, have expressed a few trivial additions to the fund of intellectual material mankind is heir to, roaming the fields of writing, visionless and uncreative, but abundantly and brilliantly prolific. Let us furnish this man with an unstinted measure of enthusiasm, let us be frank and fearless in our appreciation of his accomplishment, and do not let us belittle the glory of this by wrongly classifying it with the more common and less interesting work of the thinkers and the dreamers.

THE BREED OF THE CONQUERORS

HALDANE MACFALL

Now, Dominion in the world goes to the Master race.

The Master race is that which has the will and discipline to live the fullest life without debauching it, or enfeebling its strength by excess.

The lamp of the master folk is the New Thought—its soul the New Instinct—its need the number of its splendid companions.

As the race evolves, it has to increase its strength, and to grasp still newer and vaster Thoughts, reach to larger ambitions, live mightier truths, array itself in more vigorous realities. It must live a larger life; or it must fail in the strife for mastery, and fall away amongst the lesser breeds—be swept into the lesser places of the earth.

What was the truth and thereby guidance to our forefathers has won us our inheritance; but, being ours, has ceased to lead us to further goals.

You shall not find the new truth by delving in old books for it. The new truth is forever being born. See to it that we have the strength for the new truths.

The New Thought comes, pregnant with guidance toward a wondrous destiny—seeking to change the face of the world.

But just as life cannot realize itself until it take a body to itself, so Thought is wholly barren and futile until it can transmute itself into a reality by clothing itself in the human emotions.

We do not live a Thought by thinking it—it only becomes a part of life when we feel it.

The greatest thinker is of no avail unless we *live* his thought; that is to say unless we live it by personal experience, or it be transmuted into art by an artist, who, by changing the thought into an emotional statement, thereby transfers it to our senses so that we, too, feel as if we had lived it.

The professor, with dandruff on collar, can state a solemn truth that two and two make four, or that a man shall love a woman or the race perish. Yet he leaves us cold. It is when the artist by his

alchemy makes the truth a living thing that leaps into our senses, that the great Thought is quickened in our emotion, thrills the blood, nerves the will, urges to action, and sets the heart aflame—so that it becomes a beacon-light to our voyaging, a bugle-call that sends us jigging toward heaven or hell—careless of death, reckless of the eternities.

Behind us is the rotting Past; before us the Splendid Wayfaring over a wider world, through a larger experience, to knowledge of a fuller life. The New Thought leads thereto, but the New Thought is blurred and tangled in a myriad chimeras of unlivable things, and it is given us by Art to test the reality or unreality of such things.

The spirit that animated ancient Greece and Italy and Spain is departed, the breath has left the dead body. Its aim, its ideals, its attitude, its vital significance are no more. We may look back upon the loftiness of its ambitions, the splendor of its ideals, the high intention of its nobler achievement with admiration, for their art has something of immortality in these; but in its fullness and in its intimacy we shall never know it. It has passed forever. A new age has dawned—a new generation—that needs new lamps for its beacon-light, new ambitions for its forward moving, that feels differently, sees differently.

Even the sublime art of Shakespeare, already growing old to the aims of our more complicated age, will one day become an affair for the patient student, its language will pass into an unspoken tongue, its significance be torn from it only by hard effort.

The old art can never be the new. Its tongue is a foreign tongue; its utterance as the halting speech of an alien breed. To listen to it is to strain the hearing, and we but half understand; but living art leaps into our understanding. An interpreter should not need an interpreter to interpret his interpretations.

No scholarship, no drudgery of research into books of explanations can yield us the sensing of the artistic thing. Art leaps into our senses, finding a welcome home therein, creating the answering sensation—or it fails to stir and is wholly withheld from us.

Yet the achievement of the great dead is not without its inspiration and its significance. For our schooling of studentship we may

learn much, may avoid much, through the travail of their wayfaring. If we realize the spirit in which they wrought, and remember that they employed their craftsmanship to create an art that has passed, their achievement is a lamp to our feet to teach us to go and do likewise and create a craftsmanship fitting to our artistry.

But let no man think he has come to freedom and found himself, until the lessons he has learnt are put behind him, and he has discovered his own means to express his art fitly. It is not until he rises from the school of tradition that his art shall find wings upon which to soar. It is not until he has thrown off the splendid tyranny of his masters and utters the emotional statement of that which he himself has felt that he becomes himself a master.

Suddenly, almost unconsciously, if he be a creative artist, he awakes to find that he has mastered the tools of his craft, that the means whereby he utters his art, render what *he* desires—awakes to find that he needs no longer to bend his whole wits on the handling of his skill of treatment. Only then can he utter his art with fullness; only then can he burst into full song.

Most men are, in their degree, artists. All men, in their degree, are moved by art. All men are able to receive art, each according to the measure of his sensitiveness—save only such as walk in the kingdom of the mad; nay, even such must be a very nullity, sans vision, sans hearing, sans taste, sans everything. But few conquer the craftsmanship that shall enable them to give forth their sensations with such skill that others shall feel them. Fewer still survive the idolatry to that craftsmanship when won. Style never yet created a great artist; style never yet created aught but the supreme craftsman. The great artist therefore arises but seldom. Genius is rare. That is why dullards and prigs and pedants ever mistake rarity for genius.

It is when creative faculty bathes itself in the sheer joy of impressional achievement that the artist utters himself alone. Beauty of statement, ease of utterance, facility with the tools of his craft, must have become a confirmed habit. Then only does he brace himself to his sovereignty—discipline himself for high governance—when he is master of his craftsmanship, so much master that he can attune his style to the idea that he would create. It is the ecstatic

moment in which he takes the mystic sacraments of coronation. He knows that the sceptre of empire over his kingdom of the imagination is given into his hands; and, with the candor of the conqueror, he accepts it, knowing the power that is behind his throne; knowing that he is no shabby puppet wearing the mantle of his betters; knowing, too, that his life must be the keen-eyed struggle of the usurper to keep that throne. . . . The age of his crown is not a king's significance; it is in the kingship within the skull beneath it.

There is now a wondrous music in his utterance that the world has not before heard—a perfection of statement that the world has not before seen. Some magic has fallen upon the vision of the man; and his skill of hand leaps eagerly to express that vision and utter the poetic that is in him. Thenceforth his craftsmanship states emotionally every impression that he desires to express. What has rent the veil and yielded him the mysteries, he himself, maybe, could not put into precise words, mayhap does not fully realize in terms of thought; the whole significance is in that he has felt overwhelmingly, and his hand's craft has by its wizardry been enabled to utter what he has felt.

The moment has come to him when the oneness of all art has been revealed to him. He has uttered color in terms of music, music in terms of color—or words have flowed to him that are akin to color and music, and he has so wrought them that they have passed from their mere intellectual meaning and changed into that which creates sensing. He has taken words and with them created emotional utterance so that the emotion is borne in upon others and rises created in their senses.

The artist must be of the breed of the conquerors. He has to discover a new world. As must all who would reach to majesty and dominion, he has to break the ancient table of the laws.

The artist creates his art; and in the doing he creates a Style to express that art; he creates Style—style cannot create art.

Revolution! Such is ever the cry of the hide-bound. The Commonplace-Man utters the word with rounded mouth of awe. But Revolution is the Conqueror's sword; and little men may not wield it, or they perish. 'Tis the hewer of life to the master breeds.

The New Thought, which leads to man's forward moving, must ever challenge current morality as well as all current and established things that stand in the way of forward moving. And forward moving ever appears insane or blasphemous or anarchic to the mediocre. And to add to their fear, they confuse that which is virile and forward-moving, with that which is futile and fantastic in their dreams of false progression.

He who revolts before his race is ripe, must die for it. But the race, being ripe for forward mastery, will move to mastery like the Giant Youth, stepping into his heritage.

You shall mark how the Commonplace Mind leaps like a frightened thing to spit forth the nickname of Anarchy when his littlenesses are assailed. The bewildered mob leaps forth from its anarchic home and rushes forthwith to cast stones at Anarchy. But the man who is stoned or starved or assailed as Anarchist to-day is like enough to be enshrined as demigod to-morrow.

The new revelation toward the heights is ever anarchic to the Hide-bound. The giver of the new Truth looms ever anarchic to the followers of the Stale Law; for he breaks the old law and shatters it. To the form-ridden Israelites, the Mightiest of the Jews loomed anarchic; the Scribes and Pharisees assailed the Christ as Anarchist, and crucified Him for it—for indeed He was anarchist to their anarchy. To the Roman soldiery and to the Scribes and Pharisees, the Christ was the breaker of the old law, for He created the new law. Yet to this day, the preacher preaches from the same pulpit the old law, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," and the new law, "If thine enemy smite thee upon thy cheek, hold out the other"—aforetime he ordained that man should love his neighbor as himself and straightway burnt him to justify his neighborliness in desiring his salvation—so gives he forth the stale law and the new law in the same anarchic breath, and suspects no foolishness, yet is filled with a bewilderment of wonder that they who sit at his feet keep neither law.

So through the long ages the Maker of the new Truth looms ever anarchic; so every leader of our forward moving is ever assailed—in art as in all else. And the Mob, being fools or dullards, stone the maker of the new laws; and, having stoned him and be-

coming conquered by him, straightway set up his new law as a whip to scourge those that come after him who would enlarge his law and increase his revelation; so that by the time the new revelation is stale and its body turned to leather, the life gone out of it, they are using it as whips to assail the maker of the newer revelation.

Every tomfool who has written of living art of late years has bewailed Anarchy in Art or employed the like catchpenny—too dullard to see that he was but bewailing life in art, that Anarchy had naught to do with the business except that his own anarchies and confusions were being flung down.

The living artist, the revealer of living things, must reveal life to the people. He must dig his hands deep into the hearts of his fellows. It is for them alone that he may light the lamp of his genius. He is there to reveal life to them—to reveal themselves to themselves. His function is to come to mastery by supreme service. In so far as his art reveals a wider life to his fellows, in so far is he conqueror. By the measure of his failure to reveal life is the depth of his failure as artist.

The artist must open the gates to the wider life—he may be stoned for it. He may have to live in isolation to utter it. His dwelling-place for years may likely enough be the desert of neglect. His calling requires that awful and august solitude of misunderstanding during his best years even amidst the roar of the traffic of his fellowmen. But if he see the truth and utter it fearlessly, his will be a great reward.

It is God's aristocracy who are crucified.

And the appalling part of the awful sacrifice is that the revelation of the crucified is taken up by the narrow of skull and is debauched into a creed that shall be a whip to scourge the future crucified.

WOMAN: THE LINE OF PROGRESS

JULIUS CHAMBERS

"ALL careers open to all talents" should be the call to woman's independence. It is an indisputable proposition. It starts her right on her new career and will enable her to maintain her position. Believers in justice to woman assume she will ultimately secure every privilege, social and legal, possessed by man; thoughtful people expect woman to accept all responsibilities that inure to complete independence. From such a viewpoint, her future may be considered with entire frankness.

Little better than a serf from the beginning of the race until the middle of the last century, woman has been timid of walking alone,—hesitant as a young child. In some respects, she has remained a moral coward, despite splendid advancement since the period in which she was a creature to be knocked on the head and carried off as lawful prize. Woman has achieved more for herself in the past fifty years than in the thousand preceding. She has been spared initiative so long that it is rarely a trait of her character: each vigorous agitator in her behalf is handicapped by a thousand subservient, inactive members of the sex. A vast majority of women are content to remain subordinate. The indifference of well-to-do, self-satisfied woman, not in sympathetic touch with the masses of her sisterhood, is the stiffest hurdle in her race for freedom.

Man or woman without ambition is a clod of the earth. Owing to the evolutionary causes mentioned above, woman lacks ambition. Having individuality assured to her, how will she work out her destiny?

Under the new dispensation, woman must reverse herself. Dress, as ever, will proclaim the woman to the same extent that it serves to differentiate the prosperous from the unsuccessful man: but more than a Worth gown will be required to establish the claim of woman to a place in the front rank of her own sex. She must develop initiative,—she must "do things." Her mind must be developed by use: the brain of the average woman is fallow. It is not a storehouse of

knowledge, as it ought to be. Opportunity is plentiful, but incentive is wanting.

The entire problem of woman's future status revolves about the question whether she will rise to opportunity. Nine men out of every ten sincerely hope she will. She is naturally tactful,—a splendid advantage in her favor. Most men are forced to learn tact in "the college of hard knocks," but woman is born with a reasonable amount of adroitness. She is at her best in dealing with emergencies.

In such mental conditions regeneration overtakes her.

A necessary corollary of woman's independence is that she must be capable of self-support. No matter how circumstanced as to wealth, the new woman cannot afford to neglect preparation for an active life. She cannot afford to align herself with the idle, useless, rich young man who attains his majority without trade or profession. If she is to take and to keep the place accorded to her, she must follow the example of the best type of young man in the rising generation among the wealthy class. Sons of multi-millionaires are to-day at work in railroad shops, steamship offices and rolling mills, preparing for their administrative heritages of capital and responsibility. The only son of a man worth sixty millions is working ten hours daily at a coke furnace. Miss Helen Gould, an admirable example of progressive womanhood, has completed a course in law for guidance in the management of her own estate.

The woman of the future will safeguard her own interests. She will have a mind above the latest novelty in "Bridge," or the choicest morsel of gossip. Whatever she undertakes to learn, she will thoroughly master. She must not be content to be compared with the average man, who is less clever than she, but must aspire to rivalry with the brilliant, highly educated members of the other sex. Mrs. Asquith in England, Madame Adam in France, and Mrs. Mackay in the United States are standards by which she will be judged.

Unless the human race is to die out, woman cannot avoid her original sphere of motherhood; but the relation of husband and wife will undergo a pronounced change. Some women are born to be mothers. Maternity is a splendid calling, but it is an exacting one.

Only the best type of woman is fit for motherhood. Not only should a mother be a practical nurse and wise disciplinarian, but she should possess a fine mind to keep in touch with the budding intelligence of her children.

Woman is a Platonist. The basis of that philosophy is intuitionalism, as opposed to experientalism. Experience rarely comes to her aid until she has run the gamut of her intuitional emotions. She seldom profits by experience. Intuition of woman is admitted by every man of experience. When she relies wholly upon this strange knowledge from within, derived from sense perception of rational apprehension, she is generally right in an estimate of character or a solution of a perplexing tactical situation. This remarkable possession of woman gives to her an immense advantage over man. She must make the most of it. When she enters the field of finance as an active competitor with man, she will be influenced and guided by this seventh sense that equalizes the contest.

The woman of the future will not believe in Platonic love: but sex equality will sound the knell of romance regarding "the hunter and the hunted." Woman will claim the right to seek and to choose her mate. The effects of the changed status of woman upon the marriage relation will be radical. Marriage being a civil contract, the tendency will be to render it defeasible by a condition precedent, like a mortgage,—another form of contract between two persons based upon a consideration. "Love and affection" will assume a legal phase they do not now possess. A woman of high legal attainments, wife of a lawyer-millionaire, has boldly declared for the condition precedent in marriage contracts, namely, a pre-nuptial stipulation that the union shall be dissolved by mutual consent at the end of six months or a year, if the parties to the contract are unhappily mated. Mrs. Parsons used the term, "trial marriage," which is not a happy one, but she repels any suggestion of "free love" in her strictly legal view of the marriage problem. If this view of marriage be accepted, the time will soon come when only the civil contract can be maintained in a court of law; if Mrs. Parsons' plan be adopted, the divorce court will cease to exist, because the contract can be abrogated by mutual agreement. The *visé* of a judge will not be necessary. Naturally, a suit for breach of promise to marry

will not be entertained unless such a contract is under seal, and witnessed.

If marriage ceases to be recognized as a religious ceremony and develops into a purely civil contract, the "consideration" becomes a vital factor in the obligation. Then we shall have the English pre-nuptial dowry agreement, now repugnant to the American mind. The ability of a prospective husband to support a wife will be enquired into, as will be the financial status of the would-be bride. When a couple applies for a license to wed, they will be interrogated as to their ability to found a home. "Fly by night" marriages will be discountenanced. The marriageable age will probably be advanced to thirty for man and twenty-five for woman.

The divorced woman will scorn to live upon alimony; she will insist upon an equal division of the family property, and, be it much or little, will sustain herself. To-day, she regards the world as her enemy and vents upon it the spleen she would have wished to expend upon the husband of whom she is rid. A woman whose character has been saved by a generous husband out of regard for his children carries vindictiveness to the extreme limit. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," said the dramatist, and he might have added "or, a woman divorced." To change those conditions, modification of existing laws regarding alimony must follow. Present conditions are intolerable to both parties. The scandal of a divorced woman drawing alimony from a first husband after she has remarried, is debasing to her sex. And yet, this shameless spectacle is sustained by courts of justice. Except provision made for the children of the union, the woman of the future will scorn alimony. Her equitable rights in the family property will be adjusted in a manner less humiliating to her.

Divorce will become less common, due to the fact that the new woman will demand that man lead a more moral life. Two codes of morals exist at present, one for man, another for woman. This condition is no longer tolerable. Stern fathers have been known to turn daughters into the streets for violations of morality they would humorously condone in their sons. One immediate result of woman's equality will be an elevation of man's moral code. He will have a higher estimate of his obligations to society. A dissolute, immoral

man will not presume to wed a woman superior to him in morals and self-respect. Owing to woman's ability to provide for herself, such *mésalliances* will not occur.

"Liberty, equality, fraternity" will become the motto of the emancipated woman. The first evidence of her "liberty" must be to assume an attitude of individual responsibility. When she contracts debts for herself, she will attend to their payment. If she be logical and just, she cannot, as a self-respecting member of the race, permit another person to pay her debts. Husband and wife no longer being "one," she will hesitate about contracting exorbitant obligations that may render her liable to examination in supplementary proceedings. Common law and statutory enactments making a husband responsible for the torts and debts of a wife will be abolished: the woman of to-morrow will not submit to such laws.

The right of dower, a common-law claim of a wife to one-third of the real estate of her husband, will be increased to a one-half interest in all the family possessions. The marriage relation will eventually have the legal aspects of a partnership, whereas her dower right is now inchoate during her husband's life and depends upon her survival of his death. She has something that is of no marketable value during her husband's lifetime. In the absence of a will, she formerly had only "a widow's quarantine" of forty days in the chief house upon the property of the deceased. Statutory enactment in some states has abrogated those common-law conditions, but nowhere is the solemn declaration of the bridegroom at the marriage service, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," of legal effect. Its use is as meaningless to the wife as is that of the word "obey" to the husband.

Women capable of self-support will make better wives, because they will comprehend the meaning of "the struggle" to hard-working husbands. In the past, many girls have been trained by reputable mothers to rely upon "the weapons of their own ruse." Doctrines of some respectable married women regarding the extortion of money from husbands are not a whit more honest than those of the courtesan. Man is a "mark" for indulgence in any imaginable extravagance. Money may be wheedled from him by cajolery. Such women are responsible for a large proportion of commercial defalcations.

The dignity of labor will be recognized even by idle, listless women who exist upon the bounty of relatives. Educated women who support themselves will cease to be regarded as failures of the marriage market. Women, in a position to choose husbands, will deliberately decide for work. They will reject the opportunity to be useless. And their chief critics will continue to be the idle members of society, speaking unkindly of the independent woman who finds pleasure in work and defends the principle of freedom for her sisters.

No necessity exists to carry this single-handed contest too far. Women should be as willing to accept the coöperation of men as they would be to associate themselves with members of their own sex. There is a vast difference between independence and misanthropy. Wise men enlist the aid of their fellows; so should ambitious women. Why should women expect to become wise all at once? Self-reliance is a thing of growth. For generations, the best people have been willing that women do the scullery work of the world, while they have denied to her the privilege of all higher classes of employment, on the plea that she is unsexed thereby.

Let us consider woman's field of future labor.

Woman is already firmly entrenched in the field of literature. There are three successful women writers to-day to each man in a similar position. She took possession of this class of work early and has maintained her preëminence without lapse. Reference is especially had to English and French literature, for she has made little progress in Germany, Russia and Italy. The future is very bright for her. Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, "George Eliot," Mrs. Browning, Frances Hodgson Burnett and Mrs. Humphry Ward are earnests of workers in literature that will follow them. England may well be proud of that list. In the United States, Edith Wharton and Gertrude Atherton may be accorded leadership, with a score of contemporaneous writers closely approaching the second class. Of these, one prefers not to be invidious by comparison.

That woman will maintain her supremacy in music goes without saying. Tenor voices are rarer than soprano and their possessors generally receive larger salaries owing to that fact alone; but the garden of song is abloom with brilliant young women who give assurance of the future. It is a fascinating wage-earning path, in

which the primroses are to be avoided if complete success is to be achieved.

The so-described "legitimate professions" of medicine, law, divinity and journalism offer alluring futures for the woman of education and courage. It is to the credit of the last named calling that women are paid exactly the same rate for their work as men! In nearly every large city of this land, women have demonstrated their capacity as writers and editors. As the field expands, they will develop even greater ability. During forty years of active life in newspaper making, I never have heard the slightest protest from a man associate against the "intrusion" of women! The American newspaper has been and will continue to be the stanchest friend of equal rights for women.

It is regrettable to say that the legal and medical professions have not extended the same welcoming hand to women. There have been several able, if not distinguished, women lawyers in this country, but so long as their own sex declines to employ them their progress must be disappointing. Men cannot be blamed for preferring the counsel of members of their sex. Some men are shy in the presence of women. One of the best American authorities on the law of real property is a woman and she has a large practice. The civil courts appear to offer the most inviting field for women lawyers, but no reason exists why they should not achieve success in criminology. Specialization may be wisest for women in this profession: although progress will be slower, it will be surer.

The profession of medicine ought to be successfully invaded by woman in time to come. As a professional nurse, she has demonstrated a superiority to man that every physician concedes. She is an angel in the sick room. Nursing is a high-class, remunerative calling and, when earnestly followed, becomes a valuable preparation for advancement, through college, to a doctor's degree in medicine. Pharmacy offers an attractive means of self-support. Pioneers are already on that trail and woman will make a place for herself in the compounding of prescriptions. Surgery may not be suitable to woman's physical conditions. In the professions, as in the trades, there are classes of labor for which she is unfitted.

The pulpit promises much for woman. With noble examples

like Mrs. Ballington Booth, one of the real evangelists of this generation, sincere Christian women can enter with confidence upon religious work. Women are naturally believers. Want of success as preachers in the past has been due to disloyalty to each other. That is rapidly disappearing, and the coming woman will command the respect in the pulpit accorded to her elsewhere. The lecture platform has attracted her; Anna E. Dickinson and Mary Elizabeth Lease have pointed the way for those that will follow.

Woman asks no favor in the world of science. Mme. Curie, by the discovery of radium, made herself the peer of any scientist on earth. She was awarded the Nobel prize. Mary Proctor, daughter of Richard A. Proctor, born in Ireland but now living in this country, is an authority on astronomy the world over. Many women are engaged in the study of bacteriology in the Agricultural Department at Washington, and several important discoveries in the warfare against parasitic enemies of plant life are due to their researches.

In trade, woman has often succeeded where men have failed. The largest shop in Paris was managed for years by Mme. Boucicault; several successful shops in London are owned by women; the Krupp sisters of Essen are sole conductors of the greatest steel plant in the world. In New York, a restaurant that recently served a public dinner to 2,500 guests is under the sole direction of a young woman. These and numerous other instances, that might be mentioned, foreshadow the capacity of woman when her equality with man is fully recognized.

A wide field for trained domestic service is open to the laboring woman. It is the best paid class of manual labor. The advanced woman will protect herself against the slothful incompetence of the present household servant. Demand so greatly exceeds the supply that employers are often compelled to pay excessive wages for unskilled labor. Industrial schools will be established for the instruction of working-women in every branch of their trade.

At this point, attention is properly called to the exceeding illiberality of the Emperor William, who recently expressed an opinion that woman should be accorded complete equality with man except in the franchise! He would concede to her the right to support her-

self, especially in a country where military service depletes the number of working men by more than a million, but he would not have her share in making laws under which she must exist. In other words, she ought to assist in supporting an idle army, but she must not have a voice in the conduct of the government. Such a proposition is illogical and untenable.

In her struggle for equality of civil rights and wages, woman has made distinct progress in the United States. In England, her methods of agitation have been of an aggressive character that savor of those followed here by Carrie Nation, a woman who stands for nobody but herself. The militant type of "suffragette" does not meet with favor in this country. Agitation takes more temperate, reasoning forms, albeit its energy and enthusiasm is equally as great as that displayed by the women of London. Already, women possess the suffrage upon equal terms with men at all elections in Wyoming, established in 1869; in Colorado, in 1893; in Utah, in 1896, and in Idaho, in 1896. Full suffrage for women was rejected by the Kansas legislature in 1909; but in that state women have voted for school directors since 1861, for municipal officers since 1887 and for taxation since 1903. Connecticut women vote for members of Boards of Education and directors of Public Libraries. Similar rights exist in twenty-nine other states. In New York, Minnesota, Montana, Iowa, Michigan and Louisiana, women with certain property qualifications are entitled to vote upon propositions for raising money by tax or assessment.

This is a significant commencement. But woman must have all her rights. Real equality is only reached in absolute equity.

The "equality" that woman demands and assuredly will attain is *equality of opportunity.* That secured, equality in wages must follow. When man first achieved liberty, under the Greek civilization, he was less fitted for its enjoyment than is the woman of today. The eighteenth century closed in a sea of blood to establish the Rights of Man: the twentieth century has opened with a peaceful revolution, not less momentous, that will end in recognition of woman's equal share in the divine principle for which the French people rose in their might.

When Emerson was asked, "What is civilization?" he answered:

"The power of good women."

THE MUSIC OF THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

HENRY L. GIDEON

As a lover of the literary and dramatic survival the tourist may rejoice in the text of the Passion Play; as a student of the psychology of crowds he may be stimulated by the assemblage at Oberammergau of representatives of every Christian nation; the connoisseur of stage pictures may revel in the artistic groupings that compose the Biblical pictures; but only an unlimited reverence, a religious devotion which condones every shortcoming, will obliterate the memory of the wretchedness of the musical performance which accompanied the Passionspiel of 1910. No intelligent tourist who possesses an iota of the critical faculty can take exception to this statement. That the villagers themselves are aware of the shortcomings of this incidental music is evident from the plea for indulgence set forth in the pamphlet issued by the director of the music of the Passion Play. These are his words: "As was the case in former times, there is no doubt that the Passion Play music of 1910 will be freely criticised. The music will certainly not please the modern critic; some will laugh at it, others will dismiss it with a short contemptuous criticism. Nowadays the good old times are out of date, sensationalism is the watchword—few care to seek for the truth which alone brings mental satisfaction. The Oberammergau Passion music in its original truthfulness and simplicity deserves for this reason recognition of its obvious merits. It speaks from the soul in straightforward melody." With these statements the writer of the article heartily agrees. The polyphony of Bach and the tone-painting of Wagner would alike be ill suited to the character of the production and the average ability of the participants. Rochus Dedler, teacher of music in Oberammergau during the first two decades of the 19th century, made no mistake when he composed this music in the style of Mozart, his near-contemporary. Directness, lucidity and singleness of purpose are qualities as indispensable in this atmosphere as they are to the liturgical music that best accompanies the church office. The managers of succes-

sive performances of the Play have wisely clung to the music of Dedler, despite the arguments in favor of supplanting it with compositions in the style of Bach, of Wagner, or of Brahms.

The performance must be regarded not as a musical production, but as an episodic Biblical drama with frequent tableaux, the thread of the narrative being maintained by a Prologue and a band of soloists and choristers. The play is divided into seventeen "acts." Each act contains one or more Biblical pictures in which men, women and children represent familiar personages. Though mute and motionless, these are clearly identified by the singing narrator. For example, weeping women are not so unusual in Old and New Testament stories but that the tableau representing the lamenting bride in the Song of Solomon might be a mere thing of beauty were it not for the kindly offices of this didactic narrator. The nucleus of the act, however, is always an incident in the life of Christ presented by the few actors on whom the success of the performance really depends. These persons speak their lines entirely, always without musical accompaniment and never bursting into song. The Christ, for instance, enters Jerusalem amid the acclamations and songs of the people, but himself responds with nothing more than an unspoken blessing. During the agony in the garden, no *leit-motif* voices his sorrow, no orchestral voice guides him to the angel. So with Judas, whose great scene—the monologue preceding suicide—is a noble bit of pure drama unspoiled by "incidental" music. Even in the emotional scene presenting the parting between the Christ and Mary at Emmaus the adapters of the spectacle have, with noble artistic restraint, resisted the temptation to introduce music. Only two moments in the procession of events are purely musical: at eight o'clock in the morning an orchestral "symphony" and choral prelude prepare the way for the events of the day, and at six in the evening the Hallelujah and Fugue proclaim the triumphant end of the story. The progress of each act is somewhat as follows: Prologue, followed by half the chorus of forty singers, enters from the left side of the foreground (near the house of Pilate), while the other half enters from the right (near the house of Annas). After the apostrophe has been spoken by the Prologue, one singer, usually the leader of the chorus, delivers the narrative. At a certain

juncture the chorus line, dividing into halves, recedes so as to form two diagonal lines with a wide opening in the centre. Here, at the parting of a curtain, the tableau is revealed. Solo or chorus assumes the function of guide, turning moralist at the closing of the curtain, or establishing the connection between the picture just presented and the situation about to follow. However superfluous these musical glosses may seem and however monotonous they may become as the reappearances of the chorus approach the twenty mark, they are at least useful as bridges to span over the waits between successive scenes upon the stage. In his Illustrated Guidebook, Ferdinand Feldigl with unconscious humor apologizes for the oft-recurring chorus in the following terms:

"Act XI.

The Chorus

appears too often and, without doubt, tires the public, but there is no break in the progress of the Play. It must be remembered also that time is won thereby for the preparation of the great scenes which follow each other so quickly."

So as not to interfere with the "action on the stage" the chorus withdraws as soon as it has done its duty. This manœuvre is repeated sixteen times during the day, so that each reëntrance of the chorus is the index to a new act.

During the summer of 1910 most of the narratives were assigned in recitative to a baritone soloist, who is called Leader of the Chorus. Though he has served in this capacity for three decades and his voice is none the fresher for his years, his interpretation is given with the authority of a patriarch. Two solo tenors shared the responsibility of most of the cantilenas, which were the melodic gems of the score. The more important of these two singers—brother to the Magdalena of the Play—displayed a fairly good voice and an unerring appreciation of the intentions of the composer. With commendable courage he scaled the dizzy heights of Dedler's tenor phrases, that seem to have been thrown off without any regard for the limitations in compass of the average human voice. These solo parts and those allotted to the soprano voice are the most troublesome feature of the performance. The choruses, on the other

hand, are usually effective, except when great demands are made on the upper voices. The attempts at such moments—and they were not infrequent—were dismal in the extreme, with the voices straining for the upper notes and the orchestra valiantly striving to supply a firm foundation. Yet, though the effort to reach high notes was painfully apparent, there was never the slightest aberration from pitch. Indeed, in the Hallelujah and Fugue which closed the day's performance, after having sung time and again in the open air exposed to a heavy downpour of rain, the chorus displayed surprising strength of tone and precision of attack.

However harshly one may criticise the character of the musical performance, this much must be said in favor of its spirit: the unconsciousness of effect and the single-hearted devotion to the whole cause that characterized the work of the players was even more apparent in the case of the singers. A contralto soloist with two distinct registers—the one encroaching upon the other—was no village maiden craving indulgence for her limitations, but the humble instrument of a spiritual message. Only this unpretentiousness saved the vocal work from utter failure. In harmony with this spirit, the singers, with the exception of the Leader of the Chorus who occupied the centre, were given equally prominent positions on the stage. In fact, it would have been impossible to detect just which person was singing, had the soloist of the moment not emphasized his utterance with a differentiating gesture. A further aid in eliminating the obtrusively personal and individual effort was the adoption of the mechanical device which has rapidly become popular since it has proved a success at the Wagner Theatre in Bayreuth. I refer to the "sunken" orchestra. So clever was the arrangement that even the director was only rarely visible to the spectators, and the players never. The small orchestra of strings and woodwinds that had served in the Festivals of 1890 and 1900 was enriched during the summer of 1910 by the addition of a brass section consisting of two trumpets, two horns and three trombones. A knowledge of the fact that none but residents of Oberammergau serve in the orchestra, and that some of these are mere boys, adds nothing to one's enjoyment of their inadequate performance of the music. If candidates for important speaking rôles repair to Munich to improve their style

under the direction of professional actors and teachers, if instructors are induced to take up their residence in Oberammergau for the purpose of training chorus and orchestra, it would surely be consistent to go a step farther and engage a handful of professional players who would ensure an adequate performance of this instrumental music. Dedler's score deserves it. A similar move would lift the vocal performance out of its present unsatisfactory state without marring the simplicity of its presentation. And yet it does seem that if simple artisans can be trained to impersonate with good artistic effect the rôles of Christ, Peter, John and the two Marys and to speak their lines so as to be heard and understood in a half-enclosed auditorium seating four thousand persons, the sisters and brothers of these same artisans can be taught from one Passion Year to another to render acceptably the solos written by a master hand.

Perhaps music is the meek and humble handmaid that comes in for latest consideration at Oberammergau. At all events, it is to be hoped that before the next Passion Year adequate preparations will be made for a musical performance worthy of the mechanical cleverness, pictorial beauty and dramatic excellence of this remarkable achievement of pious wood-carvers dwelling in the Bavarian Alps.

THE PILGRIMS OF THIBET

CALE YOUNG RICE

Down the road to Llasa,
  Himàlayan and strange,
I thought I saw them winding
  From range to lower range,
The seekers after Buddha,
  Across the ice and cold,
And from their lips the mystic phrase
  Of merit ever tolled:

'Om mane padme, hum!'
Life is but a way of lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Clothed in rags and turquoise
  And necklaces of skulls,
And shoes of yak worn furless,
  And fleece the shepherd culls,
With faces like to parchments
  Whereon alone was writ
The repetition of those words
  Of wonder infinite:

'Om mane padme, hum!'
Life is but a robe of lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Down the road ascetic
  And desert, bleak and drear,
I thought I saw them winding
  To Llasa walls more near;

Strong man and maid and mother,
  Shorn youth and sexless age,
That ever to the wind intoned
  Their one acquitting page:

'Om mane padme, hum!'
Grief is but the goal of lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Past the hermit's cavern—
  Where he alone drew breath!—
Past nunneries where silence
  Waits, acolyte of death;
Past shrines of lesser power,
  Where smiling idols wear
The bliss upon their gilded lips
  Of the all-granting prayer.

'Om mane padme, hum!'
Leave the life of flesh and lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Down the road—and down it,
  I saw them, lama-led,
'Mid holy lakes and mountains
  And monasteries fed
With endless alms—and measured
  By slow prostrations round,
And by the chanted syllables
  That sprang as from the ground:

'Om mane padme, hum!'
Life is but the lair of lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Then at last to Llasa
  They reach—I see them yet!—
And touch the gods on altars
  Above all others set.
Monk, man and maid and mother,
  Upon the Wheel of Things
From which escape shall come alone
  To him who ceaseless sings:

'Om mane padme, hum!'
End the life of greed and lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI

H. G. WELLS

CHAPTER THE THIRD

MARGARET IN VENICE

I

There comes into my mind a confused memory of conversations with Margaret; we must have had dozens altogether, and they mix in now for the most part inextricably not only with one another but with later talks and with things we discussed at Pangbourne. We had the immensest anticipations of the years and opportunities that lay before us. I was now very deeply in love with her indeed. I felt not that I had cleaned up my life but that she had. We called each other "confederate" I remember, and made during our brief engagement a series of visits to the various legislative bodies in London, the County Council, the House of Commons, where we dined with Villiers, the St. Pancras Vestry. I was full of plans and so was she of the way in which we were to live and work. We were to pay back in public service whatever excess of wealth beyond his merits old Seddon's economic advantage had won for him from the toiling people in the potteries. The end of the Boer war was so recent that that blessed word "efficiency" echoed still in people's minds and thoughts. Lord Rosebery in a memorable oration had put it into the heads of the big outer public, but the Baileys with a certain show of justice claimed to have set it going in the channels that took it to him—if as a matter of fact it was taken to him. But then it was their habit to make claims of that sort. They certainly did their share to keep "efficient" going. Altiora's highest praise was "thoroughly efficient." We were to be a "thoroughly efficient" political couple of the "new type." She explained us to herself and Oscar, she explained us to ourselves, she explained us to the people who came to her dinners and afternoons until the world was charged with expectation and the proposal that I should be the Liberal candidate for the Kinghamstead division seemed the most natural development of our situation.

The thought of discipline dominated my mind. I was full of the ideal of hard restrained living and relentless activity, and throughout a beautiful November at Venice, where chiefly we spent our honeymoon, we turned over and over again and discussed in every aspect

our conception of a life tremendously focused upon the ideal of social service.

Most clearly there stands out a picture of ourselves talking in a gondola on our way to Torcello. Far away behind us the smoke of Murano forms a black stain upon an immense shining prospect of smooth water, water as unruffled and luminous as the sky above, a mirror on which rows of posts and distant black high-stemmed, swan-necked boats with their minutely clear swinging gondoliers, float aërially. Remote and low before us rises the little tower of our destination. Our men swing together and their oars swirl leisurely through the water, bump back in the rowlocks, splash sharply and go swishing back again. Margaret lies back on cushions, with her face shaded by a holland parasol, and I sit up beside her.

"You see," I say, and in spite of Margaret's note of perfect acquiescence I feel myself reasoning against an indefinable antagonism, "it is so easy to fall into a slack way with life. There may seem to be something priggish in a meticulous discipline, but otherwise it is so easy to slip into indolent habits—and to be distracted from one's purpose. The country, the world, wants men to serve its constructive needs, to work out and carry out plans. For a man who has to make a living the enemy is immediate necessity; for people like ourselves it's—it's the constant small opportunity of agreeable things."

"Frittering away," she says, "time and strength."

"That is what I feel. It's so pleasant to pretend one is simply modest, it looks so foolish at times to take oneself too seriously. We've *got* to take ourselves seriously."

She endorses my words with her eyes.

"I feel I can do great things with life."

"I *know* you can."

"But that's only to be done by concentrating one's life upon one main end. We have to plan our days, to make everything subserve our scheme."

"I feel," she answers softly, "we ought to give—every hour."

Her face becomes dreamy. "I *want* to give every hour," she adds.

II

That holiday in Venice is set in my memory like a little artificial lake in uneven confused country, as something very bright and sky-like, and discontinuous with all about it. The faded quality of the very sunshine of that season, the mellow discolored palaces and places, the huge, time-ripened paintings of departed splendors, the whisper-

ing, nearly noiseless passage of hearse-black gondolas, for the horrible steam launch had not yet ruined Venice, the stilled magnificences of the depopulated lagoons, the universal autumn, made me feel altogether in recess from the teeming uproars of reality. There were not a dozen people all told, no Americans and scarcely any English, to dine in the big cavern of a dining room, with its vistas of separate tables, its distempered walls and its swathed chandeliers. We went about seeing beautiful things, accepting beauty on every hand, and taking it for granted that all was well with ourselves and the world. It was ten days or a fortnight before I became fretful and anxious for action; a long tranquillity for such a temperament as mine.

Our pleasures were curiously impersonal, a succession of shared æsthetic appreciations threads all that time. Our honeymoon was no exultant coming together, no mutual shout of "*you!*" We were almost shy with one another, and felt the relief of even a picture to help us out. It was entirely in my conception of things that I should be very watchful not to shock or distress Margaret or press the sensuous note. Our love-making had much of the tepid smoothness of the lagoons. We talked in delicate innuendo of what should be glorious freedoms. Margaret had missed Verona and Venice in her previous Italian journey—fear of the mosquito had driven her mother across Italy to the westward route—and now she could fill up her gaps and see the Titians and Paul Veroneses she already knew in colorless photographs, the Carpaccios, (the St. George series delighted her beyond measure,) the Basaitis and that great statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni that Ruskin praised.

But since I am not a man to look at pictures and architectural effects day after day, I did watch Margaret very closely and store a thousand memories of her. I can see her now, her long body drooping a little forward, her sweet face upraised to some discovered masterpiece and shining with a delicate enthusiasm. I can hear again the soft cadences of her voice murmuring commonplace comments, for she had no gift of expressing the shapeless satisfactions these things gave her.

Margaret, I perceived, was a cultivated person, the first cultivated person with whom I had ever come into close contact. She was cultivated and moral, and I, I now realize, was never either of these things. She was passive, and I am active. She did not simply and naturally look for beauty but she had been incited to look for it at school, and took perhaps a keener interest in books and lectures and all the organization of beautiful things than she did in beauty itself; she found much of the delight in being guided to it. Now a thing ceases to be beautiful to me when some finger points me out its merits.

Beauty is the salt of life, but I take my beauty as a wild beast gets its salt, as a constituent of the meal. . . .

And besides, there was that between us that should have seemed more beautiful than any picture. . . .

So we went about Venice tracking down pictures and spiral staircases and suchlike things, and my brains were busy all the time with such things as a comparison of Venice and its nearest modern equivalent, New York, with the elaboration of schemes of action when we returned to London, with the development of a theory of Margaret.

Our marriage had done this much at least, that it had fused and destroyed those two independent ways of thinking about her that had gone on in my mind hitherto. Suddenly she had become very near to me, and a very big thing, a sort of comprehensive generalization behind a thousand questions, like the sky or England. The judgments and understandings that had worked when she was, so to speak, miles away from my life, had now to be altogether revised. Trifling things began to matter enormously, that she had a weak and easily fatigued back, for example, or that when she knitted her brows and stammered a little in talking, it didn't really mean that an exquisite significance struggled for utterance.

We visited pictures in the mornings chiefly. In the afternoon, unless we were making a day long excursion in a gondola, Margaret would rest for an hour while I prowled about in search of English newspapers, and then we would go to tea in the Piazza San Marco and watch the drift of people feeding the pigeons and going into the little doors beneath the sunlit arches and domes of Saint Mark's. Then perhaps we would stroll on the Piazzetta, or go out into the sunset in a gondola. Margaret became very interested in the shops that abound under the colonnades and decided at last to make an extensive purchase of table glass. "These things," she said, "are quite beautiful, and far cheaper than anything but the most ordinary looking English ware." I was interested in her idea, and a good deal charmed by the delightful qualities of tinted shape, slender handle and twisted stem. I suggested we should get not simply tumblers and wine glasses but bedroom waterbottles, fruit and sweet dishes, water jugs, and in the end we made quite a business-like afternoon of it.

I was beginning now to long quite definitely for events. Energy was accumulating in me, and worrying me for an outlet. I found the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* and the other papers I managed to get hold of, more and more stimulating. I nearly wrote to the former paper one day in answer to a letter by Lord Grimthorpe—I forget now upon what point. I chafed secretly against this life of tranquil appreciations more and more. I found my attitudes of

restrained and delicate affection for Margaret increasingly difficult to sustain. I surprised myself and her by little gusts of irritability, gusts like the catspaws before a gale. I was alarmed at these symptoms.

One night when Margaret had gone up to her room, I put on a light overcoat, went out into the night and prowled for a long time, through the narrow streets, smoking and thinking. I returned and went and sat on the edge of her bed to talk to her.

"Look here, Margaret," I said; "this is all very well, but I'm restless."

"Restless!" she said, with a faint surprise in her voice.

"Yes. I think I want exercise. I've got a sort of feeling—I've never had it before—as though I was getting fat."

"My dear!" she cried.

"I want to do things;—ride horses, climb mountains, take the devil out of myself."

She watched me thoughtfully.

"Couldn't we *do* something?" she said.

"Do what?"

"I don't know. Couldn't we perhaps go away from here soon—and walk in the mountains—on our way home?"

I thought. "There seems to be no exercise at all in this place."

"Isn't there some walk?"

"I wonder," I answered. "We might walk to Chioggia perhaps, along the Lido." And we tried that, but the long stretch of beach fatigued Margaret's back, and gave her blisters, and we never got beyond Malamocco. . . .

A day or so after that we went out to those pleasant black-robed, bearded Armenians in that monastery at Saint Lazzaro, and returned towards sundown. We fell into a silence. "*Piu lento*," said Margaret to the gondolier, and released my accumulated resolution.

"Let us go back to London," I said abruptly.

Margaret looked at me with surprised blue eyes.

"This is beautiful beyond measure, you know," I said, sticking to my point. "But I have work to do."

She was silent for some seconds. "I had forgotten," she said.

"So had I," I sympathized and took her hand. "Suddenly I have remembered."

She remained quite still. "There is so much to be done," I said, almost apologetically.

She looked long away from me across the lagoon and at last sighed, like one who has drunk deeply, and turned to me.

"I suppose one ought not to be so happy," she said. "Everything has been so beautiful and so simple and splendid. And clean.

It has been just With You—the time of my life. It's a pity such things must end. But the world is calling you, dear. . . . I ought not to have forgotten it. I thought you were resting—and thinking. But if you are rested— Would you like us to start tomorrow?"

She looked at once so fragile and so devoted that on the spur of the moment I relented, and we stayed in Venice four more days.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH

THE HOUSE IN WESTMINSTER

I

Margaret had already taken a little house in Radnor Square, Westminster, before our marriage, a house that seemed particularly adaptable to our needs as public-spirited efficients; it had been very pleasantly painted and papered under Margaret's instructions, white paint and clean open purples and green predominating, and now we set to work at once upon the interesting business of arranging and—with our Venetian glass as a beginning—furnishing it. We had been fairly fortunate with our wedding presents and for the most part it was open to us to choose just exactly what we would have and just precisely where we would put it.

Margaret had a sense of form and color altogether superior to mine, and so quite apart from the fact that it was her money equipped us, I stood aside from all these matters or obeyed her summons to a consultation only to endorse her judgment very readily. Until everything was settled I went every day to my old rooms in Vincent Square and worked at a series of papers that were originally intended for the *Fortnightly Review*, the papers that afterwards became my fourth book, *New Aspects of Liberalism.*

I still remember as delightful most of the circumstances of getting into 79, Radnor Square. The thin flavor of indecision about Margaret disappeared altogether in a shop; she had the precisest ideas of what she wanted, and the devices of the salesman did not sway her. It was very pleasant to find her taking things out of my hands with a certain masterfulness, and showing the distinctest determination to make a house in which I should be able to work in that great project of "doing something for the world."

"And I do want to make things pretty about us," she said. "You don't think it wrong to have things pretty?"

"I want them so."

"Altiora has things hard."

"Altiora," I answered, "takes a pride in standing ugly and uncomfortable things. But I don't see that they help her. Anyhow they won't help me."

So Margaret went to the best shops and got everything very simple and very good. She bought some pictures very well indeed; there was a little Sussex landscape full of wind and sunshine by Nicholson for my study, that hit my taste far better than if I had gone out to get some such expression for myself.

"We will buy a picture just now and then," she said, "sometimes —when we see one."

I would come back through the January mire or fog from Vincent Square to the door of number 79, and reach it at last with a quite childish appreciation of the fact that its solid Georgian proportions and its fine brass furnishings belonged to *my* home; I would use my latch key and discover Margaret in the warm-lit, spacious hall with a partially opened packing case, fatigued but happy, or go up to have tea with her out of the right tea things, "come at last," or be told to notice what was fresh there. It wasn't simply that I had never had a house before, but I had really never been except in the most transitory way in any house that was nearly so delightful as mine promised to be. Everything was fresh and bright, and softly and harmoniously toned. Downstairs we had a green dining room with gleaming silver, dark oak and English color-prints; above was a large drawing room that could be made still larger by throwing open folding doors, and it was all carefully done in grays and blues, for the most part with real Sheraton supplemented by Sheraton so skillfully imitated by an expert Margaret had discovered as to be indistinguishable except to a minute scrutiny. And for me above this and next to my bedroom there was a roomy study, with specially thick stair carpet outside and thick carpets in the bedroom overhead and a big old desk for me to sit and work between fire and window, and another desk specially made for me by that expert if I chose to stand and write, and open bookshelves and bookcases and every sort of convenient fitting. There were electric heaters beside the open fire, and everything was put for me to make tea at any time, electric kettle, infuser, biscuits and fresh butter, so that I could get up and work at any hour of the day or night. I could do no work in this apartment for a long time, I was so interested in the perfection of its arrangements. And when I brought in my books and papers from Vincent Square, Margaret seized upon all the really shabby volumes and had them re-bound in a fine official looking leather.

I can remember sitting down at that desk and looking round me and feeling with a queer effect of surprise that after all even a place

in the Cabinet, though infinitely remote, was nevertheless in the same large world with these fine and quietly expensive things.

On the same floor Margaret had a "den," a very neat and pretty den with good color prints of Botticellis and Carpaccios, and there was a third apartment for secretarial purposes should the necessity for them arise, with a severe looking desk equipped with patent files. And Margaret would come flitting into the room to me, or appear noiselessly standing, a tall gracefully drooping form, in the wide open doorway. "Is everything right, dear?" she would ask.

"Come in," I would say, "I'm sorting out papers."

She would come to the hearthrug.

"I mustn't disturb you," she would remark.

"I'm not busy yet."

"Things are getting into order. Then we must make out a time-table as the Baileys do, and *begin!*"

Altiora came in to see us once or twice, and a number of serious young wives known to Altiora called and were shown over the house and discussed its arrangements with Margaret. They were all tremendously keen on efficient arrangements. "A little pretty," said Altiora with the faintest disapproval, "still—"

It was clear she thought we should grow out of that.

From the day of our return we had found other people's houses open to us and eager for us. We went out of London for week-ends and dined out and began discussing our projects for reciprocating these hospitalities. As a single man unattached I had had a wide and miscellaneous social range, but now I found myself falling into place in a set. For a time I acquiesced in this. I went very little to my clubs, the Climax and the National Liberal, and participated in no bachelor dinners at all. For a time too I dropped out of the garrulous literary and journalistic circles I had frequented. I put up for the Reform, not so much for the use of the club as for a sign of serious and substantial political standing. I didn't go up to Cambridge I remember for nearly a year, so occupied was I with my new adjustments.

The people we found ourselves among at this time were people, to put it roughly, of the parliamentary candidate class, or people already actually placed in the political world. They ranged between very considerable wealth and such a hard bare independence as old Willersley and the sister who kept house for him possessed. There were quite a number of young couples like ourselves, a little younger and more artless or a little older and more established. Among the younger men I had a sort of distinction because of my Cambridge reputation and my writing, and because, unlike them, I was an adventurer and had won and married my way into their circles instead

of being naturally there. They couldn't quite reckon upon what I should do; they felt I had reserves of experience and incalculable traditions. Close to us were the Cramptons, Willie Crampton who has since been Postmaster General, rich and very important in Rockshire, and his younger brother Edward, who has given a new style to history. Then there was Lewis further towards Kensington, where his cousins the Solomons and the Hartsteins lived, a brilliant representative of his race, able, industrious and invariably uninspired, with a wife a little in revolt against the racial tradition of feminine servitude and inclined to the suffragette point of view, and Bunting Harblow, an old blue, and with an erratic disposition well under the control of the able little cousin he had married. I had known all these men, but now (with Altiora floating angelically in benediction) they opened their hearts to me and took me into their order. They were all like myself prospective Liberal candidates, with a feeling that the period of wandering in the wilderness of opposition was drawing near its close. They were all tremendously keen upon social and political service, and all greatly under the sway of the ideal of a simple strenuous life, a life finding its satisfaction in political achievements and distinctions. The young wives were as keen about it as the young husbands, Margaret most of all, and I—whatever elements in me didn't march with the attitudes and habits of this set were very much in the background during that time.

We would give little dinners and have evening gatherings at which everything was very simple and very good, with a slight but perceptible austerity, and there was more good fruit and flowers and less perhaps in the way of savories, patties and entrées than was customary. Sherry we banished, and Marsala and liqueurs, and there was always good home-made lemonade available. No men waited, but very expert parlormaids. Our meat was usually Welsh mutton—I don't know why unless that mountains have ever been the last refuge of the severer virtues. And we talked politics and books and ideas and Bernard Shaw (who was a department by himself and supposed to be ethically sound at bottom), and mingled ourselves with the intellectuals—I myself was as it were a promoted intellectual.

The Cramptons had a tendency to read good things aloud on their less frequented receptions, but I have never been able to participate submissively in this hyper-digestion of written matter and generally managed to provoke a disruptive debate. We were all very earnest to make the most of ourselves and to be and do, and I wonder still at times with an unassuaged perplexity how it is that in that phase of utmost earnestness I have always seemed to myself to be most remote from reality.

II

I look back now across the detaching intervention of sixteen crowded years, critically and I fancy almost impartially, to those beginnings of my married life. I try to recall in something near to their proper order the developing phases of relationship. I am struck most of all by the immense unpremeditated, generous-spirited insincerities upon which Margaret and I were building.

It seems to me that here I have to tell perhaps the commonest experience of all among married educated people, the deliberate, shy, complex effort to fill the yawning gaps in temperament as they appear, the sustained, failing attempt to bridge abysses, level barriers, evade violent pressures. I have come in these latter years of my life to believe that it is possible for a man and woman to be absolutely real with one another, to stand naked souled to each other, unashamed and unafraid, because of the natural all-glorifying love between them. It is possible to love and be loved untroubling, as a bird flies happily through the air. But it is a rare and intricate chance that brings two people within sight of that essential union, and for the majority marriage must adjust itself on other terms. Most coupled people never really look at one another. They look a little away to preconceived ideas. And each from the first days of love-making *hides* from the other, is afraid of disappointing, afraid of offending, afraid of discoveries in either sense. They build not solidly upon the rock of truth, but upon arches and pillars and queer provisional supports that are needed to make a common foundation, and below in the imprisoned darknesses, below the fine fabric they sustain together begins for each of them a cavernous hidden life. Down there things may be prowling that scarce ever peep out to consciousness except in the gray half-light of sleepless nights, passions that flash out for an instant in an angry glance and are seen no more, starved victims and beautiful dreams bricked up to die. For the most of us there is no jail delivery, and the life above goes on to its honorable end.

Modern conditions and modern ideas and in particular the intenser and subtler perceptions of modern life press more and more heavily upon a marriage tie whose fashion comes from an earlier and less discriminating time. When the wife was her husband's subordinate, meeting him simply and uncritically for simple ends, when marriage was a purely domestic relationship, leaving thought and the vivid things of life almost entirely to the unencumbered man, mental and temperamental incompatibilities mattered comparatively little. But now the wife and particularly the childless wife makes unpremeditatedly a relentless demand for a complete association, and the husband exacts unthought of delicacies of understanding and co-

öperation. People not only think more fully and elaborately about life than they ever did before, but marriage obliges us to make that evermore accidented progress a three-legged race of carelessly assorted couples. . . .

Our very mental texture was different. I was tough-minded, to use the phrase of William James, and intuitive and illogical, she was tender-minded, logical, refined and secondary. She was loyal to pledges and persons, sentimental and faithful, I am loyal to ideas and instincts, emotional and scheming. My imagination moves in bold wide gestures, hers was delicate with a real dread of extravagance. My quality is sensuous and ruled by strong warm impulses; hers was discriminating and essentially inhibitory. I am primary minded, I like the facts of the case. She abounded in reservations, in circumlocutions and evasions, in keenly appreciated secondary points. Perhaps the reader knows that Tintoretto in the National Gallery, the *Origin of the Milky Way*. It is an admirable test of temperamental quality. In spite of my early training I have come to regard that picture as altogether delightful; to Margaret it has always been "needlessly offensive." In that you have our fundamental breach. She had a habit by no means rare of damning what she did not like or find sympathetic in me on the score that it was not my "true self," and she did not so much accept the universe as select from it and do her best to ignore the rest. This is no catalogue of rights and wrongs, or superiorities and inferiorities; it is a catalogue of differences. And also I had far more initiative than she had.

This is how we stood to each other, and none of it was clear to either of us at the outset. To begin with I found myself reserving myself from her, then slowly apprehending a jarring between our minds and what seemed to me at first a queer little habit of misunderstanding in her. . . .

It did not hinder my being very fond of her. . . .

Where our system of reservation became at once most usual and most astounding was in our personal relations. It is not too much to say that in that regard we never for a moment achieved sincerity with one another during the first six years of our life together. It goes even deeper than that, for in my effort to realize the ideal of my marriage I ceased even to attempt to be sincere with myself. I would not admit my own perceptions and interpretations. I tried to fit myself to her thinner and finer determinations. There are people who will say with a note of approval that I was learning to conquer myself. I record that much without any note of approval. . . .

For some years I never deceived Margaret about any concrete fact, nor, except for the silence about my earlier life that she had almost

forced upon me, did I hide any concrete fact that seemed to affect her, but from the outset I was guilty of immense spiritual concealments, my very marriage was based I see now on a spiritual subterfuge, I hid moods from her, pretended feelings. . . .

III

The interest and excitement of setting up a house, of walking about it from room to room and from floor to floor, of sitting at one's own dinner table and watching one's wife control conversation with a pretty, timid resolution, of taking a place among the secure and free people of our world, passed almost insensibly into the interest and excitement of my parliamentary candidature for the Kinghamstead division, that shapeless chunk of agricultural midland between the Great Western and the North Western railways. I was going to "take hold" at last, the Kinghamstead division was my appointed handle. I was to find my place in the rather indistinctly sketched constructions that were implicit in the minds of all our circle. The precise place I had to fill and the precise functions I had to discharge were not as yet very clear, but all that we felt sure would become plain as things developed.

A few brief months of the vague activities of "nursing" gave place to the excitements of the contest that followed the return of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to power. So far as the Kinghamstead division was concerned it was a depressed and tepid battle. I went about the constituency making three speeches that were soon threadbare, and an odd little collection of people worked for me; two solicitors, a cheap photographer, a democratic parson, a number of dissenting ministers, the mayor of Kinghamstead, a Mrs. Bulger, the widow of an old Chartist who had grown rich through electric traction patents, Sir Roderick Newton, a Jew who had bought Calersham Castle, and old Sir Graham Rivers, that sturdy old soldier, were among my chief supporters. We had headquarters in each town and village, mostly they were empty shops we leased temporarily, and there at least a sort of fuss and a coming and going were maintained. The rest of the population stared in a state of suspended judgment as we went about the business. The country was supposed to be in a state of intellectual conflict and deliberate decision, in history it will no doubt figure as a momentous conflict. Yet except for an occasional flare of bill-sticking or a bill in a window or a placard-plastered motor-car or an argumentative group of people outside a public-house or a sluggish movement towards the schoolroom or village hall, there was scarcely a sign that a great empire was revising

its destinies. Now and then one saw a canvasser on a door-step. For the most part people went about their business with an entirely irresponsible confidence in the stability of the universe. At times one felt a little absurd with one's flutter of colors and one's air of saving the country.

My opponent was a quite undistinguished Major-General who relied upon his advocacy of Protection, and was particularly anxious we should avoid " personalities " and fight the constituency in a gentlemanly spirit. He was always writing me notes, apologizing for excesses on the part of his supporters, or pointing out the undesirability of some course taken by mine.

My speeches had been planned upon broad lines, but they lost touch with these as the polling approached. To begin with I made a real attempt to put what was in my mind before the people I was to supply with a political voice. I spoke of the greatness of our empire and its destinies, of the splendid projects and possibilities of life and order that lay before the world, of all that resolute and constructive effort might do at the present time. " We are building a state," I said, " secure and splendid, we are in the dawn of the great age of mankind." Sometimes that would get a solitary " 'Ear! 'ear! " Then having created, as I imagined, a fine atmosphere, I turned upon the history of the last Conservative administration and brought it into contrast with the wide occasions of the age; discussed its failure to control the grasping financiers in South Africa, its failure to release public education from sectarian squabbles, its misconduct of the Boer War, its waste of the world's resources. . . .

It soon became manifest that my opening and my general spaciousness of method bored my audiences a good deal. The richer and wider my phrases the thinner sounded my voice in these non-resonating gatherings. Even the platform supporters grew restive unconsciously, and stirred and coughed. They did not recognize themselves as mankind. Building an empire, preparing a fresh stage in the history of humanity, had no appeal for them. They were mostly everyday toiling people full of small personal solicitudes, and they came to my meetings I think very largely as a relaxation. This stuff was not relaxing. They did not think politics was a great constructive process, they thought it was a kind of dog-fight. They wanted fun, they wanted spice, they wanted hits, they wanted also a chance to say " 'Ear, 'ear! " in an intelligent and honorable manner and clap their hands and drum with their feet. The great constructive process in history gives so little scope for clapping and drumming and saying " 'Ear, 'ear! " One might as well think of hounding on the solar system.

So after one or two attempts to lift my audiences to the level

of the issues involved, I began to adapt myself to their view of things. I cut down my review of our imperial outlook and destinies more and more, and developed a series of hits and anecdotes and—what shall I call them?—"crudifications" of the issue. My helpers congratulated me on the rapid improvement of my platform style. I ceased to speak of the late Prime Minister with the respect I bore him, and began to fall in with the popular caricature of him as an artful rabbit-witted person intent only on keeping his leadership, in spite of the vigorous attempts of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to oust him therefrom. I ceased to qualify my statement that Protection would make food dearer for the agricultural laborer. I began to speak of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton as an influence at once insane and diabolical, as a man inspired by a passionate desire to substitute manacled but still criminal Chinese for honest British laborers throughout the world. And when it came to the mention of our own kindly leader, of Mr. John Burns or any one else of any prominence at all on our side, I fell more and more into the intonation of one who mentions the high gods. And I had my reward in brighter meetings and readier and readier applause.

One goes on from phase to phase in these things.

"After all," I told myself, "if one wants to get to Westminster one must follow the road that leads there," but I found the road nevertheless rather unexpectedly distasteful. "When one gets there," I said, "then it is one begins."

But I would lie awake at nights with that sore throat and headache and fatigue which come from speaking in ill-ventilated rooms and wonder how far it was possible to educate a whole people to great political ideals. Why should political work always rot down to personalities and personal appeals in this way? Life is I suppose to begin with and end with a matter of personalities; from personalities all our broader interests arise and to personalities they return. All our social and political effort, all of it, is like trying to make a crowd of people fall into formation. The broader lines appear, but then come a rush and excitement and irrelevancy, and forthwith the incipient order has vanished and the marshals must begin the work over again!

My memory of all that time is essentially confusion. There was a frightful lot of tiresome locomotion in it; for the Kinghamstead division is extensive, abounding in ill-graded and badly metalled cross roads and vicious little hills, and singularly unpleasing to the eye in a muddy winter. It is sufficiently near to London to have undergone the same process of ill-regulated expansion that made Bromstead the place it is. Several of its overgrown villages have developed strings of factories and sidings along the railway lines, and there is

an abundance of petty villas. There seemed to be no place at which one could take hold of more than this or that element of the population. Now we met in a meeting house, now in a Masonic Hall or Drill Hall; I also did a certain amount of open-air speaking in the dinner hour outside gas-works and groups of factories. Some special sort of people was as it were secreted in response to each special appeal. One said things carefully adjusted to the distinctive limitations of each gathering. Jokes of an incredible silliness and shallowness drifted about us. Our advisers made us declare that if we were elected we would live in the district, and one hasty agent had bills printed, "If Mr. Remington is elected he will live here." The enemy obtained a number of these bills and stuck them on outhouses, pig-styes, dog-kennels; you cannot imagine how irksome the repetition of that jest became. The vast drifting indifference in between my meetings impressed me more and more. I realized the vagueness of my own plans as I had never done before I brought them to the test of this experience. I was perplexed by the riddle of just how far I was in any sense of the word taking hold at all, how far I wasn't myself flowing into an accepted groove.

Margaret was troubled by no such doubts. She was clear I had to go to parliament on the side of Liberalism and the light, as against the late government and darkness. Essential to the memory of my first contest, is the memory of her clear bright face, very resolute and grave, helping me consciously, steadfastly, with all her strength. Her quiet confidence, while I was so dissatisfied, worked curiously towards the alienation of my sympathies. I felt she had no business to be so sure of me. I had moments of vivid resentment at being thus marched towards parliament.

I seemed now always to be discovering alien forces of character in her. Her way of taking life diverged from me more and more. She sounded amazing independent notes. She bought some particularly costly furs for the campaign that roused enthusiasm whenever she appeared. She also made me a birthday present in November of a heavily fur-trimmed coat, and this she would make me remove as I went on to the platform, and hold over her arm until I was ready to resume it. It was heavy for her and she liked it to be heavy for her. That act of servitude was in essence a towering self-assertion. I would glance sideways while some chairman floundered through his introduction and see the clear blue eye with which she regarded the audience, which existed so far as she was concerned merely to return me to parliament. It was a friendly eye, provided they were not silly or troublesome. But it kindled a little at the hint of a hostile question. After we had come so far and taken so much trouble!

She constituted herself the dragoman of our political travels. In

hotels she was serenely resolute for the quietest and the best, she rejected all their proposals for meals and substituted a severely nourishing dietary of her own, and even in private houses she astonished me by her tranquil insistence upon special comforts and sustenance. I can see her face now as it would confront a hostess, a little intent, but sweetly resolute and assured.

Since our marriage she had read a number of political memoirs, and she had been particularly impressed by the career of Mrs. Gladstone. I don't think it occurred to her to compare and contrast my quality with that of Mrs. Gladstone's husband. I suspect her of a deliberate intention of achieving parallel results by parallel methods. I was to be Gladstonized. Gladstone it appeared used to lubricate his speeches with a mixture—if my memory serves me right—of egg beaten up in sherry, and Margaret was very anxious I should take a leaf from that celebrated book. She wanted, I know, to hold the glass in her hand while I was speaking.

But here I was firm. "No," I said, very decisively, "simply I won't stand that. It's a matter of conscience. I shouldn't feel—democratic. I'll take my chance of the common water in the carafe on the chairman's table."

"I *do* wish you wouldn't," she said, distressed. . . .

It was absurd to feel irritated; it was so admirable of her, a little childish, infinitely womanly and devoted and fine—and I see now how pathetic. But I could not afford to succumb to her. I wanted to follow my own leading, to see things clearly, and this reassuring pose of a high destiny, of an almost terribly efficient pursuit of a fixed end when as a matter of fact I had a very doubtful end and an aim as yet by no means fixed, was all too seductive for dalliance. . . .

IV

And into all these things with the manner of a trifling and casual incident comes the figure of Isabel Rivers. My first impressions of her were of a rather ugly and ungainly, extraordinarily interesting schoolgirl with a beautiful quick flush under her warm brown skin, who said and did amusing and surprising things. When first I saw her she was riding a very old bicycle down hill with her feet on the fork of the frame—it seemed to me to the public danger but afterwards I came to understand the quality of her nerve better—and on the third occasion she was for her own private satisfaction climbing a tree. On the intervening occasion we had what seems now to have been a long sustained conversation about the political situation and the books and papers I had written.

I wonder if it was.

What a delightful mixture of child and grave woman she was at that time, and how little I reckoned on the part she would play in my life! And since she has played that part and become at last its completion and dominating presence, how impossible it is to tell now of those early days! Since I wrote that opening paragraph to this section my idle pen has been as it were playing by itself and sketching odd faces on the blotting pad—one impish wizened visage is oddly like little Bailey—and I have been thinking cheek on fist amidst a limitless wealth of memories. She sits below me on the low wall under the olive trees with our little child in her arms, the central fact in my life. She has colored thoughts and mingled herself in my life through all its fullest and most significant years. Steadily she has changed and spread and increased from that first meeting onwards, she has tinted my sunsets and crept into my blood and become a quality in my thoughts and a companion in my experience and a ruler in my dreams. When I sit down and try to make her a girl again, I feel like the Arabian fisherman who tried to put the genius back into the pot from which it had spread gigantic across the skies. . . .

I have a very clear vision of her rush down hill past our laboring ascendant car—my colors fluttered from handle-bar and shoulder-knot—and her waving hand and the sharp note of her voice. She cried out something, I don't know what, some greeting.

"What a pretty girl!" said Margaret.

Parvill the cheap photographer, that industrious organizer for whom by way of repayment I got those magic letters, "J. P.," was in the car with us and explained her to us. "One of the best workers you have," he said. . . .

And then after a toilsome troubled morning we came, rather cross from the strain of sustained amiability in doubtful cases, to Sir Graham Rivers' house. It seemed all softness and quiet,—I recall dead white paneling and oval mirrors horizontally set and a marble fireplace between Homer and Virgil, very grave and fine—and how Isabel came in to lunch in a shapeless thing like a blue smock that made her bright quick-changing face seem yellow under her cloud of black hair. Her step-sister was there, Miss Gamer to whom the house was to descend, a well-dressed lady of thirty, amiably disavowing responsibility for Isabel in every phrase and gesture. And there was a very pleasant doctor, an Oxford man, who seemed on excellent terms with everyone. It was manifest that he was in the habit of sparring with the girl, but on this occasion she wasn't sparring and refused to be teased into a display in spite of the taunts of either him or her father. She was, they discovered with rising eyebrows,

shy. It seemed an opportunity too rare for them to miss. They proclaimed her enthusiasm for me in a way that brought a flush to her cheek and a look into her eye between appeal and defiance. They declared she had read my books, which I thought at the time was exaggeration, they were so distinctly not what one was accustomed to regard as schoolgirl reading. Miss Gamer protested to protect her, "When once in a blue moon Isabel is well-behaved—!"

Except for these attacks I do not remember much of the conversation at table: it was I know discursive and concerned with the sort of topographical and social and electioneering fact natural to such a visit. Old Rivers struck me as a delightful person, modestly unconscious of his doubly-earned V. C. and the plucky defence of Kardin-Bergat that won his baronetcy. He was that excellent type, the soldier radical, and we began that day a friendship that was only ended by his death in the hunting field three years later. He interested Margaret into a disregard of my plate and the fact that I had secured the illegal indulgence of Moselle. After lunch we went for coffee into another low room, this time brown paneled and looking through French windows on a red walled garden, graceful even in its winter desolation. And there the conversation suddenly picked up and became good. It had fallen to a pause, and then the doctor with an air of definitely throwing off a mask and wrecking an established tranquillity, remarked: "Very probably you Liberals will come in, though I'm not sure you'll come in so mightily as you think, but what you'll do when you do come in passes my comprehension."

"There's good work sometimes," said Sir Graham, "in undoing."

"You can't govern a great empire by amending and repealing the Acts of your predecessors," said the doctor.

There came that kind of pause that happens when a subject is broached too big and difficult for the gathering. Margaret's blue eyes regarded the speaker with quiet disapproval for a moment and then came to me in the not too confident hope that I would snub him out of existence with some prompt rhetorical stroke. A voice spoke out of the big arm-chair.

"We'll do things," said Isabel.

The doctor's eye lit with the joy of the fisherman who strikes his fish at last. "What will you do?" he asked her.

"Everyone knows we're a mixed lot," said Isabel.

"Poor old chaps like me!" interjected the general.

"But that's not a programme," said the doctor.

"But Mr. Remington has published a programme," said Isabel.

The doctor cocked half an eye at me.

"In some review," the girl went on. "After all, we're not going

to elect the whole Liberal party in the Kinghamstead division. I'm a Remington-ite!"

"But the programme," said the doctor, "the programme—"

"In front of Mr. Remington!"

"Scandal always comes home at last," said the doctor. "Let him hear the worst."

"I'd like to hear," I said. "Electioneering shatters convictions and enfeebles the mind."

"Not mine," said Isabel stoutly. "I mean— Well, anyhow I take it Mr. Remington stands for constructing a civilized state out of this muddle."

"*This* muddle," protested the doctor with an appeal of the eye to the beautiful long room and the ordered garden outside the bright clean windows.

"Well, *that* muddle if you like! There's a slum within a mile of us already. The dust and blacks get worse and worse, Sissie?"

"They do," agreed Miss Gamer.

"Mr. Remington stands for construction, order, education, discipline."

"And you?" said the doctor.

"I'm a good Remington-ite."

"Discipline!" said the doctor.

"Oh!" said Isabel. "At times one has to be—Napoleonic. They want to libel me, Mr. Remington. A political worker can't always be in time for meals, can she? At times one has to make—splendid cuts."

Miss Gamer said something indistinctly.

"Order, education, discipline," said Sir Graham. "Excellent things! But I've a sort of memory—in my young days—we talked about something called liberty."

"Liberty under the law," I said, with an unexpected approving murmur from Margaret, and took up the defence. "The old Liberal definition of liberty was a trifle uncritical. Privilege and legal restrictions are not the only enemies of liberty. An uneducated, underbred and underfed propertyless man is a man who has lost the possibility of liberty. There's no liberty worth a rap for him. A man who is swimming hopelessly for life wants nothing but the liberty to get out of the water; he'll give every other liberty for it—until he gets out."

Sir Graham took me up and we fell into a discussion of the changing qualities of Liberalism. It was a good give and take talk, extraordinarily refreshing after the nonsense and crowding secondary issues of the electionering outside. We all contributed more or less except Miss Gamer; Margaret followed with knitted brows and oc-

casional interjections. "People won't *see* that," for example, and "It all seems so plain to me." The doctor showed himself clever but unsubstantial and inconsistent. Isabel sat back with her black mop of hair buried deep in the chair looking quickly from face to face. Her color came and went with her vivid intellectual excitement and occasionally she would dart a word, usually a very apt word, like a lizard's tongue into the discussion. I remember chiefly that a chance illustration betrayed that she had read Bishop Burnet. . . .

After that it was not surprising that Isabel should ask for a lift in our car as far as the Lurky Committee Room and that she should offer me quite sound advice *en route* upon the intellectual temperament of the Lurky gas workers. . . .

On the third occasion that I saw Isabel she was, as I have said, climbing a tree—and a very creditable tree—for her own private satisfaction. It was a lapse from the high seriousness of politics, and I perceived she felt that I might regard it as such and attach too much importance to it. I had some difficulty in reassuring her. And it's odd to note now—it has never occurred to me before—that from that day to this I do not think I have ever reminded Isabel of that amusing encounter. (I will, when I have finished this section, go down to her under the olives and sit beside her and tell her of my long years of tactful concealment.)

And after that memory she seems to be flickering about always in the election, an inextinguishable flame, now she flew by on her bicycle, now she dashed into committee rooms, now she appeared on doorsteps in animated conversation with dubious voters; I took every chance I could to talk to her,—I had never met anything like her before in the world and she interested me immensely—and before the polling day she and I had become, in the frankest simplicity, fast friends. . . .

(*To be continued*)

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